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CONTAINING

LETTERS

TO and FROM

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D, D. S. P. D.

DUBLIN:

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M, DCC, XLVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

VOLUME VII

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LETTERS

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LETTERS

TO and FROM

Dr. *JONATHAN SWIFT*, &c.

From the Year 1714, to 1737.

LETTER I.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

June 18, 1714.

WHatever apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I ſhall uſe none now to a man who has owned himſelf as ſplenetick as a Cat, in the country. In that circumſtance, I know by experience a letter is a very uſeful, as well as amuſing thing: If you are too buſied in State-affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twiſting it into a ſerpentine form, to light a pipe: or if your diſpoſition ſhould not be ſo mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of ſtudious minds are apt to ſit longer than ordinary;

dinary; where after an abrupt diviſion of the paper, it may not be unpleaſant to try to fit and rejoyn the broken lines together. All theſe amuſements I am no ſtranger to in the country, and doubt not but (by this time) you begin to reliſh them in your preſent contemplative ſituation.

I remember a man, who was thought to have ſome knowledge in the world, us'd to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their friends in the country: but my encreaſing experience convinces me he was miſtaken, for I find a great many here grievouſly complaining of you, upon this ſcore. I am told further, that you treat the few you correſpond with, in a very arrogant ſtyle, and tell them you admire at their inſolence in diſturbing your meditations, or even enquiring of your * retreat: but this I will not poſitively aſſert, becauſe I never received any ſuch inſulting Epiſtle from you. My Lord Oxford ſays you have not written to him once ſince you went: but this perhaps may be only policy, in him or you: and I, who am half a Whig, muſt not entirely credit any thing he affirms. At Button's it is reported, you are gone

* *Sometime before the Death of Queen* Anne, *when her Miniſters were quarrelling, and the Dean could not reconcile them, he retired to a Friend's Houſe in* Berkſhire, *and never ſaw them after.*

gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an Ambaſſy to you. Others apprehend ſome dangerous State-treatiſe from your retirement; and a Wit who affects to imitate Balſac, ſays, that the Miniſtry now are like thoſe Heathens of old, who received their Oracles from the woods. The Gentlemen of the Roman Catholick perſuaſion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whiſper that you are gone to meet ſome Jeſuits commiſſioned from the court of Rome, in order to ſettle the moſt convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the Pretender. Dr. Arbuthnot is ſingular in his opinion, and imagines your only deſign is to attend at full leiſure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus. This indeed muſt be granted of greater importance, than all the reſt; and I wiſh I could promiſe ſo well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I ſhall tranſlate Homer by the by. Mr. Gay has acquainted you what progreſs I have made in it. I can't name Mr. Gay, without all the acknowledgments which I ſhall ever owe you, on his account. If I writ this in verſe, I would tell you, you are like the ſun, and while men imagine you to be retir'd or abſent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who ſerve your friends with the leaſt oſtentation; it is almoſt ingratitude to thank you, conſidering your temper; and this is the

period of all my letter which I fear you will think the moſt impertinent. I am with the trueſt affection

Yours, *&c.*

LETTER II.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Dublin, June 28, 1715.

MY * Lord Biſhop of Clogher gave me your kind letter full of reproaches for my not writing. I am naturally no very exact correſpondent, and when I leave a country without probability of returning, I think as ſeldom as I can of what I loved or eſteemed in it, to avoid the *Deſiderium* which of all things maketh life moſt uneaſy. But you muſt give me leave to add one thing, that you talk at your eaſe, being wholly unconcerned in publick events: For, if your friends the Whigs continue, you may hope for ſome favour; if the Tories return, you are at leaſt ſure of quiet. You know how well I loved both Lord Oxford, and Bolingbroke, and how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me: Do you imagine I can be eaſy while

* *Dr.* St. George Aſh, *formerly a Fellow of* Trinity-College, Dublin, (*to whom the Dean was a Pupil,*) *afterwards Biſhop of* Clogher, *and tranſlated to the See of* Derry *in* 1716-17.

while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? * *I nunc, & verſus tecum meditare canoros*——Do you imagine I can be eaſy when I think of the probable conſequences of theſe proceedings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of ſo many hundred thouſand good ſubjects? Upon the whole, you may truly attribute my ſilence to the eclypſe, but it was that eclypſe which happened on the firſt of Auguſt.

I borrowed your Homer from the Biſhop (mine is not yet landed) and read it out in two evenings. If it pleaſeth others as well as me, you have got your end in profit and reputation: Yet I am angry at ſome bad Rhymes and Triplets, and pray in your next do not let me have ſo many unjuſtifiable Rhymes to *war* and *gods*. I tell you all the faults I know, only in one or two places you are a little obſcure; but I expected you to be ſo in one or two and twenty. I have heard no ſoul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over, nor do we very much abound in judges; at leaſt I have not the honour to be acquainted with them. Your Notes are perfectly good, and ſo are your Preface and Eſſay. You were pretty bold in mentioning Lord Bolingbroke in that Preface. I ſaw the Key to the Lock but yeſterday: I think you have changed it a good deal, to adapt it to the preſent times.

* *Go now and meditate the tuneful Song.*

God be thanked I have yet no parliamentary buſineſs, and if they have none with me, I ſhall never ſeek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for ſome years paſt, not when I thought them tolerably good, and therefore if I can get leave to be abſent, I ſhall be much inclined to be on that ſide, when there is a parliament on this: but truly I muſt be a little eaſy in my mind before I can think of Scriblerus.

You are to underſtand that I live in the corner of a vaſt unfurniſhed houſe, my family conſiſts of a ſteward, a groom, a helper in the ſtable, a foot-man, and an old maid, who are all at board-wages, and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment, (which laſt is very rare) I eat a mutton-pye, and drink half a pint of wine: My amuſements are defending my ſmall dominions againſt the Arch-Biſhop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious Choir. * *Perditur hæc inter miſero lux.* I deſire you will preſent my humble ſervice to Mr. Addiſon, Mr. Congreve, and Mr. Rowe, and Gay. I am, and will be always, extreamly yours, &c.

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* Thus all my hours of light and life are loſt.

LETTER

LETTER III.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

June 20, 1716.

I Cannot ſuffer a friend to croſs the Iriſh ſeas without bearing a teſtimony from me of the conſtant eſteem and affection I am both obliged and inclined to have for you. It is better he ſhould tell you than I, how often you are in our thoughts and in our cups, and how I learn to ſleep leſs and drink more, whenever you are named among us. I look upon a friend in Ireland as upon a friend in the other world, whom (popiſhly-ſpeaking) I believe conſtantly well-diſpoſed towards me, and ready to do me all the good he can, in that ſtate of ſeparation, tho' I hear nothing from him, and make addreſſes to him but very rarely. A proteſtant divine cannot take it amiſs that I treat him in the ſame manner with my patron Saint.

I can tell you no news, but what you will not ſufficiently wonder at, that I ſuffer many things as an Author militant: whereof, in your days of probation, you have been a ſharer, or you had not arrived to that triumphant ſtate you now deſervedly enjoy in the Church. As for me, I have not the leaſt hopes of the Cardinalat, tho' I ſuffer for my Religion in almoſt every weekly paper. I have begun to take a pique at the Pſalms of David (if the wicked

may be credited, who have printed a ſcandalous one in my name.) This report I dare not diſcourage too much, in a proſpect I have at preſent of a poſt under the Marqueſs de Langallerie, wherein if I can but do ſome ſignal ſervice againſt the Pope, I may be conſiderably advanced by the Turks, the only religious people I dare confide in. If it ſhould happen hereafter that I ſhould write for the holy law of Mahomet, I hope it may make no breach between you and me; every one muſt live, and I beg you will not be the man to manage the controverſy againſt me. The Church of Rome I judge (from many modern ſymptoms, as well as ancient prophecies) to be in a declining condition; that of England will in a ſhort time be ſcarce able to maintain her own family: ſo Churches ſink as generally as banks, in Europe, and 'tis time to look out for ſome better ſecurity.

I don't know why I tell you all this, but that I always loved to talk to you; and this is not a time for any man to talk to the purpoſe. Truth is a kind of contraband commodity which I would not venture to export, and therefore the only thing tending that dangerous way which I ſhall ſay, is, that I am and always will be with the utmoſt ſincerity,

Yours, &c.

LETTER

*LETTER IV.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Aug. 30, 1716.

I Had the favour of yours by Mr. F. of whom, before any other queſtion relating to your health, or fortunes, or ſucceſs as a poet, I enquired your principles, in the common form, "Is he a Whig or a Tory?" I am ſorry to find they are not ſo well tallied to the preſent juncture as I could wiſh. I always thought the terms of *Facto* and *Jure* had been introduced by the Poets, and that Poſſeſſion of any ſort in Kings was held an unexceptionable title in the courts of Parnaſſus. If you do not grow a perfect good ſubject in all its preſent latitudes, I ſhall conclude you are become rich, and able to live without dedications to men in power, whereby one great inconvenience will follow, that you and the world and poſterity will be utterly ignorant of their virtues. For, either your brethren have miſerably deceived us theſe hundred years paſt, or Power confers virtue, as naturally as five of your Popiſh ſacraments do Grace.——You ſleep leſs and drink more.—— But your maſter Horace was * *Vini ſomnique benignus:* and as I take it, both are proper for your trade. As to mine, there are a thouſand poetical

* *Indulgent to himſelf in Sleep and Wine.*

poetical texts to confirm the one, and as to the other, I know it was antiently the cuſtom to ſleep in temples for thoſe who would conſult the Oracles, " Who dictates to me ſlumbring, &c.

You are an ill Catholick, or a worſe Geographer, for, I can aſſure you, Ireland is not Paradiſe, and I appeal even to any Spaniſh divine, whether addreſſes were ever made to a friend in Hell, or Purgatory. And who are all theſe enemies you hint at? I can only think of Curl, Gildon, Squire Burnet, Blackmore, and a few others whoſe fame I have forgot: Tools in my opinion are as neceſſary for a good writer, as pen, ink and paper. And beſides, I would fain know whether every Draper doth not ſhew you three or four damned pieces of ſtuff to ſet off his good one? However, I will grant, that one thorough bookſelling Rogue is better qualified to vex an author, than all his cotemporary ſcriblers in Critick or Satire, not only by ſtolen Copies of what was incorrect or unfit for the publick, but by downright laying other mens dulneſs at your door. I had a long deſign upon the Ears of that Curl, when I was in credit, but the rogue would never allow me a fair ſtroke at them, although my penknife was ready and ſharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poiſoned, although the Hiſtorian pretends to have been an eye-witneſs. But I beg pardon, Sack might do it, although Rats-bane would not: I never ſaw the thing

you

you mention as falſely imputed to you; but I think the frolicks of merry hours, even when we are guilty, ſhould not be left to the mercy of our beſt friends, until Curl and his reſemblers are hanged.

With ſubmiſſion to the better judgment of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under Langallerie to be idle and unneceſſary: Have a little patience and you will find more merit and encouragement at home by the ſame methods. You are ungrateful to your country; quit but your own Religion, and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice for any other, or for none at all, and pay you well into the bargain. Therefore pray do not run and diſgrace us among the Turks, by telling them you were forced to leave your native home becauſe we would oblige you to be a Chriſtian; whereas we will make it appear to all the world, that we only compelled you to be a Whig.

There is a young ingenious Quaker in this town who writes verſes to his miſtreſs, not very correct, but in a ſtrain purely what a poetical Quaker ſhould do, commending her look and habit, &c. It gave me a hint that a ſett of Quaker-paſtorals might ſucceed, if our friend Gay could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful ſubject; pray hear what he ſays. I believe further, the perſonal ridicule is not exhauſted; and that a porter, foot-man, or chair-man's paſtoral might do well. Or what think you of a New-

a Newgate paſtoral, among the whores, and thieves there?

Laſtly, to conclude, I love you never the worſe for ſeldom writing to you. I am in an obſcure ſcene, where you know neither thing nor perſon. I can only anſwer yours, which I promiſe to do after a ſort whenever you think fit to employ me. But I can aſſure you, the ſcene and the times have depreſſed me wonderfully, for I will impute no defect to thoſe two paltry years which have ſlipt by ſince I had the happineſs to ſee you. I am with the trueſt eſteem.

Yours, &c.

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*LETTER V.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Dublin, Jan. 10, 1721.

A Thouſand things have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you. I rather chuſe to appeal to you than to my Lord Chief Juſtice *Whitſhed, under the ſituation I am in. For, I take this cauſe properly to lie before you: You are a much fitter Judge of what concerns the credit of a Writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive.

Beſides,

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* *A Judge in* Ireland.

Beſides, I doubt, whether the Arguments I could ſuggeſt to prove my own innocence would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the Long-robe to thoſe in Furs, upon whoſe deciſion about the difference of Style or Sentiments, I ſhould be very unwilling to leave the merits of my Cauſe.

Give me leave then to put you in mind, (although you cannot eaſily forget it) that about ten weeks before the Queen's death, I left the town, upon occaſion of that incurable breach among the great men at Court, and went down to Berkſhire, where you may remember that you gave me the favour of a viſit. While I was in that retirement, I writ a Diſcourſe which I thought might be uſeful in ſuch a juncture of affairs, and ſent it up to London; but upon ſome difference in opinion between me and a certain great Miniſter now abroad, the publiſhing of it was deferred ſo long that the Queen died, and I recalled my copy, which hath been ever ſince in ſafe hands. In a few weeks after the loſs of that excellent Princeſs, I came to my ſtation here; where I have continued ever ſince in the greateſt privacy, and utter ignorance of thoſe events which are moſt commonly talked of in the world; I neither know the names nor number of the Family which now reigns, further than the Prayer-book informs me. I cannot tell who is Chancellor, who are Secretaries, nor with what Nations we are in peace or war. And this manner

of

of life was not taken up out of any ſort of Affectation, but meerly to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking Party-zeal.

I had indeed written ſome Memorials of the four laſt years of the Queen's reign, with ſome other informations, which I received, as neceſſary materials to qualify me for doing ſomething in an employment then deſigned me: * But, as it was at the diſpoſal of a § perſon, who had not the ſmalleſt ſhare of ſteddineſs or ſincerity, I diſdained to accept it.

Theſe papers, at my few hours of health and leiſure, I have been digeſting into order by one ſheet at a time, for I dare not venture any further, leſt the humour of ſearching and ſeizing papers ſhould revive; not that I am in pain of any danger to my ſelf, (for they contain nothing of preſent times or perſons, upon which I ſhall never loſe a thought while there is a Cat or a Spaniel in the houſe) but to preſerve them from being loſt among Meſſengers and Clerks.

I have written in this kingdom, a † diſcourſe to perſuade the wretched people to wear their own Manufactures inſtead of thoſe from England: This Treatiſe ſoon ſpread very faſt, being agreeable to the ſentiments of the whole nation,

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* *Hiſtoriographer.* § *D. of K---t.*

† *A Propoſal for the univerſal Uſe of* Iriſh *Manufactures.* Vide Vol. IV. *of the Author's Works.*

nation, except of thoſe gentlemen who had employments, or were Expectants. Upon which a perſon in great office here immediately took the alarm; he ſent in haſte for the Chief Juſtice, and informed him of a ſeditious, factious, and virulent Pamphlet, lately publiſhed with a deſign of ſetting the two kingdoms at variance, directing at the ſame time that the Printer ſhould be proſecuted with the utmoſt rigour of law. * The Chief Juſtice had ſo quick an underſtanding, that he reſolved, if poſſible, to out-do his orders. The Grand-Juries of the county and city were practiſed effectually with to repreſent the ſaid Pamphlet with all aggravating Epithets, for which they had thanks ſent them from England, and their Preſentments publiſhed for ſeveral weeks in all the news-papers. The Printer was ſeized, and forced to give great bail: After his tryal the Jury brought him in Not Guilty, although they had been culled with the utmoſt induſtry; the Chief Juſtice ſent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the Judge, by what they call a ſpecial Verdict. During the tryal, the Chief Juſtice among other ſingularities, laid his hand on his breaſt, and proteſted ſolemnly that the Author's deſign was to bring in the Pretender; although there was not a ſingle

* *Lord Chief Juſtice* Whitſhed.

ſingle ſyllable of Party in the whole Treatiſe, and although it was known that the moſt eminent of thoſe who profeſſed his own principles, publickly diſallowed his proceedings. But the cauſe being ſo very odious and impopular, the tryal of the Verdict was deferred from one Term to another, until upon the Duke of G-ft-n the Lord Lieutenant's arrival, his Grace after mature advice, and permiſſion from England, was pleaſed to grant a * *noli proſequi*.

This is the more remarkable, becauſe it is ſaid that the man is no ill decider in common caſes of property, where Party is out of the queſtion; but when that intervenes, with ambition at heels to puſh it forward, it muſt needs confound any man of little ſpirit, and low birth, who hath no other endowment than that ſort of Knowledge, which, however poſſeſſed in the higheſt degree, can poſſibly give no one good quality to the mind.

It is true, I have been much concerned for ſeveral years paſt, upon account of the publick as well as of myſelf, to ſee how ill a taſte for wit and ſenſe prevails in the world, which politicks and South-ſea, and Party, and Opera's and Maſquerades have introduced. For, beſides many inſipid papers which the malice of ſome hath entitled me to, there are many perſons appearing to wiſh me well, and pretending to be

* *Law Phraſe ſignifying a* Stop to *further Proceedings.*

be judges of my ſtyle and manner, who have yet aſcribed ſome writings to me, of which any man of common ſenſe and literature would be heartily aſhamed. I cannot forbear inſtancing a Treatiſe called a Dedication upon Dedications, which many would have to be mine, although it be as empty, dry, and ſervile a compoſition, as I remember at any time to have read. But above all, there is one Circumſtance which maketh it impoſſible for me to have been Author of a Treatiſe, wherein there are ſeveral pages containing a Panegyrick on King George, of whoſe character and perſon I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curioſity to enquire into either, living at ſo great a diſtance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to publick matters.

Indeed I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely, whether I were asked or no, but never affected to be a Councellor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to ſee my ſelf ſo far out-done by the Earl of Oxford in my own trade as a Scholar, and too good a Courtier not to diſcover his contempt of thoſe who would be men of importance out of their ſphere. Beſides, to ſay the truth, although I have known many great Miniſters ready enough to hear Opinions, yet I have hardly ſeen one that would ever deſcend to take Advice; and this pedantry ariſeth from a maxim themſelves do not believe at the ſame time they practiſe by it, that there is ſomething pro-

found in politicks, which men of plain honeſt ſenſe cannot arrive to.

I only wiſh my endeavours had ſucceeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the Miniſters to each other. This might have been done, if others who had more concern and more influence would have acted their parts; and, if this had ſucceeded, the publick intereſt both of Church and State would not have been the worſe, nor the Proteſtant Succeſſion endangered.

But, whatever opportunities a conſtant attendance of four years might have given me for endeavouring to do good offices to particular perſons, I deſerve at leaſt to find tolerable quarter from thoſe of the other Party; for many of which I was a conſtant advocate with the Earl of Oxford, and for this I appeal to his Lordſhip: He knows how often I preſſed him in favour of Mr. Addiſon, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Row, and Mr. Steel, although I freely confeſs that his Lordſhip's kindneſs to them was altogether owing to his generous notions, and the eſteem he had for their wit and parts, of which I could only pretend to be a remembrancer. For, I can never forget the anſwer he gave to the late Lord Hallifax, who upon the firſt change of the Miniſtry interceded with him to ſpare Mr. Congreve: It was by repeating theſe two lines of Virgil,

Non

* *Non obtuſa adeo geſtamus pectora Pæni,*
Nec tam averſus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe.

Purſuant to which, he always treated Mr. Congreve with the greateſt perſonal civilities, aſſured him of his conſtant favour and protection, adding that he would ſtudy to do ſomething better for him.

I remember it was in thoſe times a uſual ſubject of raillery towards me among the Miniſters, that I never came to them without a Whig in my ſleeve; which I do not ſay with any view towards making my Court: For, the new Principles fixed to thoſe of that denomination, I did then, and do now from my heart abhor, deteſt and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predeceſſors. I have converſed in ſome freedom with more Miniſters of State of all Parties than uſually happens to men of my level, and I confeſs, in their capacity as Miniſters, I look upon them as a race of people whoſe acquaintance no man would court, otherwiſe than upon the ſcore of Vanity or Ambition. The firſt quickly wears off (and is the Vice of low minds, for a man of ſpirit is too proud to be vain) and the other was not my caſe. Beſides, having never received more than one ſmall favour, I was under no neceſſity of being

* *Our Hearts are not ſo cold, nor flames the Fire*
Of Sol *ſo different from the Race of* Tyre.
Dunkin.

being a ſlave to men in power, but choſe my friends by their perſonal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politicks then in vogue. I frequently converſed with Mr. Addiſon, and the others I named (except Mr. Steel) during all my Lord Oxford's Miniſtry, and Mr. Addiſon's friendſhip to me continued inviolable, with as much kindneſs as when we uſed to meet at my Lord Sommers or Hallifax, who were leaders of the oppoſite Party.

I would infer from all this, that it is with great injuſtice I have theſe many years been pelted by your Pamphleteers, merely upon account of ſome regard which the Queen's laſt Miniſters were pleaſed to have for me: and yet in my conſcience I think I am a partaker in every ill deſign they had againſt the Proteſtant Succeſſion, or the Liberties and Religion of their Country; and can ſay with Cicero, that I ſhould be proud to be included with them in all their actions * *tanquam in equo Trojano.* But, if I have never diſcovered by my words, writings, or actions, any Party virulence, or dangerous deſigns againſt the preſent powers; if my friendſhip and converſation were equally ſhewn among thoſe who liked or diſapproved the proceedings then at Court, and that I was known to be a common Friend of all deſerving perſons of the latter ſort, when they were in diſtreſs;

* *As if in the* Trojan *Horſe.*

diſtreſs; I cannot but think it hard that I am not ſuffered to run quietly among the common herd of people, whoſe opinions unfortunately differ from thoſe which lead to Favour and Preferment.

I ought to let you know, that the Thing we called a Whig in England is a creature altogether different from thoſe of the ſame denomination here; at leaſt it was ſo during the reign of Her late Majeſty. Whether thoſe on your ſide have changed or no, it hath not been my buſineſs to enquire. I remember my excellent friend Mr. Addiſon, when he firſt came over hither Secretary to the Earl of Wharton then Lord Lieutenant, was extremely offended at the conduct and diſcourſe of the Chief Managers here: He told me they were a ſort of people who ſeemed to think, that the principles of a Whig conſiſted in nothing elſe but damning the Church, reviling the Clergy, abetting the Diſſenters, and ſpeaking contemptibly of revealed Religion.

I was diſcourſing ſome years ago with a certain Miniſter about that whiggiſh or fanatical Genius ſo prevalent among the Engliſh of this kingdom: his Lordſhip accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's Soldiers, adventurers eſtabliſhed here, who were all of the ſoureſt Leven, and the meaneſt birth, and whoſe poſterity are now in poſſeſſion of their lands and their principles. However, it muſt be confeſſed, that of late ſome people in this country

are grown weary of quarrelling, becauſe intereſt, the great motive of quarrelling is at an end; for, it is hardly worth contending who ſhall be an Exciſe-man, a Country-Vicar, a Cryer in the Courts, or an Under-Clerk.

You will perhaps be inclined to think, that a perſon ſo ill treated as I have been, muſt at ſome time or other have diſcovered very dangerous opinions in government; in anſwer to which, I will tell you what my Political principles were in the time of her late glorious Majeſty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing or diſcourſe.

Firſt, I always declared my ſelf againſt a Popiſh Succeſſor to the Crown, whatever Title he might have by the proximity of blood: Neither did I ever regard the right line except upon two accounts; firſt, as it was eſtabliſhed by law; and ſecondly, as it hath much weight in the opinions of the people. For neceſſity may aboliſh any Law, but cannot alter the ſentiments of the vulgar; Right of inheritance being perhaps the moſt popular of all topicks; and therefore in great Changes when that is broke, there will remain much heart-burning and diſcontent among the meaner people; which (under a weak Prince and corrupt Adminiſtration) may have the worſt conſequences upon the peace of any ſtate.

As to what is called a Revolution-principle, my opinion was this; That, whenever thoſe evils which uſually attend and follow a violent change

change of government, were not in probability ſo pernicious as the grievances we ſuffer under a preſent power, then the publick good will juſtify ſuch a Revolution; and this I took to have been the Caſe in the Prince of Orange's expedition, although in the conſequences it produced ſome very bad effects, which are likely to ſtick long enough by us.

I had likewiſe in thoſe days a mortal antipathy againſt Standing Armies in times of Peace. Becauſe I always took Standing Armies to be only ſervants hired by the maſter of the family, for keeping his own children in ſlavery: And becauſe, I conceived, that a Prince who could not think himſelf ſecure without Mercenary Troops, muſt needs have a ſeparate intereſt from that of his ſubjects. Although I am not ignorant of thoſe artificial Neceſſities which a corrupted Miniſtry can create, for keeping up forces to ſupport a Faction againſt the publick Intereſt.

As to Parliaments, I adored the wiſdom of that Gothic Inſtitution, which made them Annual: and I was confident our Liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation until that ancient law were reſtored among us. For, who ſees not, that while ſuch aſſemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the Miniſtry and the Deputies, wherein they both find their accounts to the manifeſt danger of

Liberty, which traffick would neither anſwer the deſign nor expence, if Parliaments met once a year.

I ever abominated that ſcheme of politicks, (now about thirty years old) of ſetting up a monied Intereſt in oppoſition to the landed. For, I conceived, there could not be a truer maxim in our government than this, That the poſſeſſors of the ſoil are the beſt judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom: If others had thought the ſame way, Funds of Credit and South-ſea Projects would neither have been felt nor heard of.

I could never diſcover the neceſſity of ſuſpending any Law upon which the Liberty of the moſt innocent perſons depended: neither do I think this practice hath made the taſte of arbitrary power ſo agreeable as that we ſhould deſire to ſee it repeated. Every Rebellion ſubdued and Plot diſcovered, contributes to the firmer eſtabliſhment of the Prince. In the latter caſe, the knot of Conſpirators is entirely broke, and they are to begin their work anew under a thouſand diſadvantages; ſo that thoſe diligent enquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons to every perſon whoſe face a Miniſter thinks fit to diſlike, are not only oppoſite to that maxim, which declareth it better that ten guilty men ſhould eſcape, than one innocent ſuffer, but likewiſe leave a gate wide open to the whole Tribe of

Infor-

Informers, the moſt accurſed, and proſtitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

It is true the Romans had a cuſtom of chuſing a Dictator, during whoſe adminiſtration, the Power of other Magiſtrates was ſuſpended; but this was done upon the greateſt emergencies; a War near their doors, or ſome civil Diſſention: For Armies muſt be governed by arbitrary power: But when the Virtue of that Commonwealth gave place to luxury and ambition, this very office of Dictator became perpetual in the perſons of the Cæſars and their Succeſſors, the moſt infamous tyrants that have any where appeared in ſtory.

Theſe are ſome of the ſentiments I had relating to publick affairs while I was in the world; what they are at preſent, is of little importance either to that or my ſelf; neither can I truly ſay I have any at all, or if I had, I dare not venture to publiſh them: For however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before midſummer. And indeed I have often wiſhed for ſome time paſt, that a political Catechiſm might be publiſhed by authority four times a year, in order to inſtruct us how we are to ſpeak and write, and act during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of ſuch an inſtructer: For intending to make my court to ſome people on the prevailing ſide, by advancing certain old

whiggiſh

whiggiſh principles, which it ſeems had been exploded about a month before, I have paſſed for a diſaffected perſon. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is for a man in obſcurity to attempt defending his reputation as a Writer, while the ſpirit of Faction hath ſo univerſally poſſeſſed the minds of men, that they are not at leiſure to attend to any thing elſe. They will juſt give themſelves time to libel and accuſe me, but cannot ſpare a minute to hear my defence. So in a plot-diſcovering age, I have often known an innocent man ſeized and impriſoned, and forced to lie ſeveral months in chains, while the Miniſters were not at leiſure to hear his petition, until they had proſecuted and hanged the number they propoſed.

All I can reaſonably hope for by this letter, is to convince my friends and others who are pleaſed to wiſh me well, that I have neither been ſo ill a Subject nor ſo ſtupid an Author, as I have been repreſented by the virulence of Libellers, whoſe malice hath taken the ſame train in both, by fathering dangerous principles in government upon me, which I never maintained, and inſipid productions which I am not capable of writing. For, however I may have been ſowered by perſonal ill treatment, or by melancholy proſpects for the publick, I am too much a politician to expoſe my own ſafety by offenſive words: and, if my genius and ſpirit be ſunk by encreaſing years, I have at leaſt enough deſcretion left, not to miſtake the meaſure of my

my own abilities, by attempting ſubjects where thoſe talents are neceſſary, which perhaps I may have loſt with my youth.

LETTER. V.

Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* GAY.

Dublin, Jan. 8, 1722-3.

COming home after a ſhort Chriſtmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table, and little expected when I opened it to read your name at the bottom. The beſt and greateſt part of my life, until theſe laſt eight years, I ſpent in England, there I made my friendſhips, and there I left my deſires: I am condemned for ever to another country; what is in prudence to be done? I think, to be * *oblituſque meorum obliviſcendus & illis.* What can be the deſign of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a ſcurvy ſleep, which however is better than none. I am towards nine years older ſince I left you, yet that is the leaſt of my alterations; my buſineſs, my diverſions, my converſations, are all entirely changed for the worſe, and ſo are my ſtudies and my amuſements in writing; yet after all, this humdrum way of life might be paſſable enough, if you would let me alone. I ſhall

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* *Both forgetting my Friends, and to be forgotten by them.*

I ſhall not be able to reliſh my wine, my parſons, my horſes, nor my garden, for three months, until the ſpirit you have raiſed ſhall be diſpoſſeſſed. I have ſometimes wondred that I have not viſited you, but I have been ſtopt by too many reaſons, beſides years and lazineſs, and yet theſe are very good ones. Upon my return after half a year amongſt you, there would be to me * *Deſiderio nec pudor nec modus.* I was three years reconciling my ſelf to the ſcene, and the buſineſs, to which fortune hath condemned me, and ſtupidity was that I had recourſe to. Beſides what a figure ſhould I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, diſtreſs, or impriſonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threaten my ſelf with the journey, and am every ſummer practiſing to ride and get health to bear it: The only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your cholick: do you drink bad wine, or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? it will not be always § *Et tibi quos mihi dempſerit apponet annos.* I am heartily ſorry you have any dealings with that uggly diſtemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you

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* *No meaſure in my concern for having left you.*

§ *Time ſhall add to you thoſe years it takes from me.*

you to temperance and exerciſe. I wiſh they could have as good an effect upon the giddineſs I am ſubject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I ſhould have been glad if you had lengthened your letter by telling me the preſent condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, &c. but you mention only Mr. Pope, who I believe is lazy, or elſe he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your caſe of needing great mens favour, and could heartily wiſh that you were in his. I have been conſidering why Poets have ſuch ill ſucceſs in making their courts, ſince they are allowed to be the greateſt and beſt of all flatterers: The defect is, that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth: They will give things under their hand which they make a conſcience of ſpeaking; beſides they are too libertine to haunt anti-chambers, too poor to bribe Porters and Footmen, and too proud to cringe to ſecond-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under Original ſin by the dedication of your Eclogues to Lord Bolinbroke? I am an ill Judge at this diſtance; and beſides, am, for my eaſe, utterly ignorant of the commoneſt things that paſs in the world; but if all courts have a ſameneſs in them (as the Parſons phraſe it) things may be as they were in my time, when all employments went to Parliament-men's Friends, who had been uſeful in elections, and there was always a huge

Liſt

Liſt of names in arrears at the Treaſury, which would at leaſt take up your ſeven years expedient to diſcharge even one half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the ſureſt courſe would be to get your friend who lodgeth in your houſe to recommend you to the next chief Governor who comes over here for a good civil employment, or to be one of his ſecretaries, which your parliament-men are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reaſonable; you may dine twice a week at the Deanry-houſe; there is a ſett of company in this town ſufficient for one man; folks will admire you, becauſe they have read you, and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or ſumptuouſly here; or if you divide between both places it will be for your health.

I wiſh I could do more than ſay I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late Court, and the Succeſſors; and by the force of too much honeſty or too little ſublunary wiſdom, you fell between two ſtools. Take care of your health and money; be leſs modeſt and more active, or elſe turn Parſon and get a Biſhoprick here: Would to God they would ſend us as good ones from your ſide!

I am ever, &c.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Jan. 12, 1723.

I Find a rebuke in a late Letter of yours that both ſtings and pleaſeth me extremely. Your ſaying that I ought to have writ a Poſtſcript to my friend Gay's, makes me not content to write leſs than a whole Letter; and your ſeeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a ſincere effect of Friendſhip. Indeed as I cannot but own the Lazineſs with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us hath both had and given) a Surfeit of writing; ſo I really thought you would know your ſelf to be ſo certainly intitled to my Friendſhip, that it was a poſſeſſion you could not imagine ſtood in need of any further Deeds or Writings to aſſure you of it.

Whatever you ſeem to think of your withdrawn and ſeparate ſtate, at this diſtance, and in this Abſence, Dean Swift lives ſtill in England, in every place and company where he would chuſe to live, and I find him in all the Converſations I keep, and in all the Hearts in which I deſire any ſhare.

We have never met theſe many years without mention of you. Beſides my old Acquaintance,

tance, I have found that all my friends of a latter date are ſuch as were yours before: Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley, may look upon me as one entailed upon them by you: Lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take Me with all his other Hereditary Rights: and, indeed, he ſeems grown ſo much a Philoſopher, as to ſet his heart upon ſome of them as little, as upon the Poet you gave him. It is ſure my ill fate, that all thoſe I moſt loved, and with whom I have moſt lived, muſt be baniſhed: After both of you left England, my conſtant Hoſt was the Biſhop of *Rocheſter. Sure this is a Nation that is curſedly afraid of being over-run with too much Politeneſs, and cannot regain one great Genius, but at the expence of another. I tremble for my Lord Peterborough (whom I now lodge with) he has too much Wit, as well as Courage, to make a ſolid General: and if he eſcapes being baniſhed by others, I fear he will baniſh himſelf. This leads me to give you ſome account of the manner of my life and Converſation, which has been infinitely more various and diſſipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all Sexes, Parties, and Profeſſions. A Glut of Study and Retirement in the firſt Part of my life, caſt me into this; and this I begin to ſee will throw me again into Study and Retirement.

The

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* *Dr.* Atterbury, *who was baniſhed in* 1722.

The Civilities I have met with from oppoſite Setts of people, have hinder'd me from being violent or ſour to any Party; but at the ſame time the Obſervations and Experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me leſs fond of, and leſs ſurprized at, any: I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the Violences and Hardſhips I ſee practiſed by either. The merry Vein you knew me in, is ſunk into a Turn of Reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a Quietneſs of mind, which by fits improves into a certain degree of Chearfulneſs, enough to make me juſt ſo good humoured as to wiſh that world well. My Friendſhips are increaſed by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminiſhed. Averſions I have none, but to Knaves (for Fools I have learn'd to bear with) and ſuch I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think thoſe men are next to Knaves who converſe with them. The greateſt Man in power of this ſort ſhall hardly make me bow to him, unleſs I had a perſonal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleaſure of my life is one I learned from you, both how to gain, and how to uſe, the Freedom of Friendſhip with men much my Superiors. To have pleaſed great men, according to Horace, is a praiſe; but not to have flattered them and yet not have diſpleaſed them is a greater. I have carefully avoided all intercourſe with Poets and Scriblers,

unleſs where by great chance I have found a modeſt one. By theſe means I have had no quarrels with any perſonally; none have been Enemies, but who were alſo Strangers to me; and as there is no great need of an Eclairciſment with ſuch, whatever they write or ſaid I never retaliated, not only never ſeeming to know, but often really never knowing any thing of the matter. There are very few things that give me the Anxiety of a Wiſh; the ſtrongeſt I have would be to paſs my Days with you, and a few ſuch as you: But Fate hath diſperſed them all about the world; and I find to wiſh it is as vain, as to wiſh to ſee the Millennium and the Kingdom of the Juſt upon earth.

If I have ſinned in my long ſilence, conſider there is one to whom you your ſelf have been as great a ſinner. As ſoon as you ſee his Hand, you will learn to do me juſtice, and feel in your heart how long a man may be ſilent to thoſe he truly loves and reſpects.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

Lord BOLINBROKE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

I Am not ſo lazy as Pope, and therefore you muſt not expect from me the ſame indulgence to Lazineſs; in defending his own cauſe he pleads yours, and becomes your advocate while he appeals to you as his Judge: You will do the ſame on your part; and I, and the reſt of your common Friends, ſhall have great juſtice to expect from two ſuch righteous Tribunals: You reſemble perfectly the two Ale-houſe-Keepers in Holland, who were at the ſame time Burgomaſters of the Town, and taxed one anothers Bills alternately. I declare beforehand I will not ſtand to the award; my Title to your Friendſhip is good; and wants neither Deeds nor Writings to confirm it: but annual Acknowledgments at leaſt are neceſſary to preſerve it: and I begin to ſuſpect by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to diſpute it, and to urge Preſcription againſt me. I would not ſay one word to you about my ſelf (ſince it is a ſubject on which you appear to have no curioſity) was it not to try how far the contraſt between Pope's Fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and leſs diſſipated than when you knew me and cared for me. That Love which I uſed

to ſcatter with ſome profuſion, among the whole female kind, has been theſe many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes (for ſo they are called, though ſometimes very improperly) and a retirement from the world, have made that juſt and nice diſcrimination between my Acquaintance and my Friends, which we have ſeldom ſagacity enough to make for our ſelves; thoſe inſects of various hues, which uſed to hum and buz about me while I ſtood in the ſunſhine, have diſappeared ſince I lived in the ſhade. No man comes to a Hermitage but for the ſake of the Hermit; a few philoſophical Friends come often to mine, and they are ſuch as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extreamly from what you were nine years ago.

The hoarſe voice of Party was never heard in this quiet place; Gazettes and Pamphlets are baniſhed from it, and if the Lucubrations of Iſaac Bickerſtaff be admitted, this diſtinction is owing to ſome ſtrokes by which it is judged that this illuſtrious Philoſopher, had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Perſian Zoroaſter, and others his Precurſors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian Seers) both his outward and his inward Doctrine, and that he was of no ſide at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any party my ſelf; nay, I am often ſo happily abſorbed by the abſtracted reaſon of things, that I am ready

dy to imagine there never was any ſuch monſter as Party. Alas, I am ſoon awakened from that pleaſing dream by the Greek and Roman Hiſtorians, by Guicciardin, by Machiavel, and by Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no Hiſtory of our own country, until that body of it which you promiſe to finiſh, appears.

I am under no apprehenſions that a glut of ſtudy and retirement ſhould caſt me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the ſingle regret which I ever feel, is that I fell ſo late into this courſe of life; my Philoſophy grows confirmed by habit, and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you. * *Jam non conſilio bonus, ſed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere poſſim, ſed niſi recte facere non poſſim.* The little incivilities I have met with from oppoſite ſetts of people, have been ſo far from rendering me violent or ſour to any, that I think my ſelf obliged to them all: Some have cured me of my fears, by ſhewing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by ſhewing how precarious popular friendſhips are; all have cured me of ſurprize. In driving me out of Party, they have driven me out of curſed company; and in ſtripping me of Titles and Rank,

* *I am not now become virtuous through Choice; but am brought to that Habit of Mind, that I cannot only act rightly; but cannot otherwiſe than act rightly.*

Rank, and Eſtate, and ſuch trinkets, which every man that will may ſpare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world ſo indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoyced, angry nor pleaſed at what happens in it, any farther than perſonal friendſhips intereſted me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect Tranquility is the general tenour of my life: good digeſtions, ſerene weather, and ſome other mechanic ſprings, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am ſometimes gay, but I am never ſad. I have gained new friends, and have loſt ſome old ones; my acquiſitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleaſure, becauſe they have not been made lightly; I know no vows ſo ſolemn as thoſe of friendſhip, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance ſhould methinks precede them: My loſſes of this kind give me but little trouble, I contribute nothing to them, and a friend who breaks with me unjuſtly, is not worth preſerving. As ſoon as I leave this Town (which will be in a few days) I ſhall fall back into that courſe of life, which keeps knaves and fools at a great diſtance from me: I have an averſion to them both, but in the ordinary courſe of life I think I can bear the ſenſible knave better than the fool: One muſt indeed with the former be in ſome or other of the attitudes

tudes of thoſe wooden men whom I have ſeen before a ſword cutlers ſhop in Germany; but even in theſe conſtrained poſtures the witty Raſcal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin: The Fool obliges me to be almoſt as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the Torpor, or he teizes me like the Fly. This is the Picture of an old Friend, and more like him than that will be which you once aſked, and which he will ſend you, if you continue ſtill to deſire it—Adieu, dear Swift, with all thy faults I love thee intirely, make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

N. B. *The foregoing Letter of the Lord* Bolingbroke, *was printed at the End of the Quarto Edition, very faulty (as for inſtance,* Arabians *for* Zabians, *Egyptian* Seres *for* Seers, *&c.) occaſioned by its being taken from* Curl's ſtolen Copy *only: The* Original *having been ſince recovered among Dr.* Swift's *papers, it is now firſt correctly publiſhed.*

LETTER VIII.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Dublin, Sep. 20, 1723.

RETurning from a ſummer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miſerable malady than an unwillingneſs to write letters to our beſt friends, and a man might be philoſopher enough in finding out reaſons for it. One thing is clear, that it ſhews a mighty difference betwixt Friendſhip and Love, for a lover (as I have heard) is always ſcribling to his miſtreſs. If I could permit my ſelf to believe what your civility makes you ſay, that I am ſtill remembred by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep my ſelf here * *Non ſum qualis eram.* I left you in a period of Life when one year doth more execution than three at yours, to which if you add the dulneſs of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible ſum. I have no very ſtrong faith in your pretenders to Retirement, you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form

* *I am not what I was.*

form concluſions * *de contemptu mundi & fuga ſæculi*, unleſs a Poet grows weary of too much applauſe, as Miniſters do of too much weight of buſineſs.

Your Happineſs is greater than your Merit, in chuſing your Favourites ſo indifferently among either Party: this you owe partly to your Education, and partly to your Genius employing you in an art in which Faction hath nothing to do; for I ſuppoſe Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the Conſtitution of Church and State, than a Chriſtian at Conſtantinople; and you are ſo much the wiſer and the happier, becauſe both Parties will approve your Poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of Friendſhip are new to me: I believe every man is born with his † *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the firſt places in my Friendſhip, but they are not in the way: I am condemned to another ſcene, and therefore I diſtribute it in Pennyworths to thoſe about me, and who diſpleaſe me leaſt; and ſhould do the ſame to my fellow priſoners if I were condemned to a jayl. I can likewiſe tolerate Knaves much better than Fools, becauſe their knavery doth me no hurt in the com-

* *Concerning the Contempt of the World, and Retirement from publick Buſineſs.*

† *Portion.*

commerce I have with them, which however I own is more dangerous, altho' not ſo troubleſome, as that of Fools. I have often endeavoured to eſtabliſh a friendſhip among all Men of Genius, and would fain have it done: they are ſeldom above three or four Contemporaries, and if they could be united, would drive the World before them. I think it was ſo among the Poets in the time of Auguſtus: but Envy, and Party, and Pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the Subalterns, of which you are ſeldom without a large Tribe: Under the name of Poets and Scriblers, I ſuppoſe you mean the Fools you are content to ſee ſometimes, when they happen to be modeſt; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

I would deſcribe to you my way of living, if any method could be called ſo in this Country. I chuſe my companions among thoſe of leaſt conſequence, and moſt compliance: I read the moſt trifling Books I can find, and whenever I write, it is upon the moſt trifling ſubjects: But riding, walking, and ſleeping, take up eighteen of the twenty four hours. I procraſtinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have ſeveral things to finiſh which I put off to twenty years hence; * *Hæc eſt vita Solutorum, &c.* I ſend you the compliments of a

* friend

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* *This the Life of Perſons at Eaſe.*

* friend of yours, who hath paſſed four months this ſummer with two grave acquaintance at his country-houſe without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles diſtant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you ſhall find him as deep in the Court of Requeſts, the Park, the Opera's, and the Coffee-houſe as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You muſt remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay—I think there are no more § *eodem tertio*'s between you and me, except Mr. Jervas to whoſe houſe I addreſs this, for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your laſt, whether you lodge with Lord Peterborow, or he with you?

I am ever, &c.

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* *Charles Ford, Eſq;*
§ *In the ſame Claſs of Three.*

LETTER

LETTER IX.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Sept. 14, 1725.

I Need not tell you, with what real delight I ſhould have done any thing you deſired, and in particular any good offices in my power towards the bearer of your Letter, who is this day gone for France. Perhaps it is with Poets as with Prophets, they are ſo much better liked in another country than in their own, that your Gentleman, upon arriving in England, loſt his curioſity concerning me. However, had he tried, he had found me his friend; I mean he had found me yours. I am diſappointed at not knowing better a man whom you eſteem, and comfort my ſelf only with having got a Letter from you, with which (after all) I ſit down a gainer; ſince to my great pleaſure it confirms my hope of once more ſeeing you. After ſo many diſperſions, and ſo many diviſions, two or three of us may yet be gathered together; not to plot, not to contrive ſilly ſchemes of ambition, or to vex our own or others hearts with buſy vanities (ſuch as perhaps at one time of life or other take their Tour in every man) but to divert our ſelves, and the world too if it pleaſes; or at worſt, to laugh at others as innocently and as unhurtfully as at our ſelves. Your Travels I hear much of; my own I promiſe

miſe you ſhall never more be in a ſtrange land, but a diligent, I hope uſeful, inveſtigation of my own Territories. I mean no more Tranſlations, but ſomething domeſtick, fit for my own country, and for my own time.

If you come to us I'll find you elderly Ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurſe, and they are too old and feeble to make too much noiſe; as you will gueſs when I tell you they are my own mother, and my own nurſe. I can alſo help you to a Lady who is as deaf, though not ſo old as your ſelf; you'll be pleaſed with one another, I'll engage, though you don't hear one another: you'll converſe like ſpirits by intuition. What you'll moſt wonder at is, ſhe is conſiderable at Court, yet no Party-woman, and lives in Court, yet would be eaſy, and make you eaſy.

One of thoſe you mention (and I dare ſay always will remember) Dr. Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous diſtemper, an impoſthume in the bowels; which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be (he bids me tell you, and I write this by him) he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reaſon he has to deſire a little longer life, is the wiſh to ſee you once more.

He is gay enough in this circumſtance to tell you, he would give you (if he could) ſuch advice as might cure your deafneſs, but he would not adviſe you if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it; becauſe you may by that means,

hear

hear as much as you will, and anſwer as little as you pleaſe. Believe me

Yours, &c.

LETTER X.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Sep. 29, 1725.

I Am now returning to the noble ſcene of Dublin, into the grand Monde, for fear of burying my parts; to ſignalize my ſelf among Curates and Vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of bread and butter, through thoſe dominions where I govern. I have employed my time (beſides ditching) in finiſhing, correcting, amending, and tranſcribing my * Travels, in four parts compleat, newly augmented, and intended for the preſs when the world ſhall deſerve them, or rather when a Printer ſhall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the ſcheme of our meeting after diſtreſſes and diſperſions; but the chief end I propoſe to my ſelf in all my labours, is to vex the world, rather than divert it; and if I could compaſs that deſign without hurting my own perſon or fortune, I would be the moſt indefatigable writer you have ever ſeen, without reading. I am exceedingly pleaſ-

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* Gulliver's *Travels*.

ed that you have done with Tranſlations; Lord Treaſurer Oxford often lamented that a raſcally world ſhould lay you under a neceſſity of miſemploying your genius for ſo long a time. But ſince you will now be ſo much better employed, when you think of the World, give it one laſh the more at my requeſt. I have ever hated all nations, profeſſions and communities; and all my love is towards individuals; for inſtance, I hate the tribe of Lawyers, but I love Counſellor ſuch a one, and Judge ſuch a one; it is ſo with Phyſicians (I will not ſpeak of my own trade) Soldiers, Engliſh, Scotch, French, and the reſt. But principally I hate and deteſt that animal called Man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and ſo forth. This is the ſyſtem upon which I have governed my ſelf many years (but do not tell) and ſo I ſhall go on until I have done with them. I have got materials towards a Treatiſe, proving the falſity of that definition * *Animale rationale*, and to ſhew it ſhould be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of Miſanthropy (although not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my Travels is erected: and I never will have peace of mind until all honeſt men are of my opinion: By conſequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deſerve my eſteem may do ſo too. The matter is ſo clear,

* *A Rational Animal, capable of Reaſon.*

clear, that it will admit of little diſpute; nay, I will hold a hundred pounds, that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your Odyſſey was finiſhed, being yet in the country, which I ſhall leave in three days. I thank you kindly for the preſent, but ſhall like it three fourths the leſs, from the mixture you mention of other hands; however I am glad you ſaved your ſelf ſo much drudgery—I have been long told by Mr. Ford of your great atchievements in building and planting, and eſpecially of your ſubterranean paſſage to your garden; whereby you turned a Blunder into a Beauty, which is a piece of * *Ars Poetica.*

I have almoſt done with Harridans, and ſhall ſoon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The Lady whom you deſcribe to live at court, to be deaf, and no party-woman, I take to be Mythology, but know not how to moralize it. She cannot be Mercy, for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at Court. Juſtice is blind, and perhaps deaf, but neither is ſhe a Court lady: Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a Court lady, but then ſhe is a moſt damnable Party-woman, and will never make me eaſy, as you promiſe. It muſt be Riches which anſwers all your deſcription: I am glad ſhe viſits you, but my voice is ſo weak, that I doubt ſhe will never hear me.

Mr.

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* *The Art of Poetry.*

Mr. Lewis ſent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illneſs, which is a very ſenſible affliction to me, who by living ſo long out of the world, have loſt that hardneſs of heart contracted by years, and general converſation. I am daily loſing friends, and neither ſeeking nor getting others. Oh if the world had but a dozen Arbuthnot's in it, I would burn my Travels! But however he is not without fault: There is a paſſage in Bede, highly commending the piety and learning of the Iriſh in that age, where after abundance of praiſes he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Eaſter at a wrong time of the year. So our Doctor hath every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or uſeful, but alas, he hath a ſort of ſlouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Chriſtian, although not a Catholick.

I hear nothing of our friend Gay, but I find the Court keeps him at hard meat. I adviſed him to come over here with the Lord Lieutenant. * * * writes little Flams (as Lord Leiceſter called thoſe ſort of verſes) on Miſs Carteret: A Dublin Blackſmith, a great Poet, hath imitated his manner in a poem to the ſame Miſs. * * * is a complainer, and on this occaſion I told Lord Carteret, that complainers never ſucceeded at court, although railers do.

Are you altogether a country gentleman? that I muſt addreſs to you out of London, to the hazard of your loſing this precious letter,

which I will now conclude although ſo much paper is left. I have an ill name, and therefore ſhall not ſubſcribe it, but you will gueſs it comes from one who eſteems and loves you about half as much as you deſerve, I mean as much as he can.

I am in great concern at what I am juſt told is in ſome of the news-papers, that Lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting. I am glad he hath ſo much youth and vigour left, (of which he hath not been thrifty) but I wonder he hath no more Diſcretion.

LETTER XI.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Oct. 15, 1725.

I Am wonderfully pleaſed with the ſuddenneſs of your kind anſwer. It makes me hope you are coming toward us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends, in proportion as you draw nearer to them; and are getting into our vortex. Here is One, who was once a powerful planet, but hath now (after long experience of all that comes of ſhining) learned to be content with returning to his firſt point, without the thought or ambition of ſhining at all. Here is Another, who thinks one of the greateſt glories of his Father was to have diſtinguiſhed and loved you, and

who

who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot, recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleas'd with the hope of ſeeing you again, than of reviewing a world, every part of which he has long deſpis'd, but what is made up of a few men like yourſelf. He goes abroad again, and is more chearful than even health can make a man, for he has a good conſcience into the bargain, (which is the moſt Catholick of all remedies, though not the moſt Univerſal.) I knew it would be a pleaſure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write ſo ſoon to you.

I am ſorry poor * * * is not promoted in this age; for certainly if his reward be of the next, he is of all Poets the moſt miſerable. I am alſo ſorry for another reaſon; if they do not promote him, they will ſpoil a very good concluſion of one of my Satires, where having endeavoured to correct the Taſte of the town in wit and criticiſm, I end thus,

But what avails to lay down rules for ſenſe?
In——'s reign theſe fruitleſs lines were writ
When ——— ——— was preferr'd for Wit.

Our friend Gay is uſed as the friends of Tories are by Whigs (and generally by Tories too.) Becauſe he had humour, he was ſuppos'd to have dealt with Dr. Swift; in like manner as when any one had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the Devil. He

puts his whole truſt at Court in that Lady whom I deſcribed to you, and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy: I wiſh ſhe really were Riches for his ſake; though as for yours, I queſtion whether (if you knew her) you would change her for the other?

Lord Bolingbroke had not the leaſt harm by his fall, I wiſh he had received no more by his other fall; Lord Oxford had none by his. But Lord Bolingbroke is the moſt improved Mind ſince you ſaw him, that ever was improved without ſhifting into a new body, or being: * *paulo minus ab angelis.* I have often imagined to my ſelf, that if ever all of us meet again, after ſo many varieties and changes, after ſo much of the old world, and of the old man, in each of us has been altered, that ſcarce a ſingle thought of the one, any more than a ſingle atome of the other, remains juſt the ſame; I have fancied, I ſay, that we ſhould meet like the righteous in the Millennium, quite in peace, diveſted of all our former paſſions, ſmiling at our paſt deſigns, and content to enjoy the Kingdom of the juſt in tranquility. But I find you would rather be employed as an avenging Angel of wrath, to break your vial of indignation over the heads of the wretched pitiful creatures of this world; nay would make them *Eat your Book*, which you have made, I doubt not, as bitter a pill for them as poſſible.

I won't

* *A little lower than the Angels.*

I won't tell you what deſigns I have in my head (beſides writing a ſett of Maxims in oppoſition to all Rochefoucault's principles) till I ſee you here, face to face. Then you ſhall have no reaſon to complain of me, for want of a generous diſdain of this world, though I have not loſt my Ears in yours and their ſervice. Lord Oxford too (whom I have now the third time mentioned in this Letter, and he deſerves to be always mentioned, in every thing that is addreſſed to you or comes from you) expects you: That ought to be enough to bring you hither; it is vaſtly a better reaſon than if the Nation expected you. For I really enter as fully as you can deſire, into your principle of Love of Individuals: and I think the way to have a publick ſpirit, is firſt to have a private one; for who the devil can believe (ſaid a friend of mine) that any man can care for a hundred thouſand people, who never cared for one? no ill-humoured man can ever be a patriot, any more than a friend.

I deſigned to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill, but he is ſo touched with the period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to anſwer it by a whole letter. He too is buſy about a book, which I gueſs he will tell you of. So adieu —what remains worth telling you? Dean Berkley is well, and happy in the proſecution of his Scheme. Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke in health, Arbuthnot recovered, Duke Diſney ſo alſo; Sir William

liam Wyndham better, Lord Bathurſt well. Theſe and ſome others, preſerve their ancient honour, and ancient friendſhip. Thoſe who do neither, if they were d——d, what is it to a Proteſtant prieſt who has nothing to do with the dead? I anſwer for my own part as a Papiſt, I would not pray them out of Purgatory.

My name is as bad an one as yours, and hated by all bad poets, from Hopkins and Sternhold to Gildon and Cibber. The firſt prayed againſt me with the Turk; and a modern imitator of theirs (whom I leave you to find out) has added the Chriſtian to them, with proper definitions of each, in this manner.

The Pope's the Whore of Babylon,
The Turk he is a Jew:
The Chriſtian is an Infidel
That ſitteth in a Pew.

LETTER XII.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Nov. 26, 1725.

I Should ſooner have acknowledged yours, if a feveriſh diſorder and the relicks of it had not diſabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuſes, becauſe I hope I am pretty near ſeeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance; becauſe, if you do not know

know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counterparts of my heart; I fear I have not expreſſed that right, but I mean well, and I hate blots: I look in your letter, and in my conſcience you ſay the ſame thing, but in a better manner. Pray tell my Lord Bolingbroke that I wiſh he were baniſhed again, for then I ſhould hear from him, when he was full of philoſophy, and talked * *de contemptu mundi*. My Lord Oxford was ſo extreamly kind as to write to me immediately an account of his ſon's birth; which I immediately acknowledged, but before my letter could reach him I wiſhed it in the ſea: I hope I was more afflicted than his Lordſhip. It is hard that Parſons and Beggars ſhould be over-run with bratts, while ſo great and good a family wants an heir to continue it. I have received his father's Picture, but I lament † *(ſub ſigillo confeſſionis)* that it is not ſo true a reſemblance as I could wiſh. Drown the world! I am not content with deſpiſing it, but I would anger it, if I could with ſafety. I wiſh there were an Hoſpital built for its deſpiſers, where one might act with ſafety, and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endowed. P** is § *fort chancellant* whether he

* *Contemning the World.*
† *Under the Seal of Confeſſion.*
§ *Very wavering.*

ſhall turn Parſon or no. But all employments here are engaged, or in reverſion. Caſt Wits and caſt Beaux have a proper ſanctuary in the church: yet we think it a ſevere judgment, that a fine gentleman, and ſo much a finer for hating Eccleſiaſticks, ſhould be a domeſtic humble retainer to an Iriſh Prelate. He is neither Secretary nor Gentleman-uſher, yet ſerveth in both capacities. He hath publiſhed ſeveral reaſons why he never came to ſee me; but the beſt is, that I have not waited on his Lordſhip. We have had a Poem ſent from London in imitation of his on Miſs Carteret. It is on Miſs Harvy of a day old; and we ſay and think it is yours. I wiſh it were not, becauſe I am againſt monopolies —— you might have ſpared me a few more lines of your Satire, but I hope in a few months to ſee it all. To hear boys like you talk of Millenniums and tranquility! I am older by thirty years, Lord Bolingbroke by twenty, and you but by ten, than when we laſt were together; and we ſhould differ more than ever, you coquetting a maid of honour, my Lord looking on to ſee how the gameſters play, and I railing at you both. I deſire you and all my friends will take a ſpecial care that my diſaffection to the World may not be imputed to my Age; for I, have credible witneſſes ready to depoſe, that it hath never varied from the twenty-firſt to the f—ty eighth year of my life, (pray fill that blank charitably.) I tell you after all, that I do not hate mankind, it is

* *vous*

* *vous autres* who hate them, becauſe you would have them reaſonable Animals, and are angry at being diſappointed: I have always rejected that definition, and made another of my own. I am no more angry with — than I was with the Kite that laſt week flew away with one of my chickens; and yet I was pleaſed when one of my ſervants ſhot him two days after. This I ſay, becauſe you are ſo hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write maxims in oppoſition to Rochefoucault, who is my favourite, becauſe I found my whole character in him; however I will read him again, becauſe it is poſſible I may have ſince undergone ſome alterations.—Take care the bad Poets do not out-wit you, as they have ſerved the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to tranſmit their names to poſterity. Mœvius is as well known as Virgil, and Gildon will be as well known as you, if his name gets into your verſes: and as to the difference between good and bad fame, it is a perfect trifle. I ask a thouſand pardons, and ſo leave you for this time, and will write again without concerning my ſelf whether you write or no.

I am, &c.

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* *People of your way of thinking.*

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Dec. 10. 1725.

I Find my ſelf the better acquainted with you for a long Abſence, as men are with themſelves for a long Affliction: Abſence does but hold off a Friend, to make one ſee him the more truly. I am infinitely more pleas'd to hear you are coming near us, than at any thing you ſeem to think in my favour; an opinion which has perhaps been aggrandized by the diſtance or dulneſs of Ireland, as objects look larger through a medium of Fogs: and yet I am infinitely pleas'd with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our Wits) our Judgments jump, in the notion that all Scriblers ſhould be paſt by in ſilence. To vindicate ones ſelf againſt ſuch naſty ſlander, is much as wiſe as it was in your country-man, when the people imputed a ſtink to him, to prove the contrary by ſhewing his backſide. So let Gildon and P----s reſt in peace! What Virgil hath to do with Mœvius, that he ſhould wear him upon his ſleeve to all eternity, I do not know. I have been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works may poſſibly meet in England. We your true acquaintance will look

look upon you as a good man, and love you; others will look upon you as a Wit, and hate you. So you know the worſt; unleſs you are as vindicative as Virgil, or the aforeſaid Hibernian.

I wiſh as warmly as you, for an Hoſpital in which to lodge the Deſpiſers of the world; only I fear it wou'd be fill'd wholly like Chelſea, with maimed Soldiers, and ſuch as had been diſabled in its ſervice. I wou'd rather have thoſe, that out of ſuch generous principles as you and I, deſpiſe it, fly in its face, than retire from it. Not that I have much anger againſt the Great, my ſpleen is at the little rogues of it; it would vex one more to be knock'd on the head with a Piſs-pot, than by a Thunderbolt. As to great Oppreſſors, they are like Kites or Eagles, one expects miſchief from them; but to be ſquirted to death (as poor Wycherley ſaid to me on his death-bed) by Apothecaries Apprentices, by the underſtrappers of under-ſecretaries to ſecretaries who were no ſecretaries——this wou'd provoke as dull a dog as P-—s himſelf.

So much for enemies, now for friends. Mr. L— thinks all this indiſcreet; the Dr. not ſo; he loves miſchief the beſt of any good-natur'd man in England. Lord B. is above trifling: when he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal; if ever he trifles, it muſt be when he turns a Divine. Gay is writing Tales for Prince William: I ſuppoſe Mr. P--- will

will take this very ill, for two reaſons; one that he thinks all childiſh things belong to him; and the other, becauſe he'll take it ill to be taught that one may write things to a child without being childiſh. What have I more to add? but that Lord Oxford deſires earneſtly to ſee you: and that many others whom you do not think the worſt of, will be gratified by it: none more, be aſſured, than yours, &c.

P. S. Pope and you are very great Wits, and I think very indifferent Philoſophers: If you deſpiſed the world as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, you would not be ſo angry with it. The founder of your ſect, that noble Original whom you think it ſo great an honour to reſemble, * was a ſlave to the worſt part of the world, to the Court; and all his big words were the language of a ſlighted Lover, who deſired nothing ſo much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing ſo much as a rupture. I believe the world hath uſed me as ſcurvily as moſt people, and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the ſimple, falſe, capricious thing. I ſhould bluſh alike, to be diſcover'd fond of the world, or piqued at it. Your definition of † *Animal Rationis*, inſtead of the common one § *Animal Rationale*, will not bear examination: define but

* Seneca. † *An Animal of Reaſon.*
§ *A Rational Animal.*

but Reaſon, and you will ſee why your diſtinction is no better than that of the Pontiff *Cotta*, between * *mala ratio*, and § *bona ratio*. But enough of this; make us a viſit, and I'll ſubſcribe to any ſide of theſe important queſtions which you pleaſe. We differ leſs than you imagine, perhaps, when you wiſh me baniſh'd again: but I am not leſs true to you and to Philoſophy in England, than I was in France.

Yours &c.

BOLINGBROKE.

LETTER XIV.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

London, May 4. 1726.

I Had rather live in forty Irelands than under the frequent diſquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it moſt after a great dinner; for the leaſt Tranſgreſſion of yours, if it be only two bits and one ſup more than your ſtint, is a great debauch; for which you certainly pay more than thoſe ſots who are carried dead drunk to bed. My Lord Peterborow ſpoiled every body's dinner, but eſpecially mine, with telling us that you were detained by ſickneſs. Pray let me have three lines, under any hand or pot-hook that will give me a bet-

* *Bad Reaſon.* § *Good Reaſon.*

a better account of your health; which concerns me more than others, becauſe I love and eſteem you for reaſons that moſt others have little to do with, and would be the ſame although you had never touched a pen, further than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage, and preparing for my journey: I will endeavour to think of you as little as I can, and when I write to you, I will ſtrive not to think of you; this I intend in return to your kindneſs; and further, I know no body hath dealt with me ſo cruelly as you, the conſequences of which uſage I fear will laſt as long as my life, for ſo long ſhall I be (in ſpite of my heart) entirely Yours.

LETTER XV.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Aug. 22, 1726.

MAny a ſhort ſigh you coſt me the day I left you, and many more you will coſt me till the day you return. I really walk'd about like a man baniſh'd, and when I came home, found it no home. 'Tis a ſenſation like that of a limb lopp'd off, and one is trying every minute unawares to uſe it, and finds it is not. I may ſay you have uſed me more cruelly than you have done any other man; you have made it more impoſſible for me to live at eaſe with-

without you: Habitude it ſelf would have done that, if I had leſs friendſhip in my nature than I have. Beſides my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which preſents you to me in every place I frequent: I ſhall never more think of Lord Cobham's, the woods of Ciceter, or the pleaſing proſpect of Byberry, but your ideas muſt be joyn'd with 'em; nor ſee one ſeat in my own garden, or one room in my own houſe without a Phantome of you, ſitting or walking before me. I travell'd with you to Cheſter, I felt the extream heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and cloſeneſs of the uneaſy coach, and wiſh'd a hundred times I had either a Deanry or a horſe in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my ſoul peeviſh ever ſince with all about me, from a warm uneaſy deſire after you. I am gone out of my ſelf to no purpoſe, and cannot catch you. * *Inhiat in pedes* was not more properly apply'd to a poor dog after a hare, than to me with regard to your departure. I wiſh I could think no more of it, but lie down and ſleep till we meet again, and let that day (how far ſoever off it be) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my amends that every thing you wiſh may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there in the ſtate you wiſh him or her; ſo that your viſit to us may have no other effect, than the progreſs

* *Devours the Scent.*

progreſs of a rich man to a remote eſtate, which he finds greater than he expected; which knowledge only ſerves to make him live happier where he is, with no diſagreeable proſpect if ever he ſhould chuſe to remove. May this be your ſtate, till it becomes what I wiſh. But indeed I cannot expreſs the warmth, with which I wiſh you all things, and my ſelf you. Indeed you are engraved elſewhere than on the Cups you ſent me, (with ſo kind an inſcription) and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver: I am not pleas'd with them, but take them very kindly too: And had I ſuſpected any ſuch uſage from you, I ſhould have enjoyed your company leſs than I really did, for at this rate I may ſay

* *Nec tecum poſſum vivere, nec ſine te.*

I will bring you over juſt ſuch another preſent, when I go to the Deanry of St. Patrick's, which I promiſe you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindneſs. § *Donarem Pateras* &c. Tili then I'll drink (or Gay ſhall drink) daily healths to you, and I'll add to your inſcription the old Roman Vow for years to come, VOTIS X. VOTIS XX. My Mother's age gives me authority to hope it for yours.

All

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* *I neither can live with thee or without thee.*
§ *I would make you a preſent of Diſhes.*

All thoſe of your friends whom I have ſeen are conſtant in their remembrance and good wiſhes to you. Only the Doctor I have never been able to ſee ſince. Poor Congreve is deſperately ill of the gout. Lord Bolingbroke bids me again tell you, he will take as a letter to himſelf, and reply to, every one that you ſhall write to Gay or me; ſo that we hope you will not be deterr'd from writing to ſome of us, by an imagination that all will expect it.

Yours, &c.

LETTER. XVI.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Sep. 3, 1726.

YOurs to Mr. Gay gave me greater ſatisfaction than that to me (tho' that gave me a great deal) for to hear you were ſafe at your journey's end, exceeds the account of your fatigues while in the way to it: otherwiſe believe me, every tittle of each is important to me, which ſets any one thing before my Eyes that happens to you. I writ you a long letter, which I gueſs reach'd you the day after your arrival; ſince then I had a conference with Sir ——who expreſt his deſire of having ſeen you again before you left us: He ſaid he obſerved a willingneſs in you to live among us; which I did not deny; but at the ſame time told him,

you had no ſuch deſign in your coming this time, which was meerly to ſee a few of thoſe you loved: but that indeed all thoſe wiſhed it, and particularly Lord Peterborow and myſelf, who wiſh'd you lov'd Ireland leſs, had you any reaſon to love England more. I ſaid nothing but what I think would induce any man to be as fond of you as I, plain Truth, (did they know either it, or you.) I can't help thinking, (when I conſider the whole, ſhort Liſt of our friends) that none of 'em except you and I are qualified for the Mountains of Wales. The Dr. goes to Cards, Gay to Court; one loſes money, one loſes his time. Another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling ſoil. One Lady you like has too much of France to be fit for Wales: Another is too much a ſubject to Princes and Potentates, to reliſh that wild Taſte of liberty and poverty. Mr. Congreve is too ſick to bear a thin air; and ſhe that leads him too rich to enjoy any thing. Lord Peterborow can go to any climate, but never ſtay in any. Lord Bathurſt is too great an husbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr. Bethel indeed is too good and too honeſt to live in the world, but yet it is fit, for its example, he ſhould. We are left to ourſelves in my opinion, and may live where we pleaſe, in Wales, Dublin or Bermudas: And for me, I aſſure you, I love the world ſo well, and it loves me ſo well, that I care not in what

part

part of it I paſs the reſt of my days. I ſee no ſunſhine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glympſe of a letter of yours lately, by which I find you are (like the vulgar) apter to think well of People out of power, than of people in power; perhaps it is a miſtake, but however there's ſomething in it generous. Mr. *** takes it extreme kindly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion, for which I believe he is only to thank his ill fortune: for if I am not in an error, he would rather be in power, than out.

To ſhew you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will with great truth apply to myſelf an old ſentence. 'Thoſe that are in, may 'abide in; and thoſe that are out, may abide 'out; yet to me, thoſe that are in ſhall be as 'thoſe that are out, and thoſe that are out ſhall 'be as thoſe that are in.

I am indifferent as to all thoſe matters, but I miſs you as much as I did the firſt day, when (with a ſhort ſigh) I parted. Wherever you are, (or on the Mountains of Wales, or on the coaſt of Dublin.

* — *Tu mihi, magni ſuperas dum ſaxa Timavi,*
Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris—)

I am and ever ſhall be Yours, &c.

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* *Whether* Timavus *or th'* Illyrian *Coaſt,*
Whatever Land or Sea thy Preſence boaſt.
Dryden.

LETTER XVII.

Mr. GAY *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Nov. 17, 1726.

ABout ten days ago a Book was publiſh'd here of the Travels of one Gulliver, which hath been the converſation of the whole town ever ſince: The whole impreſſion ſold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extreamly. 'Tis generally ſaid that you are the Author, but I am told, the Bookſeller declares he knows not from what hand it came. From the higheſt to the loweſt it is univerſally read, from the Cabinet-council to the Nurſery. The Politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the Satire on general ſocieties of men is too ſevere. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perſpicuity, who are in ſearch for particular applications in every leaf; and it is highly probable we ſhall have keys publiſhed to give light into Gulliver's deſign. Your Lord —— is the perſon who leaſt approves it, blaming it as a deſign of evil conſequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes moſt offence, being himſelf the moſt accompliſh'd of his ſpecies, and ſo loſing more than any other of that praiſe which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man. Your friend, my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, although

although he thinks in ſome places the matter too far carried. The Dutcheſs Dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; ſhe ſays ſhe can dream of nothing elſe ſince ſhe read it; ſhe declares, that ſhe hath now found out, that her whole life hath been loſt in careſſing the worſt part of mankind, and treating the beſt as her foes; and that if ſhe knew Gulliver, tho' he had been the worſt enemy ſhe ever had, ſhe would give up all her preſent acquaintance for his friendſhip. You may ſee by this, that you are not much injur'd by being ſuppos'd the Author of this piece. If you are, you have diſoblig'd us, and two or three of your beſt friends, in not giving us the leaſt hint of it, while you were with us, and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who ſays, it is ten thouſand pities he had not known it, he could have added ſuch abundance of things upon every ſubject. Among Lady-critics, ſome have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to maids of honour. Thoſe of them who frequent the Church, ſay, his deſign is impious, and that it is an inſult on Providence, by depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithſtanding I am told the * Princeſs hath read it with great pleaſure. As to other Criticks, they think the flying iſland is the leaſt entertaining; and ſo great an opinion the town have of the impoſſibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himſelf,

* *The late Queen* Caroline.

that 'tis agreed that Part was not writ by the ſame Hand, tho' this hath its defenders too. It hath paſs'd Lords and Commons *nemine contradicente*; and, the whole town, men, women and children are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a Book you have never ſeen, and which hath not yet reach'd Ireland; if it hath not, I believe what we have ſaid will be ſufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to ſend it to you.

But it will be much better to come over your ſelf, and read it here, where you will have the pleaſure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult paſſages to you.

We all rejoyce that you have fixt the preciſe time of your coming to be * *cum hirundine prima*; which we modern naturaliſts pronounce, ought to be reckon'd, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty two degrees, from the end of February, Styl. Greg. at fartheſt. But to us your friends, the coming of ſuch a black ſwallow as you will make a Summer in the worſt of Seaſons. We are no leſs glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at Court.

The

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* *With the firſt returning Swallow*, i. e. *in the beginning of* Spring.

The Princeſs is cloath'd in Iriſh Silk; pray give our ſervice to the Weavers. We are ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money; I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like a Houyhnhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo, and diſcarded him your ſervice. I fear you do not underſtand theſe modiſh terms, which every creature now underſtands but your ſelf.

You tell us your Wine is bad, and that the Clergy do not frequent your houſe, which we look upon to be tautology. The beſt advice we can give you is, to make them a preſent of your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are miſtaken, we envy thoſe you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

From Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Nov. 16, 1726.

I Have reſolved to take time; and in ſpite of all misfortunes and demurs, which ſickneſs, lameneſs, or diſability of any kind can throw in my way, to write to you (at intervals) a long letter. My two leaſt fingers of one hand hang impediments to the others, like uſeleſs dependants,

who only take up room, and never are active or aſſiſtant to our wants: I ſhall never be much the better for 'em—I congratulate you firſt upon what you call your Cozen's wonderful Book, which is * *publica trita manu* at preſent, and I propheſy will be in future the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by ſome ſtateſmen, is delightful; I wiſh I could tell you how every ſingle man looks upon it, to obſerve which has been my whole diverſion this fortnight. I've never been a night in London ſince you left me, till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully anſwered my expectations.

I find no conſiderable man very angry at the book: ſome indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a Satire: but none that I hear of accuſe it of particular reflections (I mean no perſons of conſequence, or good judgment; the mob of Criticks, you know, always are deſirous to apply Satire to thoſe that they envy for being above them) ſo that you needed not to have been ſo ſecret upon this head. Motte receiv'd the copy (he tells me) he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropp'd at his houſe in the dark, from a Hackney-coach: by computing the time, I found it was after you left England, ſo for my part I ſuſpend my judgment.

I'm

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* *Worn or thumbed by the Hand of the Publick.*

I'm pleas'd with the nature and quality of your preſent to the Princeſs. The Iriſh ſtuff you ſent to Mrs. * H. her Royal Highneſs laid hold of, and has made up for her own uſe. Are you determined to be National in every thing, even in your civilities? you are the greateſt Politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational Politician, there's no great fear of you, you will never ſucceed.

Another thing in which you have pleaſed me, was what you ſay to Mr. P. by which it ſeems to me that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reaſon. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men, and it is high time to be ſo, after twenty or thirty years obſervation of the great world.

† *Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri.*

I queſtion not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their Intereſt: But God forbid an honeſt or witty man ſhould be of any, but that of his country. They have ſcoundrels enough to write for their paſſions and their deſigns; let us write for truth, for honour, and for poſterity. If you muſt needs write about Politicks at all, (but perhaps 'tis full as wiſe to play the fool any other way) ſurely it ought to be ſo as to preſerve the dignity

* *Mrs.* Howard, *now Counteſs of* Suffolk.

† *Sworn to no Party, to no Cauſe attacht.*

nity and integrity of your character with thoſe times to come, which will moſt impartially judge of you.

I wiſh you had writ to Lord Peterborow, no man is more affectionate towards you. Don't fancy none but Tories are your friends; for at that rate I muſt be at moſt, but half your friend, and ſincerely I am wholly ſo. Adieu, write often, and come ſoon, for many wiſh you well, and all would be glad of your company.

LETTER XIX.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Dublin, Nov. 17, 1726.

I Am juſt come from anſwering a Letter of Mrs. Howard's, writ in ſuch myſtical terms, that I ſhould never have found out the meaning, if a Book had not been ſent me called *Gulliver's Travels*, of which you ſay ſo much in yours. I read the Book over, and in the ſecond volume obſerve ſeveral Paſſages, which appear to be patched and altered, and the ſtyle of a different ſort (unleſs I am much miſtaken) Dr. Arbuthnot likes the Projectors leaſt, others, you tell me, the Flying iſland; ſome think it wrong to be ſo hard upon whole Bodies or Corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular perſons are moſt to be blamed: ſo that in theſe caſes I think the beſt method

method is to let cenſure and opinion take their courſe. A Biſhop here ſaid, that Book was full of improbable lies, and for his part, he hardly believed a word of it, and ſo much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumſtance of returning to Ireland: It is a ſhame you do not perſuade your Miniſters to keep me on that ſide, if it were but by a court expedient of keeping me in priſon for a plotter; but at the ſame time I muſt tell you, that ſuch journeys very much ſhorten my life, for a month here is longer than ſix at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be ſo tedious? another man can publiſh fifty thouſand Lies ſooner than he can publiſh fifty Fables.

I am juſt going to perform a very good office, it is to aſſiſt with the * Archbiſhop, in degrading a Parſon who couples all our beggars, by which I ſhall make one happy man: and decide the great queſtion of an indeleble character, in favour of the principles in faſhion; and this I hope you will repreſent to the Miniſtry in my favour, as a point of merit; ſo farewel until I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parſon, who by a law here is to be hanged the next couple he marries: he declared to us, that he reſolved to be hanged; only deſired when he was

* Dr. *William King.*

was to go to the Gallows, the Archbiſhop would take off his Excommunication. Is not he a good Catholick? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Iriſh event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deſerves notice. Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend, I would deſire all my acquaintance to give out that his * copy was baſely mangled, and abuſed, and added to, and blotted out by the printer; for ſo to me it ſeems, in the ſecond volume particularly. Adieu.

LETTER XX.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

December 5, 1726.

I Believe the hurt in your hand affects me more than it doth your ſelf, and with reaſon, becauſe I may probably be a greater loſer by it. What have accidents to do with thoſe who are neither jockeys nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? and yet a raſcally Groom ſhall gallop a foundred horſe ten miles upon a cauſeway, and get home ſafe.

I am very much pleas'd that you approve what was ſent, becauſe I remember to have heard a great man ſay, that nothing required more judgment than making a preſent; which when it is done to thoſe of high rank, ought to

* Vide Captain GULLIVER's Letter to his Couſin SYMPSON, prefixed to GULLIVER's TRAVELS, printed by GEORGE FAULKNER in Dublin.

to be of ſomething that is not readily got for money. You oblige me, and at the ſame time do me juſtice in what you obſerve as to Mr. P. Beſides it is too late in life for me to act otherwiſe, and therefore I follow a very eaſy road to virtue, and purchaſe it cheap. If you will give me leave to joyn us, is not your life and mine a ſtate of power, and dependance a ſtate of ſlavery? We care not three pence whether a Prince or Miniſter will ſee us or no: We are not afraid of having ill Offices done us, nor are at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree that riches are Liberty, but then we are to put into the balance how long our apprenticeſhip is to laſt in acquiring them.

Since you have received the verſes, I moſt earneſtly intreat you to burn thoſe which you do not approve, and in thoſe few where you may not diſlike ſome Parts, blot out the reſt, and ſometimes, (altho' it be againſt the lazineſs of your nature) be ſo kind to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have ſome few of thoſe things I call thoughts moral and diverting; if you pleaſe I will ſend the beſt I can pick from them, to add to the new volume. I have reaſon to chuſe the method you mention of mixing the ſeveral verſes, and I hope thereby among the bad Critics to be entitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am ſo happy to have a letter from my Lord Peterborow, for which I entreat you

you will preſent him with my humble reſpects and thanks, although he all-to-be-Gullivers me by very ſtrong inſinuations. Although you diſpiſe Riddles, I am ſtrongly tempted to ſend a parcel to be printed by themſelves, and make a nine-penny jobb for the Bookſeller. There are ſome of my own, wherein I exceed mankind. * *Mira Poemata!* the moſt ſolemn that were ever ſeen; and ſome writ by others, admirable indeed, but far inferior to mine, but I will not praiſe my ſelf. You approve that writer who laughs and makes others laugh; but why ſhould I who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it ſo happy? therefore I reſolve from henceforth to handle only ſerious ſubjects, † *niſi quid tu, docte Trebati, Diſſentis.*

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXI.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

March 8, 1726-7.

MR. § Stopford will be the bearer of this letter, for whoſe acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you; and I think the acquaintance of ſo valuable, ingenious, and

* *Wonderful Poems.*

† *Unleſs you, and my learned Friend, differ in Opinion.*

§ *Dr.* James Stopford, *Miniſter of* Finglaſs.

and unaffected a Man, to be none of the leaſt obligations.

Our Miſcellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiouſly pleas'd with this joint-volume, in which methinks we look like friends, ſide by ſide, ſerious and merry by turns, converſing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to poſterity; not in the ſtiff forms of learned Authors, flattering each other, and ſetting the reſt of mankind at nought: but in a free, un-important, natural eaſy manner; diverting others juſt as we diverted our ſelves. The third volume conſiſts of Verſes, but I would chuſe to print none but ſuch as have ſome peculiarity, and may be diſtinguiſhed for ours, from other writers. There's no end of making Books, Solomon ſaid, and above all of making Miſcellanies, which all Men can make. For unleſs there be a character in every piece, like the mark of the Elect, I ſhould not care to be one of the Twelve thouſand ſigned.

You received, I hope, ſome commendatory verſes from a Horſe and a Lilliputian, to Gulliver; and an heroic Epiſtle of Mrs. Gulliver. The Bookſeller would fain have printed 'em before the ſecond Edition of the Book, but I would not permit it without your approbation; nor do I much like them. You ſee how much like a Poet I write, and yet if you were with us, you'd be deep in Politicks. People are very warm, and very angry, very little to the

the purpoſe, but therefore the more warm and the more angry: * *Non noſtrum eſt, Tantas componere lites.* I ſtay at Twitnam, without ſo much as reading news-papers, votes, or any other paltry pamphlets. Mr. Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them, which are ſent for your diverſion, but not Imitation. For my own part, methinks I am at Glubdubdrib with none but Ancients and Spirits about me.

I am rather better than I uſe to be at this ſeaſon, but my hand (tho' as you ſee, it has not loſt its cunning) is frequently in very aukward ſenſations, rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done ſome miſchief already, and juſt been ſtrong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long, lively letter, which will attend this: She has very bad health, he very good. Lord Peterborow has writ twice to you; we fancy ſome letters have been intercepted, or loſt by accident. About ten thouſand things I want to tell you: I wiſh you were as impatient to hear them, for if ſo, you would, you muſt come early this ſpring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vext at loſing Mr. Stopford as ſoon as I knew him: but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value

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* *It is not mine ſuch Factions to compoſe.*

value muſt ſettle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of 'em, and I forgive you this one.

LETTER XXII.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Oct. 2. 1727.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me ſo much, that it made me like a girl. I can't tell what to ſay to you; I only feel that I wiſh you well in every circumſtance of life: that 'tis almoſt as good to be hated, as to be loved, conſidering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themſelves ſo utterly impotent to do any good, or give any eaſe to thoſe who deſerve moſt from us. I would very fain know, as ſoon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could eaſe any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was ſorry to find you could think your ſelf eaſier in any Houſe than in mine, tho' at the ſame time I can allow for a tenderneſs in your way of thinking, even when it ſeem'd to want that tenderneſs. I can't explain my meaning, perhaps you know it: But the beſt way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I

live, to viſit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added ſome diſagreeable news from Ireland, which might occaſion your ſo ſudden departure: for the laſt time I ſaw you at Hammerſmith, you aſſured me you would not leave us, unleſs your health grew better, this whole winter; and I don't find it did ſo. I never comply'd ſo unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in ſtaying ſo intirely from you: nor could I have had the conſtancy to do it, if you had not promiſed that before you went, we ſhou'd meet, and you would ſend to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to thoſe you mention in yours: we are quite ſorry for you, I mean for our ſelves. I hope as you do, that we ſhall meet in a more durable and more ſatisfactory ſtate; but the leſs ſure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe we ſhall have ſomething better than even a friend, there, but certainly here we have nothing ſo good.

Adieu for this time; may you find every friend you go to as pleas'd and happy, as every friend you went from is ſorry and troubled.

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Dublin, Oct. 12, 1727.

I Have been long reaſoning with my ſelf upon the condition I am in, and in concluſion have thought it beſt to return to what fortune hath made my home; I have here a large houſe, and ſervants and conveniencies about me. I may be worſe than I am, and I have no where to retire: I therefore thought it beſt to return to Ireland, rather than go to any diſtant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleaſe God to reſtore me to my health, I ſhall readily make a third journey; if not, we muſt part as all human creatures have parted. You are the beſt and kindeſt friend in the world, and I know no body alive or dead to whom I am ſo much obliged; and, if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wiſhed that God Almighty would be ſo eaſy to the weakneſs of Mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another ſtate; and, if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my Schemes. This wildneſs you muſt allow for, becauſe I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be ſick here, without the vexation of making my friends

uneaſy; yet my giddineſs alone would not have done, if that unſociable comfortleſs deafneſs had not quite tired me: And, I believe, I ſhould have returned from the Inn, if I had not feared it was only a ſhort intermiſſion, and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely, beſides all other faults I ſhould be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendſhip and kindneſs. But it hath pleaſed God that you are not in a ſtate of health, to be mortified with the care and ſickneſs of a friend: Two ſick friends never did well together; ſuch an office is fitter for ſervants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent, whether we give them trouble or no: The caſe would be quite otherwiſe if you were with me; you could refuſe to ſee any body: Here is a large houſe where we need not hear each other if we were both ſick: I have a race of orderly elderly people of both ſexes at command, who are of no conſequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread ſoftly when I am only giddy and would ſleep.

I had another reaſon for my haſte hither, which was changing my Agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs; to which however I am grown ſo indifferent, that I believe I ſhall loſe two or three hundred pounds rather than plague my ſelf with accompts: ſo that I am very well qualified to be a Lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray

Pray God continue and increaſe Mr. Congreve's amendment, although he doth not deſerve it like you, having been too laviſh of that health which Nature gave him.

I hope my White-hall * landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the preacher ſaid, 'the day of Judgment was nearer, 'than ever it had been before.

Pray God ſend you health † *det Salutem, det opes, animam æquam ipſe tibi parabis.* You ſee Horace wiſhed for money, as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I ſhall never be a friend to the Court till you do ſo too.

Yours, &c.

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* *Mr.* Gay, *with whom the* DEAN *ſometime lodged.*

† *Let* Jove *give Health, give Riches; you ſhall find*
An inward Treaſure in an equal Mind.
DUNKIN.

LETTER XXIV.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Dublin, Oct. 30, 1727.

THE firſt letter I writ after my landing was to Mr. Gay, but it would have been wiſer to direct it to Tonſon or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better known than to the runners of the Poſt-office. In that Letter you will find what a quick change I made in ſeven days from London to the Deanry, through many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world. And I have often reflected in how few hours, with a ſwift horſe or a ſtrong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the Antipodes. If I did not know you more by your converſation and kindneſs than by your letter, I might be baſe enough to ſuſpect, that in point of friendſhip you acted like ſome philoſophers, who writ much better upon Virtue than they practiſed it. In anſwer, I can only ſwear, that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years, further than by inexpreſſible nonſenſe; but now I can every night diſtinctly ſee Twitenham, and the Grotto, and Dawley, and Mrs. B. and many other et cetera's, and it is but three nights ſince I beat Mrs. Pope. I muſt needs confeſs, that the pleaſure I take in thinking on you is very much leſſened

ed by the pain I am in about your health: You pay dearly for the great talents God hath given you, and for the conſequences of them in the eſteem and diſtinction you receive from mankind, unleſs you can provide a tolerable ſtock of health; in which purſuit I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather entreat you would mend it by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke and your other Phyſicians. When you talked of Cups and Impreſſions, it came into my head to imitate you in quoting ſcripture, not to your advantage, I mean what was ſaid to David by one of his brothers: 'I knew thy pride and the 'haughtineſs of thy heart;" ſo I remember it grieved your ſoul to ſee me pay a penny more than my club at an Inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board, for which if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way, it would have coſt me a hundred pounds, for I live worſe here upon more. Did you ever conſider that I am for life almoſt twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do Port, and have neither coach, chair, nor mother? As to the world, I think you ought to ſay to it with St. Paul, *if we have ſown unto you ſpiritual things, is it a great thing if we ſhall reap your carnal things?* This is more proper ſtill, if you conſider the French word *ſpiritual*, in which ſenſe the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a pre-

ſent of a thouſand pound, I would not allow my ſelf to be in your debt; and if I made you a preſent of two, I would not allow my ſelf to be out of it. But I have not half your pride: witneſs what Mr. Gay ſays in his letter, that I was cenſured for begging Preſents, although I limited them to ten ſhillings, and although I forgave Sir R—t W—e a thouſand pounds, * *multa gemens.* I ſee no reaſon (at leaſt my friendſhip and vanity ſee none) why you ſhould not give me a viſit when you ſhall happen to be diſengaged: I will ſend a perſon to Cheſter to take care of you, and you ſhall be uſed by the beſt folks we have here, as well as civility and good nature can contrive: I believe local motion will be no ill phyſick, and I will have your coming inſcribed on my Tomb, and recorded in never-dying verſe.

I thank Mrs. Pope for her prayers, but I know the myſtery. A perſon of my acquaintance who uſed to correſpond with the laſt great Duke of Tuſcany, ſhewing one of the Duke's letters to a friend, and profeſſing great ſenſe of his highneſs's friendſhip, read this paſſage out of the letters, *I would give one of my fingers to procure your real good.* The perſon to whom this was read, and who knew the Duke well, ſaid, the meaning of *real good*, was only, that the other might turn a good Catholick: pray ask,

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* *Much regretting.*

ask, Mrs. Pope, whether this ſtory is applicable to her and me? I pray God bleſs her, for I am ſure ſhe is a good chriſtian, and (which is almoſt as rare) a good woman.

Adieu.

LETTER XXV.

Mr. GAY *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Oct. 22, 1727.

THough you went away from us ſo unexpectedly, and in ſo clandeſtine a manner; yet by ſeveral enquiries, we have inform'd our ſelves of every thing that hath happen'd to you.

To our great joy you have told us your deafneſs left you at the Inn in Alderſgate-ſtreet: No doubt your ears knew there was nothing worth hearing in England.

Our advices from Cheſter tell us, that you met Captain Lawſon; the Captain was a man of veracity, and ſet ſail at the time he told you; I really wiſh'd you had laid hold of that opportunity, for you had then been in Ireland the next day: Beſides, as it is credibly reported, the Captain had a bottle or two of excellent claret in his Cabbin. You would not then have had the plague of that little ſmoaky room at Holy-head; but conſidering it was there you loſt your giddineſs, we have great reaſon

reaſon to praiſe ſmoaky rooms for the future, and preſcribe them in like caſes to our friends. The maid of the houſe writes us word, that while you were there you were buſy for ten days together writing continually—and that as Wat drew nearer and nearer to Ireland, he blunder'd more and more. By a ſcrap of paper left in this ſmoaky room, it ſeem'd as if the Book you were writing, was a moſt lamentable account of your travels; and really, had there been any wine in the houſe, the place would have not been ſo irkſome. We were further told, that you ſet out, were driven back again by a ſtorm, and lay in the ſhip all night. After the next ſetting ſail, we were in great concern about you, becauſe the weather grew very tempeſtuous. When to my great joy, and ſurprize, I receiv'd a letter from Carlingford in Ireland, which inform'd us that after many perils you were ſafely landed there. Had the oyſters been good it would have been a comfortable refreſhment after your fatigue. We compaſſionated you in your travels through that country of deſolation and poverty in your way to Dublin, for it is a moſt dreadful circumſtance to have lazy dull horſes on a road where there are very bad or no Inns. When you carry a ſample of Engliſh Apples next to Ireland, I beg you would either get them from Goodrich or Devonſhire. Pray who was the Clergyman that met you at ſome diſtance from Dublin? becauſe we could not

learn

learn his name. Theſe are all the hints we could get of your long and dangerous journey, every ſtep of which we ſhar'd your anxieties——and all that we have now left to comfort us, is to hear that you are in good health.

But why ſhould we tell you what you know already? The Queen's family is at laſt ſettled, and in the liſt I was appointed Gentleman-uſher to the Princeſs Louiſa, the youngeſt Princeſs; which, upon account that I am ſo far advanc'd in life, I have declin'd accepting; and have endeavoured, in the beſt manner I could, to make my excuſes by a letter to her Majeſty. So now all my expectations are vaniſh'd; and I have no proſpect, but in depending wholly upon my ſelf, and my own conduct. As I am us'd to diſappointments I can bear them, but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be diſappointed, ſo that I am in a bleſſed condition.———You remember you were adviſing me to go into Newgate to finiſh my ſcenes the more correctly----I now think I ſhall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my Opera is already finiſhed. I leave the reſt of this paper to Mr. Pope.

Gay is a freeman, and I writ him a long congratulatory letter upon it. Do you the ſame: It will mend him, and make him a better man than a Court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Auguſtus's time, if he pleas'd, but I won't in the time of our Auguſtus. My Poem (which it grieves me that

that I dare not ſend you a copy of, for fear of the Curl's and Dennis's of Ireland, and ſtill more for fear of the worſt of Traytors, our friends and Admirers) my Poem, I ſay, will ſhew you what a diſtinguiſhing age we lived in? Your name is in it, with ſome others under a mark of ſuch ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bleſs you, and give you health and ſpirits.

Whether you chuſe Cervantes' ſerious air,
Or laugh and ſhake in Rablais' eaſy chair,
Or in the graver Gown inſtruct mankind,
Or ſilent, let thy morals tell thy mind.

Theſe two verſes are over and above what I've ſaid of you in the Poem. Adieu.

LETTER XXVI.

Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 23, 1727.

I Entirely approve your refuſal of that employment, and your writing to the Queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the Miniſtry: God forgive him, but not until he puts himſelf in a ſtate to be forgiven. Upon reaſoning with my ſelf, I ſhould hope they are gone too far to diſcard you quite, and

and that they will give you ſomething; which although much leſs than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumſtantiated. And ſince you already juſt live, a middling help will make you juſt tolerable. Your lateneſs in life (as you ſo ſoon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almoſt the eldeſt men may hope to ſee changes in a Court. A miniſter is always ſeventy; and you are thirty years younger; and conſider, Cromwel himſelf did not begin to appear in the world until he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a ſhilling, which Dr. Birch ſaid was a ſerious thing. Get a ſtronger fence about your 1000 *l.* and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be adviſed by your Twitenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the moſt refractory, honeſt, good natured man I ever have known; I could argue out this paper——I am very glad your Opera is finiſhed, and hope your friends will joyn the readier to make it ſucceed, becauſe you are ill uſed by others.

I have known Courts theſe thirty-ſix years, and know they differ; but in ſome things they are extreamly conſtant: Firſt, in the trite old maxim of a miniſter's never forgiving thoſe he hath injured: Secondly, in the inſincerity of thoſe who would be thought the beſt friends: Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing: Fourthly, in ſacrificing thoſe whom we really wiſh well, to a point of intereſt,

tereſt, or intrigue: Fifthly, in keeping every thing worth taking, for thoſe who can do ſervice or diſſervice.

Now—why doth not Mr. Pope publiſh his * dulneſs? the rogues he marks will die of themſelves in peace, and ſo will his friends, and ſo there will be neither puniſhment, nor reward. Pray enquire how my † Lord St. John doth? there is no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his—I wonder whether you begin to taſte the pleaſure of Independency? or whether you do not ſometimes leer upon the Court, § *oculo retorto?* Will you not think of an annuity when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchaſe-money? Have you dedicated your Opera, and got the uſual dedication-fee of twenty guineas? How is the Doctor? doth he not chide that you never called upon him for hints? Is my Lord Bolingbroke at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philoſopher, or a writer? is Mr. Pultney in expectation of a ſon, or my Lord Oxford of a new old manuſcript?

I bought your Opera to day for ſix-pence, a curſed print. I find there is neither dedicati-

on

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* *Dunciade.*

† *Lord* St. John *of* Batterſea, *Father to Lord* Bolingbroke.

§ *With a Side-glance.*

on nor preface, both which wants I approve; it is in the * *grand gout*.

We are as full of it || *pro modulo noſtro* as London can be; continually acting, and houſes crammed, and the † Lord Lieutenant ſeveral times there laughing his heart out. I did not underſtand that the ſcene of Locket and Peachum's quarrel, was an imitation of one between Brutus and Caſſius, until I was told it. I wiſh Mackheath, when he was going to be hanged, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying. I would have had his fellow-rogues deſire his commands about a Succeſſor, and he to anſwer, let it be the moſt worthy, &c. We hear a million of ſtories about the Opera, of the applauſe at the ſong, *That was levell'd at me*, when two great miniſters were in a box together, and all the world ſtaring at them. I am heartily glad your Opera hath mended your purſe, although perhaps it may ſpoil your court.

Will you deſire my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pultney, and Mr. Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thouſand pounds? that you may laugh at courts, and bid miniſters kiſs,——

Ever preſerve ſome ſpice of the Alderman, and prepare againſt age, and dulneſs, and ſickneſs,

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* *High Taſte* || *For our ſmall Sphere.*
† *Lord* Carteret.

neſs, and coldneſs or death of friends. A whore hath a reſourſe left that ſhe can turn bawd; but an old decayed Poet is a creature abandoned, and at mercy, when he can find none. Get me likewiſe Polly's Metzo-tinto. Lord, how the ſchool-boys at Weſtminſter and Univerſity lads adore you at this juncture! Have you made as many men laugh, as Miniſters can make weep.

I will excuſe Sir William Wyndham the trouble of a letter: When Ambaſſadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his Nephew, after two years; the Emperor anſwered, that he likewiſe condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and reſpected Sir William very much, and do ſtill as much as ever; and it is a return ſufficient, if he pleaſeth to accept the offers of my moſt humble ſervice.

The Beggars Opera hath knocked down Gulliver: I hope to ſee Pope's Dulneſs knock down the Beggars Opera, but not until it hath fully done its jobb.

To expoſe vice, and make people laugh with innocence, doth more publick ſervice than all the Miniſters of ſtate from Adam to Walpole, and ſo adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

POpe charges himſelf with this letter; he hath been here two days, he is now hurrying to London, he will hurry back to Twickenham in two days more, and before the end of the week he will be, for ought I know, at Dublin, in the mean time his * *Dulneſs* grows and flouriſhes, as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work: the many will ſtare at it, the few will ſmile, and all his Patrons from Bickerſtaff to Gulliver will rejoyce, to ſee themſelves adorn'd in that immortal piece.

I hear that you have had ſome return of your illneſs which carried you ſo ſuddenly from us (if indeed it was your own illneſs which made you in ſuch haſte to be at Dublin) Dear Swift take care of your health, I'll give you a receipt for it, *a la Montagne*, or which is

* *The Dunciad.*

better, *a la Bruyere.* * *Nouriſſer bien votre corps; ne le fatiguer jamais: laiſſer rouiller l'eſprit, meuble inutil, voire outil dangereux: Laiſſer ſonner vos cloches le matin, pour eveiller les chanoines, et pour faire dormir le Doyen, d'un ſommeil doux et profond, qui luy procure de beaux ſonges: Lever vous tard, et aller a l'Egliſe, pour vous faire payer d' avoir bien dormi et bien dejeune.* As to my ſelf, (a perſon about whom I concern my ſelf very little) I muſt ſay a word or two out of complaiſance to you. I am in my farm, and here I ſhoot ſtrong and tenacious roots: I have caught hold of the earth, (to uſe a Gardener's phraſe) and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an eaſy matter to tranſplant me again. Adieu, let me hear from you, at leaſt of you: I love you for a thouſand things, for none more than for the juſt eſteem and love, which you have for all the ſons of Adam.

P. S. Accord-

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* *Take care of your Body by good Eating, and be cautious of fatiguing it. You may ſuffer your Wit to grow ruſty, for it is an uſeleſs Piece of Furniture; and indeed, a dangerous Inſtrument. Let the early Noiſe of the Morning Bells break the Reſt of the Canons, and lull the* DEAN *into a ſweet and profound Repoſe, which may give him pleaſing Dreams. As, for your own Part, riſe late, and go to publick Prayers, to return Thanks for a good Night's Reſt and an hearty Breakfaſt.*

P. S. According to Lord Bolingbroke's account I ſhall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot help adding a word, to deſire you to expect my ſoul there with you by that time; but as for the jade of a body that is tack'd to it, I fear there will be no dragging it after. I aſſure you I have few friends here to detain me, and no powerful one at Court abſolute to forbid my journey. I am told the Gynocracy * are of opinion, that they want no better writers than Cibber and the Britiſh Journaliſt; ſo that we may live at quiet, and apply our ſelves to our more abſtruſe ſtudies. The only Courtiers I know, or have the honour to call my friends, are John Gay and Mr. Bowry; the former is at preſent ſo employed in the elevated airs of his Opera, and the latter in the exaltation of his high dignity (that of her Majeſty's Waterman) that I can ſcarce obtain a categorical anſwer from either to any thing I ſay to 'em. But the Opera ſucceeds extremely, to yours and my extreme ſatisfaction, of which he promiſes this poſt to give you a full account. I have been in a worſe condition of health than ever, and think my immortality is very near out of my enjoyment: ſo it muſt be in you, and in poſterity, to make me what amends you can for dying young. Adieu. While I am, I am yours. Pray love me, and take care of your ſelf.

* *Or the Petticoat Government.*

LETTER XXVIII.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

March 23, 1727-8.

I Send you a very old thing, a paper printed in Boſton in New-England, wherein you'll find a real perſon, a member of their Parliament, of the name of Jonathan Gulliver. If the fame of that Traveller has travel'd thither, it has travel'd very quick, to have folks chriſten'd already by the name of the ſuppoſed Author. But if you object that no child ſo lately chriſten'd could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into parliament, I reply (to ſolve the Riddle) that the perſon is an *Anabaptiſt*, and not chriſten'd till full age, which ſets all right. However it be, the accident is very ſingular, that theſe two names ſhould be united.

Mr. Gay's Opera has acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole ſeaſon. So he has more than a fence about his thouſand pound: he'll ſoon be thinking of a fence about his two thouſand. Shall no one of us live as we would wiſh each other to live? Shall he have no ſure annuity, you no ſettlement on this ſide, and I no proſpect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæſar—as Cato ſaid, for ambitious, falſe, or flattering people to domineer in: Nay they would

would not, by their good will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words in quiet. I deſpiſe the world yet, I aſſure you, more than either Gay or you, and the Court more than all the reſt of the world. As for thoſe Scriblers for whom you apprehend I would ſuppreſs my *Dulneſs*, (which by the way for the future you are to call by a more pompous name, The *Dunciad*) how much that neſt of Hornets are my regard, will eaſily appear to you when you read the Treatiſe of the Bathos.

At all adventures, yours and my name ſhall ſtand linked as friends to poſterity, both in verſe and proſe, and (as Tully calls it) in * *conſuetudine Studiorum*. Would to God our perſons could but as well, and as ſurely, be inſeparable! I find my other Tyes dropping from me, ſome worn off, ſome torn off, others relaxing daily: My greateſt, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, Time is ſhaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older, for living ſo much with one ſo old; much the more helpleſs, for having been ſo long help'd and tended by her; much the more conſiderate and tender, for a daily commerce, with one who requir'd me juſtly to be both to her; and conſequently the more melancholy and thoughtful; and the leſs fit for others, who want only in a companion or

* *In the familiarity of our Studies.*

a friend, to be amuſed or entertained. My conſtitution too has had its ſhare of decay, as well as my ſpirits, and I am as much in the decline at forty as you at ſixty. I believe we ſhould be fit to live together, cou'd I get a little more health, which might make me not quite inſupportable: Your Deafneſs wou'd agree with my Dulneſs; you would not want me to ſpeak when you could not hear: But God forbid you ſhou'd be as deſtitute of the ſocial comforts of life, as I muſt when I loſe my mother; or that ever you ſhould loſe your more uſeful acquaintance ſo utterly, as to turn your thoughts to ſuch a broken reed as I am, who could ſo ill ſupply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafneſs; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; every thing you do or ſay in this kind obliges me, nay delights me, to ſee the juſtice you do me in thinking me concern'd in all your concerns, ſo that tho' the pleaſanteſt thing you can tell me be that you are better or eaſier; next to that it pleaſes me that you make me the perſon you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happieſt end I know of this life, ſo the next felicity is to get rid of fools and ſcoundrels; which I can't but own to you was one Part of my deſign in falling upon theſe Authors, whoſe incapacity is not greater than their inſincerity,

and

and of whom I have always found (if I may quote myſelf)

That each bad Author is as bad a Friend.

This Poem will rid me of thoſe inſects.

* *Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii,*
Neſcio quid *majus naſcitur Iliade.*

I mean than my *Iliad*; and I call it *Neſcio quid*, which is a degree of modeſty; but however if it ſilence theſe fellows, it muſt be ſomething greater than any Iliad in Chriſtendom.

Adieu.

LETTER XXIX.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Dublin, May 10, 1728.

I Have with great pleaſure ſhewn the New-England News-paper with the two names Jonathan Gulliver, and I remember Mr. Forteſcue ſent you an account from the aſſizes, of one Lemuel Gulliver, who had a Cauſe there,

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* *Ye* Romans, *yield*; *ye* Grecians, *yield the Prize,*
See ſomething greater than an Iliad riſe!

there, and loſt it on his ill reputation of being a liar; and theſe are not the only obſervations I have made upon odd ſtrange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been matter for Hiſtorians. Mr. Gay's Opera hath been acted here twenty times, and my * Lord Lieutenant tells me it is very well performed; he hath ſeen it often, and approves it much.

You give a moſt melancholy account of your ſelf, and which I do not approve. I reckon that a Man ſubject like us to bodily infirmities, ſhould only occaſionally converſe with great people, notwithſtanding all their good qualities, eaſineſſes, and kindneſſes. There is another race which I prefer before them, as Beef and Mutton for conſtant dyet before Patridges: I mean a middle kind, both for underſtanding and fortune, who are perfectly eaſy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and ſit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I can tell without offence, that I am otherwiſe engaged at preſent. This you cannot expect from any of thoſe that either you or I or both are acquainted with on your ſide; who are only fit for our healthy ſeaſons, and have much buſineſs

* *Lord Carteret.*

buſineſs of their own. God forbid I ſhould condemn you to Ireland (* *Quanquam O!*) and for England I deſpair; and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my ſeaſon of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs. Pope longer, and have had her care beyond, what from nature you could expect; not but her loſs will be very ſenſible whenever it ſhall happen. I ſay one thing, that both ſummers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a midling fortune: You will have an abſolute command of your company, with whatever obſequiouſneſs or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly † houſe-keeper, who hath been my § *Walpole* above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom: I have the command of one or two villa's near this town: You have a warm apartment in this houſe, and two Gardens for amuſement. I have ſaid enough, yet not half. Except abſence from friends, I confeſs freely, that I have no diſcontent at living here; beſides what ariſeth from a ſilly ſpirit of Liberty, which, as it neither ſowers my drink nor hurts my meat, nor ſpoils my ſtomach, farther than in imagination, ſo I reſolve to throw it off.

You

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* *And yet I wiſh!*
† *Mrs.* Brent.
§ *Prime Miniſter, or chief Manager.*

You talk of this Dunciad, but I am impatient to have it * *volare per ora*—— there is now a vacancy for fame: The Beggars Opera hath done its task, § *diſcedat, uti conviva ſatur.*

Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

June 1, 1728.

I Look upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us two, as a peculiar Triumvirate, who have nothing to expect, or to fear; and ſo far fitteſt to converſe with one another: Only he and I are a little ſubject to ſchemes, and often upon very weak appearances, and this you have nothing to do with. I do profeſs without affectation, that your kind opinion of me as a Patriot (ſince you call it ſo) is what I do not deſerve; becauſe what I do is owing to perfect rage and reſentment, and the mortifying ſight of ſlavery, folly, and baſeneſs about me, among which I am forced to live. And I will take my oath, that you have more Virtue in an hour than I in ſeven years; for you deſpiſe the follies, and hate the vices of mankind, without the leaſt ill

* *Publiſhed.*

§ *Let it depart, like a full-fed Gueſt.*

ill effect on your temper; and with regard to particular men, you are inclined always rather to think the better, whereas with me it is always directly contrary. I hope, however, this is not in you from a ſuperior principle of virtue, but from your ſituation, which hath made all parties and intereſts indifferent to you, who can be under no concern about high and low-church, Whig and Tory, or who is firſt Miniſter——Your long letter was the laſt I received, until this by Dr. Delany, although you mention another ſince. The Dr. told me your ſecret about the Dunciad, which doth not pleaſe me, becauſe it defers gratifying my vanity in the moſt tender point, and perhaps may wholly diſappoint it. As to one of your enquiries, I am eaſy enough in great matters, but have a thouſand paultry vexations in my little ſtation, and the more contemptible, the more vexatious. There might be a Lutrin writ upon the tricks uſed by my Chapter to teize me. I do not converſe with one creature of Station or Title; but I have a ſett of eaſy people whom I entertain when I have a mind; I have formerly deſcribed them to you, but when you come you ſhall have the honours of the country as much as you pleaſe, and I ſhall on that account make a better figure, as long as I live. Pray God preſerve Mrs. Pope for your ſake and eaſe, I love and eſteem her too much to wiſh it for her own: If I were five and twenty, I would wiſh to be of her age, to be as ſecure as ſhe is

of

of a better life. Mrs. * P. B. hath written to me, and is one of the beſt Letter-writers I know; very good ſenſe, civility and friendſhip, without any ſtiffneſs or conſtraint. The Dunciad hath taken wind here, but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the Univerſity lads will crowd to kiſs the hem of your garment. I am grieved to hear that my Lord Bolingbroke's ill health forced him to the Bath. Tell me, is not Temperance a neceſſary virtue for great men, ſince it is the parent of Eaſe and Liberty? ſo neceſſary for the uſe and improvement of the Mind, and which philoſophy allows to be the greateſt felicities of life? I believe, had health been given ſo liberally to you, it would have been better husbanded without ſhame to your parts.

LETTER XXXI.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Dawley, June 28, 1728.

I Now hold the Pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your Letter between two Haycocks, but his attention is ſometimes diverted by caſting his eyes upon the clouds, not in admiration of what you ſay, but for fear of a ſhower.

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* *Mrs. Patty Blount.*

ſhower. He is pleas'd with your placing him in the Triumvirate between your ſelf and me; tho' he ſays that he doubts he ſhall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power like Auguſtus, and another with all the pleaſures like Antony. It is upon a foreſight of this, that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree, that this ſcheme of retreat at leaſt is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purg'd out of him; and his great Temperance and Oeconomy are ſo ſignal, that the firſt is fit for my conſtitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up ſo much money, as to buy a Biſhoprick in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might enquire of his Haymakers; but as to his temperance, I can anſwer that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a Barn-door fowl.

Now his Lordſhip is run after his Cart, I have a moment left to my ſelf to tell you, that I over-heard him yeſterday agree with a Painter for 200 *l.* to paint his country-hall with Trophies of Rakes, ſpades, prongs, &c. and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a Farm—now turn over a new leaf—

He bids me aſſure you, he ſhould be ſorry not to have more ſchemes of kindneſs for his friends, than of ambition for himſelf: There, tho' his ſchemes may be weak, the motives at leaſt

leaſt are ſtrong; and he ſays further, if you could bear as great a fall, and decreaſe of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you wou'd not live in Ireland an hour.

The Dunciad is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inſcription which makes me proudeſt. It will be attended with *Proeme*, *Prologomena*, *Teſtimonia Scriptorum*, *Index Authorum*, and Notes *Variorum*. As to the latter, I deſire you to read over the Text, and make a few in any way you like beſt, whether dry raillery upon the ſtyle and way of commenting of trivial Criticks; or humours upon the Authors in the poem; or hiſtorical, of perſons, places, times; or explanatory, or collecting the parallel paſſages of the Ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my Mother not ill, Dr. Arbuthnot vext with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we ſhall loſe a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

July 16, 1728.

I Have often run over the *Dunciad* in an Iriſh edition (I ſuppoſe full of faults) which a gentleman ſent me. The Notes I could wiſh to be very large, in what relates to the perſons concerned; for I have long obſerved, that twenty miles from London no body underſtands hints, initial letters, or town-facts and paſſages; and in a few years not even thoſe who live in London. I would have the names of thoſe ſcriblers printed indexically at the beginning or end of the Poem, with an account of their works, for the reader to refer to. I would have all the Parodies (as they are called) referred to the authors they imitate—When I began this long paper, I thought I ſhould have filled it with ſetting down the ſeveral paſſages which I had marked in the edition I had, but I find it unneceſſary, ſo many of them falling under the ſame rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never in my opinion ſaw ſo much good ſatire, or more good ſenſe, in ſo many lines. How it paſſeth in Dublin I know not yet; but I am ſure it will be a great diſadvantage to the poem, that the perſons and facts will not be underſtood, until an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it

is

is not to be publiſhed until towards winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again I inſiſt, you muſt have your Aſterisks filled up with ſome real names of real Dunces.

I am now reading your preceding letter, of June 28, and find that all I have adviſed above is mentioned there. I would be glad to know whether the quarto edition is to come out anonymouſly, as publiſhed by the Commentator, with all his pomp of preface, &c. and many complaints of ſpurious editions?--- I am thinking whether the Editor ſhould not follow the old ſtyle of, This excellent author, &c. and refine in many places, when you meant no refinement? and into the bargain take all the load of naming the Dunces, their qualities, hiſtories, and performances?

As to your ſelf, I doubt you want a ſpurreron to exerciſe and to amuſements; but to talk of decay at your ſeaſon of life is a jeſt. But you are not ſo regular as I. You are the moſt temperate man God-ward, and the moſt intemperate your ſelf-ward, of moſt I have known. I ſuppoſe Mr. Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more fleſh, and two hundred leſs in money: Providence never deſign'd him to be above two and twenty, by his thoughtleſsneſs and Cullibility. He hath as little foreſight of age, ſickneſs, poverty, or loſs of admirers, as a girl at fifteen. By the way, I muſt obſerve, that my Lord Bolingbroke (from the effects of his kindneſs to me) argues moſt ſophiſtically:

phiſtically: the fall from a million to an hundred-thouſand pounds is not ſo great, as from eight hundred pounds a year to one: Beſides, he is a controller of Fortune, and Poverty dares not look a great Miniſter in the face under his loweſt declenſion. I never knew him live ſo great and expenſively as he hath done ſince his return from Exile; ſuch mortals have reſources that others are not able to comprehend. But God bleſs You, whoſe great genius hath not ſo tranſported you as to leave you to the courteſy of Mankind; for wealth is liberty, and liberty is a bleſſing fitteſt for a philoſopher—and Gay is a ſlave juſt by two thouſand pounds too little—And Horace was of my mind,—and let my Lord contradict him if he dares—

LETTER XXXIII.

From Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1728.

I Have paſt ſix weeks in queſt of health, and found it not; but I found the folly of ſollicitude about it in an hundred inſtances; the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of phyſicians, the blind obedience of ſome patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe at a acertain time of life, men are either fools or phyſicians, and zealots or divines, for themſelves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's viſit, but laſt week I repented that wiſh, having been alarm'd with a report of your lying ill on the road from Ireland; from which I am juſt relieved by an aſſurance that you are ſtill at Sir Arthur Acheſon's, planting and building; two things that I envy you for, beſides a third, which is the ſociety of a valuable Lady: I conclude (tho' I know nothing of it) that you quarrel with her, and abuſe her every day, if ſhe is ſo. I wonder I hear of no Lampoons upon her, either made by yourſelf, or by others becauſe you eſteem her. I think it a vaſt pleaſure that whenever two people of merit regard one another, ſo many ſcoundrels envy and are angry at them; 'tis bearing teſtimony to a merit they cannot reach; and if you knew the infinite content I have received of late, at the finding yours and my name conſtantly united in any ſilly ſcandal, I think you would go near to ſing **Io Triumphe!* and celebrate my happineſs in verſe; and I believe if you won't, I ſhall. The inſcription to the Dunciad is now printed and inſerted in the Poem. Do you care I ſhould ſay any thing farther how much that poem is yours? ſince certainly without you it had never been. Would to God we were together for the reſt of our lives!

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* *An Expreſſion of Congratulation among the Ancients after a Victory.*

lives! The whole weight of Scriblers would juſt ſerve to find us amuſement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them: Every ſtick you plant, and every ſtone you lay, is to ſome purpoſe; but the buſineſs of ſuch lives as theirs is but to die daily, to labour, and raiſe nothing. I only wiſh we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities, and let thoſe who have ſo great a mind to have more Wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but eaſe, health, peace, and fair weather, I think it is the beſt wiſh in the world, and you know whoſe it was. If I lived in Ireland, I fear the wet climate would endanger more than my life, my humour and health, I am ſo Atmoſpherical a creature——

I muſt not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words ſpoken of you in the Drawing-room, was not true. The ſayings of Princes are generally as ill related as the ſayings of Wits. To ſuch reports little of our regard ſhould be given, and leſs of our conduct influenced by them.

LETTTER XXXIV.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Dublin, Feb. 13, 1728.

I Lived very eaſily in the country: Sir Arthur Acheſon is a man of Senſe, and a ſcholar, hath a good voice, and my Lady a better; ſhe is perfectly well bred, and deſirous to improve her underſtanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine Lady. She was my pupil there, and ſeverely chid when ſhe read wrong; with that, and walking, and making twenty little amuſing improvements, and writing family verſes of mirth by way of libels on my Lady, my time paſt very well and in very great order; infinitely better than here, where I ſee no creature but my ſervants and my old Presbyterian houſe-keeper, denying myſelf to every body until I ſhall recover my ears.

The account of another Lord Lieutenant was only in a common news-paper, when I was in the country, and if it ſhould have happened to be true, I would have deſired to have had acceſs to him as the ſituation I am in requires. But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr. Congreve, whom I loved from my youth, and who ſurely beſides his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to ſquander away a very good conſtitution in his younger days; and I think a man

man of ſenſe and merit like him, is bound in conſcience to preſerve his health for the ſake of his friends as well as of himſelf. Upon his own account I could not much deſire the continuance of his life, under ſo much pain, and ſo many infirmities. Years have not yet hardned me, and I have an addition of weight on my ſpirits ſince we loſt him, although I ſaw him ſo ſeldom; and poſſibly, if he had lived on ſhould never have ſeen him more. I do not only wiſh, as you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deſerving perſon, but almoſt, that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good-humoured * Phyſician, a fine gentleman, an excellent ſcholar, eaſy in his fortunes, kind to every body, hath abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally, they paſs the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together; he loves them all, and they him; he hath twenty of theſe at command; if one of them dies, it is no more than poor Tom! he gets another, or takes up with the reſt, and is no more moved than at the loſs of his cat; he offends no body, is eaſy with every body —is not this the true happy man? I was deſcribing him to my Lady Acheſon, who knows him too, but ſhe hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health: I would give

* *Dr.* Helſham.

half my fortune for the ſame temper; and yet, I cannot ſay I love it, for I do not love my Lord —— who is much of the Doctor's nature. I hear Mr. Gay's † ſecond Opera which you mentioned, is forbid, and then he will be once more fit to be adviſed, and reject your advice. Adieu.

LETTER XXXV.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Lord* BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, March 21, 1729.

YOU tell me you have not quitted the deſign of collecting, writing, &c. This is the anſwer of every ſinner who defers his repentance. I wiſh Mr. Pope were as great an urger as I, who long for nothing more than to ſee truth under your hands, laying all detraction in the duſt —— I find my ſelf diſpoſed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is ſo ignoble, that it deſcends even to reſent the folly and baſeneſs of the enſlaved people among whom I live. I knew an old Lord in Liceſterſhire, who amuſed himſelf with mending pitchforks and ſpades for his Tenants *gratis*: Yet I have higher ideas left, if I were nearer to objects

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† Polly.

objects on which I might employ them; and contemning my private fortune, would gladly croſs the channel and ſtand by, while my betters were driving the Boar out of the garden, if there be any probable expectation of ſuch an endeavour. When I was of your age I often thought of death, but now after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind, and terrifies me leſs. I conclude that providence hath ordered our fears to decreaſe with our ſpirits; and yet I love * *la bagatelle* better than ever: For finding it troubleſome to read at night, and the company here growing taſteleſs, I am always writing bad proſe, or worſe verſe, either of rage or raillery, whereof ſome few eſcape to give offence, or mirth, and the reſt are burnt.

They print ſome Iriſh traſh in London, and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends, for all are ſpurious except one † paper, for which Mr. Pope very lately chid me. I remember your Lordſhip uſed to ſay, that a few good ſpeakers would in time carry any point that was right; and that the common method of a majority, by calling To the queſtion, would never hold long when reaſon was on the other ſide. Whether politicks do

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* *Trifling.*

† *Entitled, a Libel on Dr.* Delany, *and a certain great Lord.*

not change like gaming by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant? But, I believe in your time, you would never, as a Miniſter, have ſuffered an Act to paſs through the Houſe of Commons, only becauſe you were ſure of a majority in the Houſe of Lords to throw it out; becauſe it would be unpopular, and conſequently a loſs of reputation. Yet this we are told hath been the Caſe in the qualification-bill relating to Penſioners. It ſhould ſeem to me, that Corruption like avarice hath no bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your miniſtry better than any other man of my rank; and having not much to do, I have often compared it with theſe laſt ſixteen years of a profound Peace all over Europe, and we running ſeven millions in debt. I am forced to play at ſmall game, to ſet the beaſts here a madding, merely for want of better game, * *Tentanda via eſt qua me quoque poſſim, &c.*—— The D— take thoſe politicks, where a Dunce might govern for a dozen years together. I will go in perſon to England, if I am provoked, and ſend for the Dictator from the plough. I diſdain to ſay † *O mihi præteritos*—but § *cruda deo viridiſque Senectus.* Pray my Lord how are

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* *New Ways I muſt attempt, my groveling Name*
To raiſe aloft, and wing my Flight to Fame. Dryd.
† *O! could I turn to that fair Prime again.* Dryd.
§ ——————*Yet in his Years are ſeen,*
A manly Vigour and autumnal Green. Idem.

are the gardens? have you taken down the mount and removed the yew hedges? Have you not bad weather for the ſpring-corn? Hath Mr. Pope gone farther in his Ethic Poems? And is the head-land ſown with wheat? And what ſays Polybius? And how doth my *Lord St. John? Which laſt queſtion is very material to me, becauſe I love Burgundy, and riding between Twickenham and Dawley.—I built a wall five years ago, and when the maſons played the knaves, nothing delighted me ſo much as to ſtand by while my ſervants threw down what was amiſs: I have likewiſe ſeen a Monkey overthrow all the diſhes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleaſure of ſeeing them tumble and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wiſh you would invite me to ſuch another entertainment; but you think as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world, and ſo I would, if I could get into a better before I was called into the beſt, and not die here in a rage, like a poiſoned rat in a hole. I wonder you are not aſhamed to let me pine away in this kingdom while you are out of power.

I come from looking over the †*Melange* above written, and declare it to be a true copy of my preſent diſpoſition, which muſt needs pleaſe

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* *Lord* St. John *of* Batterſea, *Father to Lord* Bolingbroke.

† *Or Medly.*

pleaſe you, ſince nothing was ever more diſpleaſing to my ſelf. I deſire you to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my Lady.

LETTER XXXVI.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Lord* BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5, 1729.

I Do not think it could be poſſible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your ſcurvy ſuit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart; I hated it in all its circumſtances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a ſituation of life that muſt make it every way vexatious. And, as I am infinitely obliged to you for the juſtice you do me in ſuppoſing your affairs do at leaſt concern me as much as my own; ſo I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read laſt ſummer in a news-paper, that you were writing the hiſtory of your own Times. I ſuppoſe ſuch a report might ariſe from what was not ſecret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of hiſtory; which you often promiſed Mr. Pope and me to do: I know he deſires it very much, and I am ſure I deſire nothing more, for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your publick virtue. My Lord, I have no other

ther notion of Oeconomy, than that it is the parent of Liberty and Eaſe, and I am not the only friend you have who hath chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, although not with his mouth, as I have done. For, there is a filly error in the world, even among friends otherwiſe very good, not to intermeddle with mens affairs in ſuch nice matters. And, my Lord, I have made a maxim, that ſhould be writ in letters of diamonds, That a wiſe man ought to have Money in his head, but not in his heart. Pray, my Lord, enquire whether your Prototype, my Lord Digby, after the Reſtoration when he was at Briſtol, did not take ſome care of his fortune, notwithſtanding that quotation I once ſent you out of his ſpeech to the Houſe of Commons? In my conſcience, I believe fortune, like other drabbs, values a man gradually leſs for every year he lives. I have demonſtration for it; becauſe, if I play at piquet for ſix-pence with a man or woman two years younger than my ſelf, I always loſe; and there is a young girl of twenty who never fails of winning my money at Back-gammon, although ſhe is a bungler, and the game be Eccleſiaſtic. As to the publick, I confeſs nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it but theſe frequent returns of deafneſs, which have hindred me from paſſing laſt winter in London; yet I cannot but conſider the perfidiouſneſs of ſome people, who I thought when I was laſt there, upon a change that happened, were the moſt impudent

impudent in forgetting their profeſſions that I have ever known. Pray will you pleaſe to take your pen and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in; that * *Res nolunt diu male adminiſtrari*; the commonneſs maketh me not know who is the author, but ſure he muſt be ſome Modern.

I am ſorry for Lady Bolingbroke's ill health; but I proteſt I never knew a very deſerving perſon of that ſex, who had not too much reaſon to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more inſignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I ſhall be ſorry to loſe; but my greateſt miſery is recollecting the ſcene of twenty years paſt, and then all on a ſudden dropping into the preſent. I remember when I was a little boy, I felt a great fiſh at the end of my line, which I drew up almoſt on the ground, but it dropt in, and the diſappointment vexeth me to this very day, and I believe it was the type of all my future diſappointments. I ſhould be aſhamed to ſay this to you, if you had not a ſpirit fitter to bear your own miſfortunes, than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect by what qualities wealth and greatneſs are got, and by what qualities they are loſt? I have read my friend Congreve's verſes

* *The Public Affairs cannot be long ill managed.*

ſes to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and falſe moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates; "that all times are equally virtuous and vicious" wherein he differs from all Poets, Philoſophers, and Chriſtians that ever writ. It is more probable, that there may be an equal quantity of virtues always in the world, but ſometimes there may be a peck of it in Aſia, and hardly a thimble-full in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of ſincerity; for I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human creature in power who will not be modeſt enough to confeſs that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of Corruption. I ſay this, becauſe I have a ſcheme in ſpite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of Virtue, and when the nation is ripe for it, I deſire you will ſend for me. I have learned this by living like a Hermit, by which I am got backwards about nineteen hundred years in the Æra of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedneſs of men. I dine alone upon half a diſh of meat, mix water with my wine, walk ten miles a day, and read Baronius. * *Hîc explicit Epiſtola ad Dom.* Bolingbroke *& incipit ad amicum* Pope.

Having finiſhed my Letter to Ariſtippus, I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs.

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* *Here endeth the Epiſtle to my Lord* Bolingbroke, *and here beginneth to my Friend* Pope.

Mrs. Pope, having heard from others that ſhe was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unſeaſonable to trouble you. I am aſhamed to tell you, that when I was very young I had more deſire to be famous than ever ſince; and fame, like all things elſe in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you who are ſo much younger, although you want that health you deſerve, yet your ſpirits are as vigorous as if your body were ſounder. I hate a crowd where I have not an eaſy place to ſee and be ſeen. A great Library always maketh me melancholy, where the beſt Author is as much ſqueezed, and as obſcure, as a Porter at a Coronation. In my own little library, I value the compilements of Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio (and were given me by my Lord Bolingbroke) more than all my books beſides; becauſe whoever comes into my cloſet, caſts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchſafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you it is almoſt incredible how Opinions change by the decline or decay of ſpirits, and I will further tell you, that all my endeavours from a boy to diſtinguiſh my ſelf, were only for want of a great Title and Fortune, that I might be uſed like a Lord by thoſe who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and ſo the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue ribband, or a coach and ſix horſes. To be remembred for ever

ever on the account of our friendſhip, is what would exceedingly pleaſe me; but yet I never loved to make a viſit, or be ſeen walking with my betters, becauſe they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no ſooner writ this than I corrected my ſelf and remembred Sir Faulk Grevil's Epitaph, "Here lies, &c. who was friend to Sir Philip Sidney." And therefore I moſt heartily thank you for your deſire, that I would record our friendſhip in verſe, which if I can ſucceed in, I will never deſire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You muſt preſent my humble ſervice to Mrs. Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reaſon, that ſhe may live to take care of you.

LETTER XXXVII.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Aug. 11, 1729.

I Am very ſenſible that in a former letter I talked very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wiſhes and deſires, which however I find with ſome comfort do now daily decline, very ſuitable to my ſtate of health for ſome months paſt. For my head is never perfectly free from giddineſs, and eſpecially towards night. Yet my diſorder is very moderate,

rate, and I have been without a fit of deafneſs this half year; ſo I am like a horſe which although off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this compariſon puts me in mind to add, that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wiſh you would imitate me. As to this country, there have been three terrible years dearth of corn, and every place ſtrowed with beggars; but dearths are common in better climates, and our evils here lie much deeper. Imagine a nation the two-thirds of whoſe revenues are ſpent out of it, and who are not permitted to trade with the other third, and where the pride of the women will not ſuffer them to wear their own manufactures, even where they excel what come from abroad: This is the true ſtate of Ireland in a very few words. Theſe evils operate more every day, and the kingdom is abſolutely undone, as I have been telling it often in print theſe ten years paſt.

What I have ſaid requires forgiveneſs; but I had a mind for once to let you know the ſtate of our affairs, and my reaſon for being more moved than perhaps becomes a Clergyman, and a piece of a philoſopher; and perhaps the increaſe of years and diſorders may hope for ſome allowance to complaints, eſpecially when I may call my ſelf a ſtranger in a ſtrange land. As to poor Mrs. Pope (if ſhe be ſtill alive) I heartily pity you and pity her: her great piety and virtue will infallibly make her happy in a better life, and her great age hath made

made her fully ripe for heaven and the grave, and her beſt friends will moſt wiſh her eaſed of her labours, when ſhe hath ſo many good works to follow them. The loſs you will feel by the want of her care and kindneſs, I know very well, but ſhe hath amply done her part, as you have yours. One reaſon why I would have you in Ireland when you ſhall be at your own diſpoſal, is, that you may be maſter of two or three years revenues * *proviſæ frugis in annos copia*, ſo as not to be pinched in the leaſt when years increaſe, and perhaps your health impairs: And when this kingdom is utterly at an end, you may ſupport me for the few years I ſhall happen to live; and who knows, but you may pay me exorbitant intereſt for the ſpoonful of wine, and ſcraps of a chicken it will coſt me to feed you? I am confident you have too much reaſon to complain of ingratitude; for I never yet knew any perſon, one tenth part ſo heartily diſpoſed as you are, to do good offices to others without the leaſt private view.

Was it a Gaſconade to pleaſe me that you ſaid your fortune was encreaſed 100*l.* a year ſince I left you? You ſhould have told me how. Thoſe § *ſubſidia ſenectuti* are extreamly deſirable, if they could be got with juſtice, and without avarice; of which vice although I cannot

* *A Stock of Wine laid up for many Years.*
§ *Supports to old Age.*

charge myſelf yet, nor feel any approaches towards it, yet no uſurer more wiſheth to be richer, (or rather to be ſurer of his rents) but I am not half ſo moderate as you; for, I declare I cannot live eaſily under double to what you are ſatisfied with.

I hope Mr. Gay will keep his 3000 *l.* and live on the intereſt without decreaſing the principal one penny; but I do not like your ſeldom ſeeing him: I hope, he is grown more diſengaged from his intentneſs on his own affairs, which I ever diſliked, and is quite the reverſe to you, unleſs you are a very dexterous diſguiſer. I deſire my humble ſervice to Lord Oxford, Bathurſt, Lord B——ſt and particularly to Mrs. B——, but to no Lady at court. God bleſs you for being a greater Dupe than I: I love that character too my ſelf, but I want your charity.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Oct. 9, 1729.

IT pleaſes me that you received my books at laſt; but you have never once told me if you approve the whole, or diſapprove not of ſome parts of the Commentary, &c. It was my principal

cipal aim in the entire work to perpetuate the friendſhip between us, and to ſhew that the friends or the enemies of one, were the friends or enemies of the other: If in any particular, any thing be ſtated or mentioned in a different manner from what you like, pray tell me freely, that the new Editions now coming out here, may have it rectify'd. You'll find the octavo rather more correct than the quarto, with ſome additions to the Notes and Epigrams caſt in, which I wiſh had been encreaſed by your acquaintance in Ireland. I rejoyce in hearing the Drapiers-Hill is to emulate Parnaſſus; I fear the country about it is as much impoveriſhed. I truly ſhare in all that troubles you, and wiſh you removed from a ſcene of diſtreſs, which I know works your compaſſionate temper too ſtrongly. But if we are not to ſee you here, I believe I ſhall once in my life ſee you there. You think more for me, and about me, than any friend I have, and you think better for me. Perhaps you'll not be contented, tho' I am, that the additional 100 *l.* a year is only for my life? my mother is yet living, and I thank God for it: ſhe will never be troubleſome to me, if it but pleaſe God ſhe be not ſo to herſelf: but a melancholy object it is to obſerve the gradual decays both of body and mind, in a perſon to whom one is tyed by the links of both. I can't tell whether her death itſelf would be ſo afflicting.

You are too careful of my worldly affairs: I am rich enough, and I can afford to give away 100 *l.* a year. Don't be angry; I will not live to be very old. I have Revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it: I will enjoy the pleaſure of what I give, by giving it, alive, and ſeeing another enjoy it. When I die, I ſhould be aſhamed to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground.

Mr. Gay aſſures me his 3000 *l.* is kept entire and ſacred, he ſeems to languiſh after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you. Has he or not? The Dr. is unalterable, both in friendſhip and Quadrille: his wife has been very near death laſt week: his two brothers buried their wives within theſe ſix weeks. Gay is ſixty miles off, and has been ſo all this ſummer, with the Duke and Dutcheſs of Queensberry. He is the ſame man: So is every one here that you know: mankind is unamendable. * *Optimus ille Qui minimis urgetur*— Poor * is like the reſt, ſhe cries at the thorn in her foot, but will ſuffer nobody to pull it out. The Court-lady I have a good opinion of, yet I have treated her more negligently than you wou'd do, becauſe you like to

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* *He is beſt who hath the feweſt Faults.*

to ſee the inſide of a court, which I do not. I've ſeen her but twice. You have a deſperate hand at daſhing out a character by great ſtrokes, and at the ſame time a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid you ſhou'd draw mine, if I were conſcious of any guilt: But if I were conſcious only of folly, God ſend it! for as no body can detect a great fault ſo well as you, no body would ſo well hide a ſmall one. But after all, that Lady means to do good, and does no harm, which is a vaſt deal for a Courtier. I can aſſure you that Lord Peterborow always ſpeaks kindly of you, and certainly has as great a mind to be your friend as any one. I muſt throw away my pen; it cannot, it will never tell you, what I inwardly am to you. *Quod nequeo monſtrare, & ſentio tantum.*

LETTER XXXIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Bruſſels, Sep. 27, 1729.

I Have brought your French * acquaintance thus far on her way into her own country, and conſiderably better in health than ſhe was when ſhe went to Aix. I begin to entertain hopes that ſhe will recover ſuch a degree of health as may render old age ſupportable. Both of us have cloſed the tenth Luſtre, and it is high time to determine how we ſhall play the laſt act of the Farce. Might not my life be entitled much more properly a *What-d'ye call it* than a *Farce?* ſome comedy, a great deal of tragedy, and the whole interſperſed with ſcenes of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr. Baloardo, the prototype of your Hero.—I uſed to think ſometimes formerly, of old age and of death; enough to prepare my mind; not enough to anticipate ſorrow, to daſh the joys of youth, and to be all my life a dying. I find the benefit of this practice now, and find it more as I proceed on my journey: Little regret when I look backwards, little apprehenſion when I look forward. You complain grievouſly of your ſituation in Ireland: I would complain of mine

* *Lady* Bolingbroke.

mine too in England: But I will not, nay I ought not; for I find by long experience that I can be unfortunate without being unhappy. I do not approve your joyning together the *figure of living*, and the *pleaſure of giving*, tho' your old prating friend Montagne does ſomething like it in one of his Rhapſodies: To tell you my reaſons would be to write an Eſſay, and I ſhall hardly have time to write a Letter; but if you will come over, and live with Pope and me, I'll ſhew you in an inſtant why thoſe two things ſhould not * *aller de pair*, and that forced retrenchments on both may be made, without making us even uneaſy. You know that I am too expenſive, and all mankind knows that I have been cruelly plundered; and yet I feel in my mind the power of deſcending without anxiety two or three ſtages more. In ſhort, (Mr. Dean) if you will come to a certain farm in Middleſex, you ſhall find that I can live frugally without growling at the world, or being peeviſh with thoſe whom fortune hath appointed to eat my bread, inſtead of appointing me to eat theirs; and yet I have naturally as little diſpoſition to frugality as any man alive. You ſay you are no philoſopher, and I think you are in the right to diſlike a word which is ſo often abuſed; but I am ſure you like to follow reaſon, not cuſtom, (which is ſometimes the reaſon, and

* *Go together.*

and oftner the caprice of others, of the mob of the world.) Now to be ſure of doing this, you muſt wear your philoſophical Spectacles as conſtantly as the Spaniards uſed to wear theirs. You muſt make them part of your dreſs, and ſooner part with your broad-brim'd beaver, your gown, your ſcarf, or even that emblematical veſtment your ſurplice. Thro' this medium you will ſee few things to be vexed at, few perſons to be angry at; and yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wiſh altered, and perſons whom we ought to wiſh hanged.

In your letter to Pope, you agree that a regard for Fame becomes a man more towards his Exit, than at his entrance into life; and yet you confeſs, that the longer you live, the more you grow indifferent about it. Your ſentiment is true and natural; your reaſoning I am afraid is not ſo upon this occaſion. Prudence will make us deſire fame, becauſe it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wiſe man's means; his ends are his own good, and the good of ſociety. You Poets and Orators have inverted this order; you propoſe fame as the end; and good, or at leaſt great, actions are the means. You go further: You teach our ſelf-love to anticipate the applauſe which we ſuppoſe will be paid by poſterity to our names; and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads beſides

ſides your own: I am afraid this may have done ſome harm in the world.

Fame is an object which men purſue ſucceſsfully by various and even contrary courſes. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as eſſential, and on the means as indifferent; ſo that Fabricius and Craſſus, Cato and Cæſar preſſed forward to the ſame Goal. After all, perhaps it may appear from a conſideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world without calling this paſſion, or this direction of ſelf-love, into your aid: *Tacitus* has crowded this excuſe for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, * *Contemptu famæ contemni virtutes.* But now whether we conſider fame as an uſeful inſtrument in all the occurrences of private and publick life, or whether we conſider it as the cauſe of that pleaſure which our ſelf-love is ſo fond of, methinks our entrance into life, or to ſpeak more properly, our youth, not our old age, is the ſeaſon when we ought to deſire it moſt, and therefore when it is moſt becoming to deſire it with ardor. If it is uſeful, it is to be deſired moſt when we have, or may hope to have, a long ſcene of action open before us: Towards our exit, this ſcene of action is or ſhould be cloſed; and then methinks it

* *From ſlighting the Opinion of the World, we proceed to a diſregard of Virtue.*

it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing which we have no longer occaſion for. If it is pleaſant, the ſooner we are in poſſeſſion of fame, the longer we ſhall enjoy this pleaſure, when it is acquired early in life, it may tickle us on till old age; but when it is acquired late, the ſenſation of pleaſure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having taſted it ſooner.

From my Farm, Oct. 5.

I am here; I have ſeen Pope, and one of my firſt enquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am ſorry to hear: You are building it ſeems, on a piece of * land you have acquired for that purpoſe, in ſome county of Ireland. Tho' I have built in a part of the world which I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown, and confined by our ill fortune and yours, yet I am ſorry you do the ſame thing. I have repented a thouſand times of my reſolution, and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. Adieu my old and worthy friend; may the phyſical evils of life fall as eaſily upon you, as ever they did on any man who lived to be old; and may the moral evils which ſurround us, make as little impreſſion

* *In the County of* Armagh *called* Drapier's-Hill.

preſſion on you, as they ought to make on one who has ſuch ſuperior ſenſe to eſtimate things by, and ſo much virtue to wrap himſelf up in.

My Wife deſires not to be forgotten by you; ſhe's faithfully your ſervant, and zealouſly your admirer. She will be concerned and diſappointed not to find you in this Iſland at her return, which hope both ſhe and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.

LETTER XL.

Dr. SWIFT *to Lord* BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, Oct. 31, 1729.

I Received your Lordſhip's travelling letter of ſeveral dates, at ſeveral ſtages, and from different nations, languages and religions. Neither could any thing be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in ſo many places. As to your ten Luſtres, I remember when I complained in a letter to Prior, that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jeſt, and anſwered me out of Terence, * *iſta commemoratio eſt quaſi exprobatio.* How then ought I to rattle you, when I have a dozen years more to

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* *By putting me in Mind of your Favours, you in a Manner upbraid me with them.*

to anſwer for, all monaſtically paſſed in this country of liberty and delight, and money, and good company! I go on anſwering your letter; it is you were my Hero, but the other never was; yet if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him in the beginning of your miniſtry, from my accuſations. But I granted he had the greateſt inequalities of any man alive, and his whole ſcene was fifty times more a What-d'ye-call-it, than yours: for I declare yours was * *unie*, and I wiſh you would ſo order it, that the world may be as wiſe as I upon that article; and Mr. Pope wiſhes it too, and I believe there is not a more honeſt man in England, even without wit. But you regard us not. I was forty-ſeven years old when I began to think of death, and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to ſleep———I writ to Mr. Pope, and not to you. My birth although from a family not undiſtinguiſhed in its time, is many degrees inferior to yours; all my pretenſions from perſons and parts infinitely ſo; I a younger ſon of younger ſon's; you born to a great fortune: Yet I ſee you with all your advantages ſunk to a degree that you could never have been without them: But yet I ſee you as

* *Of a Piece.*

as much eſteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more (although it be almoſt impoſſible) than ever you were in your higheſt exaltation; only I grieve like an Alderman that you are not ſo rich. And yet, my Lord, I pretend to value money as little as you, and I will call five-hundred witneſſes (if you will take Iriſh witneſſes) to prove it. I renounce your whole philoſophy, becauſe it is not your practice. By the *figure of living*, (if I uſed that expreſſion to Mr. Pope) I do not mean the parade, but a ſuitableneſs to your mind; and as for the *pleaſure of giving*, I know your ſoul ſuffers when you are debarred of it. Could you, when your own generoſity and contempt of outward things, (be not offended, it is no Eccleſiaſtical but an Epictetian phraſe) could you, when theſe have brought you to it, come over and live with Mr. Pope and me at the Deanry? I could almoſt wiſh the experiment were tried——no——God forbid that ever ſuch a ſcoundrel as Want ſhould dare to approach you. But, in the mean time, do not brag, retrenchments are not your talent. But as old Weymouth ſaid to me in your miniſtry, and in his lordly Latin, * *Philoſophia verba, ignava opera.* I wiſh you could learn Arithmetick, that three and two make five,

* *Philoſophical Writings are idle Treatiſes.*

five, and will never make more. My philoſophical ſpectacles which you adviſe me to, will tell me that I can live on 50 *l.* a year (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to) but I cannot endure that your * *Otium* ſhould be *ſine dignitate*.—My Lord, what I would have ſaid of fame is meant of fame which a man enjoys in his life; becauſe I cannot be a great Lord, I would acquire what is a kind of † *ſubſidium*, I would endeavour that my betters ſhould ſeek me by the merit of ſomething diſtinguiſhable inſtead of my ſeeking them. The deſire of enjoying it in after times is owing to the ſpirit and folly of youth: But with age we learn to know the houſe is ſo full, that there is no room for above one or two at moſt, in an age through the whole world. My Lord, I hate and love to write to you, it gives me pleaſure, and kills me with melancholy. The D— take ſtupidity, that it will not come to ſupply the want of philoſophy.

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* *An honourable Retirement.*

† *Support.*

LETTER XLI.

Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Oct. 31, 1729.

YOU were ſo careful of ſending me the Dunciad, that I have received five of them, and have pleaſed four friends. I am one of every body who approve every part of it, Text and Comment; but am one abſtracted from every body, in the happineſs of being recorded your friend, while wit, and humour, and politeneſs ſhall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition, we know nothing of it, for we have an octavo of our own, which hath ſold wonderfully conſidering our poverty, and dulneſs, the conſequence of it.

I writ this poſt to Lord B. and tell him in my letter, that with a great deal of loſs for a frolick, I will fly as ſoon as build; I have neither years, nor ſpirits, nor money, nor patience for ſuch amuſements. The frolick is gone off, and I am only 100 *l.* the poorer. But, this kingdom is grown ſo exceſſively poor, that we wiſe men muſt think of nothing but getting a little ready money. It is thought there are not two hundred thouſand pounds of ſpecies in the whole iſland; for we return thrice as much to our Abſentees, as we get by trade, and ſo

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are all inevitably undone; which I have been telling them in print theſe ten Years, to as little purpoſe as if it came from the pulpit. And this is enough for Iriſh politicks, which I only mention, becauſe it ſo nearly toucheth my ſelf. I muſt repeat what I believe I have ſaid before, that I pity you much more than Mrs. Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes is an object very unfit for your health, and duty, and tender diſpoſition, and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much ſatisfied that your additional 100 *l. per Annum* is for your life as if it were for ever: You have enough to leave your friends, I would not have them glad to be rid of you, and I ſhall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have embroiled me with Lord B— about the figure of living, and the pleaſure of giving. I am under the neceſſity of ſome little paltry figure in the ſtation I am; but I make it as little as poſſible. As to the other part you are baſe, becauſe I thought my ſelf as great a giver as ever was of my ability, and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it until now a ſecret even from me, when I wondred how you were able to live with your whole little revenue.

L— C— who doth his duty of a good governor in enſlaving this kingdom as much as he can, talks to me of you in the manner he ought.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Nov. 19. 1729.

I Find that you have laid aſide your project of building in Ireland, and that we ſhall ſee you in this iſland * *Cum Zephyris, & Hirundine prima.* I know not whether the love of fame increaſes as we advance in age; ſure I am that the force of friendſhip does. I lov'd you almoſt twenty years ago, I thought of you as well as I do now, better was beyond the power of conception, or to avoid an equivoque, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you leſs, or for loving you as well after loving you ſo many years, I ſhall not determine. What I would ſay is this: whilſt my mind grows daily more independent of the world, and feels leſs need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendſhip return oftner, they buſy me, they warm me more: Is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great ſeparation approaches? or is it that they who are to live together in another ſtate, (for † *vera amicitia non niſi inter bonos)* begin to feel more

* *With the ſoft Zephyrs, and the firſt Swallow.*

† *True Friendſhip is found between good Men only.*

ſtrongly that divine ſympathy which is to be the great band of their future ſociety? There is no one thought which ſooths my mind like this: I encourage my imagination to purſue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty of the intellect comes boiſterouſly in, and wakes me from ſo pleaſing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more upon Oeconomicks than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I will ſay, that § *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with 500*l.* a year as well as with 5000: the difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the eſtate. I do aſſure you, that I have never quitted the deſign of collecting, reviſing, improving, and extending ſeveral materials which are ſtill in my power; and I hope that the time of ſetting myſelf about this laſt work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curioſity and Importance are loſt, and ſome of them in a manner which would ſurprize and anger you. However I ſhould be able to convey ſeveral great truths to poſterity, ſo clearly and ſo authentically, that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age might rail, but ſhould not be able to deceive. Adieu my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, ſince Pope is to write to you; no matter, for upon recollection the rules of proportion

§ *Retirement with Honour.*

tion are not broken; he will ſay as much to you in one page, as I have ſaid in three. Bid him talk to you of the * work he is about, I hope in good earneſt; it is a fine one; it will be in his hands an original. His ſole complaint is, that he finds it too eaſy in the execution. This flatters his lazineſs, it flatters my judgment, who always thought that (univerſal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know living or dead; I do not except Horace. Adieu.

LETTER XLIII.

From Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Nov. 28. 1729.

THIS letter (like all mine) will be a Rhapſody; it is many years ago ſince I wrote as a Wit. How many occurrences or informations muſt one omit, if one determined to ſay nothing that one could not ſay prettily? I lately receiv'd from the widow of one dead correſpondent, and the father of another, ſeveral of my own letters of about fifteen and twenty years old; and it was not unentertaining to my ſelf to obſerve, how and by what

* *Eſſays on Man.*

degrees I ceas'd to be a witty writer; as either my experience grew on the one hand, or my affection to my correſpondents on the other. Now as I love you better than moſt I have ever met with in the world, and eſteem you too the more the longer I have compar'd you with the reſt of the world; ſo inevitably I write to you more negligently, that is more openly, and what all but ſuch as love one another will call writing worſe. I ſmile to think how Curl would be bit, were our Epiſtles to fall into his hands, and how glorioufly they would fall ſhort of every ingenious reader's expectations?

You can't imagine what a vanity it is to me, to have ſomething to rebuke you for in the way of Oeconomy? I love the man that builds a houſe * *ſubito ingenio*, and makes a wall for a horſe; then cries, "We wiſe men muſt "think of nothing but getting ready money." I am glad you approve my annuity; all we have in this world is no more than an annuity, as to our own enjoyment: But I will encreaſe your regard for my wiſdom, and tell you, that this annuity includes alſo the life of another, whoſe concern ought to be as near me as my own, and with whom my whole proſpects ought to finiſh. I throw my javelin of Hope no

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* *With a Start of Genius.*

no farther, * *Cur brevi fortes jaculamur ævo*— &c.

The ſecond (as it is called, but indeed the eighth) edition of the Dunciad, with ſome additional notes and epigrams, ſhall be ſent you if I know any opportunity: If they reprint it with you, let them by all means follow that octavo edition——The Drapier's letters are again printed here, very laudably as to paper, print, &c. for you know I diſapprove Iriſh politicks (as my Commentator tells you) being a ſtrong and jealous ſubject of England. The Lady you mention, you ought not to complain of for not acknowledging your preſent; ſhe having juſt now receiv'd a much richer preſent from Mr. Knight of the S. Sea; and you are ſenſible ſhe cannot ever return it, to one in the condition of an out-law: it's certain as he can never expect any favour, his motive muſt be wholly diſ-intereſted. Will not this reflection make you bluſh? Your continual deplorings of Ireland, make me wiſh, you were here long enough to forget thoſe ſcenes that ſo afflict you: I am only in fear if you were, you would grow ſuch a patriot here too, as not to be quite at eaſe, for your love of old England. It is very poſſible, your journey, in the time I compute, might exactly tally with my intended one

* *Why do we dart, with eager Strife,*
At Things beyond the Mark of Life?

to you; and if you muſt ſoon again go back, you would not be un-attended. For the poor woman decays perceptibly every week; and the winter may too probably put an end to a very long, and a very irreproachable, life. My conſtant attendance on her does indeed affect my mind very much, and leſſen extremely my deſires of long life; ſince I ſee the beſt that can come of it is a miſerable benediction at moſt: ſo that I look upon myſelf to be many years older in two years ſince you ſaw me: The natural imbecillity of my body, joyn'd now to this acquired old age of the mind, makes me at leaſt as old as you, and we are the fitter to crawl down the hill together; I only deſire I may be able to keep pace with you. My firſt friendſhip at ſixteen, was contracted with a man of ſeventy, and I found him not grave enough or conſiſtent enough for me, tho' we lived well to his death. I ſpeak of old Mr. Wycherly; ſome letters of whom (by the by) and of mine, the bookſellers have got and printed not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and yours. I don't much approve of it; tho' there is nothing for me to be aſham'd of, becauſe I will not be aſham'd of any thing I do not do my ſelf, or of any thing that is not immoral but merely dull (as for inſtance, if they printed this letter I am now writing, which they eaſily may, if the underlings at the Poſt-office pleaſe to take a copy of it.) I admire

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on this conſideration, your ſending your laſt to me quite open, without a ſeal, wafer, or any cloſure whatever, manifeſting the utter openneſs of the writer. I would do the ſame by this, but fear it would look like affectation to ſend two letters ſo together —I will fully repreſent to our friend (and I doubt not it will touch his heart) what you ſo feelingly ſet forth as to the badneſs of your Burgundy, &c. He is an extreme honeſt man, and indeed ought to be ſo, conſidering how very indiſcreet and unreſerved he is: But I do not approve this part of his character, and will never join with him in any of his idleneſs in the way of wit. You know my maxim to keep clear of all offence, as I am clear of all intereſt in either party. I was once diſpleaſed before at you, for complaining to Mr. ** of my not having a penſion, and am ſo again at your naming it to a certain Lord. I have given ſome proofs in the courſe of my whole life, (from the time when I was in the friendſhip of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Craggs even to this, when I am civilly treated by Sir R. Walpole) that I never thought myſelf ſo warm in any Party's cauſe as to deſerve their money; and therefore would never have accepted it; but give me leave to tell you, that of all mankind the two perſons I would leaſt have accepted any favour from, are thoſe very two, to whom you have unluckily ſpoken of it. I deſire you to take off any impreſſions which

that dialogue may have left on his Lordſhip's mind, as if I ever had any thought of being beholden to him, or any other, in that way. And yet you know I am no enemy to the preſent conſtitution; I believe, as ſincere a well-wiſher to it, nay even to the church eſtabliſh'd, as any miniſter in, or out of employment, whatever; or any Biſhop of England or Ireland. Yet am I of the Religion of Eraſmus, a Catholick; ſo I live; ſo I ſhall die; and hope one day to meet you, Biſhop Atterbury, poor Craggs, Dr. Garth, Dean Berkely, and Mr. Hutchenſon, in that place, To which God of his infinite mercy bring us and every body!

Lord B's anſwer to your letter I have juſt received, and join it to this pacquet. The work he ſpeaks of with ſuch abundant partiality, is a ſyſtem of Ethics in the Horatian way.

LETTER XLIV.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

April 14, 1730.

THIS is a letter extraordinary, to do and ſay nothing, but to recommend to you, (as a Clergy-man, and a charitable one,) a pious and a good work, and for a good and an honeſt man: Moreover he is above ſeventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word honeſt.

honeſt. I ſhall think it a kindneſs done myſelf if you can propagate Mr. Weſtley's ſubſcription for his Commentary on Job, among your Divines (Biſhops excepted, of whom there is no hope) and among ſuch as are believers, or readers, of ſcripture. Even the curious may find ſomething to pleaſe them, if they ſcorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life; I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his proſe more than you formerly could his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke is a favourer of it, and allows you to do your beſt to ſerve an old Tory, and a ſufferer for the Church of England, tho' you are a Whig, as I am.

We have here ſome verſes in your name, which I am angry at. Sure you wou'd not uſe me ſo ill as to flatter me? I therefore think it is ſome other weak Iriſhman.

P. S. I did not take the pen out of Pope's hands I proteſt to you. But ſince he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I ſeek no epiſtolary fame, but am a good deal pleaſed to think that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the moſt friendly intimacy together.——Pliny writ his letters for the publick, ſo did Seneca, ſo did Balſac, Voiture, &c. Tully did not, and therefore theſe give us more pleaſure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When

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we read them, we pry into a ſecret which was intended to be kept from us. That is a pleaſure. We ſee Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey and others, ſuch as they really were, and not ſuch as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as hiſtorians and Poets have repreſented them to ours. That is another pleaſure. I remember to have ſeen a proceſſion at *Aix la Chapelle*, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the ſhoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial Saint. Follow him into the veſtry, you ſee the bearer ſlip from under the robe, and the gigantick figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary ſize, and is ſet by among other lumber——I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your publick ſpirit would be leſs grieved, or oftner comforted here than there. Come to us therefore on a viſit at leaſt. It will not be the fault of ſeveral perſons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great good-will and little power produce ſuch ſlow and feeble effects as can be acceptable to heaven alone, and heavenly men.——I know you will be angry with me, if I ſay nothing to you of a * poor woman who is ſtill on the other ſide of the water in a moſt languiſhing ſtate of health.

If

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* *Lady* Bolingbroke.

If ſhe regains ſtrength enough to come over, and ſhe is better within a few weeks, I ſhall nurſe her in this *farm with all the care and tenderneſs poſſible. If ſhe does not, I muſt pay her the laſt duty of friendſhip wherever ſhe is, tho' I break thro' the whole plan of life which I have formed in my mind. Adieu. I am moſt faithfully and affectionately yours. B.

LETTER XLV.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Jan. 1730-1.

I Begin my letter by telling you that my wife hath been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health, tho' feeble and precarious, is better than it hath been theſe two years. She is much your ſervant, and as ſhe hath been her own phyſician with ſome ſucceſs, imagines ſhe could be yours with the ſame. Would to God you were within her reach. She would I believe preſcribe a great deal of the † *medicina animi*, without having recourſe to the Books of Triſmegiſtus. Pope and I ſhould be her principal apothecaries in the

* *Lord* Bolingbroke's *Seat at* Dawley *in* Middleſex.

† *The Midicine of the Mind.*

the courſe of the cure; and tho' our beſt Botaniſts complain, that few of the herbs and ſimples which go to the compoſition of theſe remedies, are to be found at preſent in our ſoil, yet there are more of them here than in Ireland; beſides, by the help of a little chymiſtry the moſt noxious juices may become ſalubrious, and rank poiſon a ſpecifick —— Pope is now in my library with me, and writes to the world, to the preſent and to future ages, whilſt I begin this letter which he is to finiſh to you. What good he will do to mankind I know not, this comfort he may be ſure of, he cannot do leſs than you have done before him. I have ſometimes thought that if preachers, hangmen, and moral writers keep vice at a ſtand, or ſo much as retard the progreſs of it, they do as much as human nature admits: A real reformation is not to be brought about by ordinary means, it requires theſe extraordinary means which become puniſhments as well as leſſons: national corruption muſt be purged by national calamities. Let us hear from you. We deſerve this attention, becauſe we deſire it, and becauſe we believe that you deſire to hear from us.

LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

March 29.

I Have delayed ſeveral poſts anſwering your letter of January laſt, in hopes of being able to ſpeak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the moſt, ſince the ſucceſs of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart, if it can be ſet a going, you ſhall hear more of it; I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my diſtemper, or from the attendance of three Phyſicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have payed to health deſerves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been ſome years going down the hill. Let us make the paſſage as ſmooth as we can. Let us fence againſt phyſical evil by care and the uſe of thoſe means which experience muſt have pointed out to us. Let us fence againſt moral evil by philoſophy. I renounce the alternative you propoſe. But we may, nay (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination againſt her plaineſt dictates) we ſhall of courſe grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and intereſts of a ſyſtem out of which

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we are ſoon to go. This is much better than ſtupidity. The decay of paſſion ſtrengthens philoſophy, for paſſion may decay, and ſtupidity not ſucceed. Paſſions, (ſays our divine Pope, as you will ſee one time or other) are the Gales of life: Let us not complain that they do not blow a ſtorm. What hurt does age do us, in ſubduing what we toil to ſubdue all our lives? It is now ſix in the morning: I recall the time (and am glad it is over) when about this hour I uſed to be going to bed, ſurfeited with pleaſure or jaded with buſineſs: My head often full of ſchemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I riſe at this hour, refreſhed, ſerene, and calm? That the paſt, and even the preſent, affairs of life ſtand like objects at a diſtance from me, where I can keep off the diſagreeable ſo as not to be ſtrongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Paſſions in their force, would bring all theſe, nay even future contingencies about my ears at once, and Reaſon would but ill defend me in the ſcuffle. I leave Pope to ſpeak for himſelf, but I muſt tell you how much my Wife is obliged to you. She ſays ſhe would find ſtrength enough to nurſe you, if you was here, and yet God knows ſhe is extremely weak: The ſlow fever works under, and mines the conſtitution; we keep it off ſometimes, but ſtill it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones.

I am

I am not aſhamed to ſay to you that I admire her more every hour of my life. Death is not to her the King of Terrors, ſhe beholds him without the leaſt: When ſhe ſuffers much, ſhe wiſhes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, ſhe looks on him with diſlike, becauſe he is to ſeparate her from thoſe friends to whom ſhe is more attached than to life it ſelf.——You ſhall not ſtay for my next, as long as you have for this letter; and in every one Pope ſhall write ſomething much better than the ſcraps of old Philoſophers, which were the preſents, Munuſcula, that Stoical Fop Seneca uſed to ſend in every Epiſtle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My Lord has ſpoken juſtly of his Lady: Why not I of my Mother? Yeſterday was her birth-day, now entering on the ninety-firſt year of her age; her memory much diminiſhed, but her ſenſes very little hurt; her ſight and hearing, good; ſhe ſleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, ſays her prayers; this is all ſhe does. I have reaſon to thank God for continuing ſo long to me a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exerciſe for ſome years, thoſe cares which are now as neceſſary to her, as hers have been to me. An object of this ſort daily before one's eyes very much ſoftens the mind, but perhaps may hinder it from the willingneſs of contracting other tyes of the

like

like domeſtick nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleaſures. I have formerly made ſome ſtrong efforts to get and to deſerve a friend: Perhaps it were wiſer never to attempt it, but live Extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to paſs thro', juſt pay your hoſts their due, diſperſe a little charity, and hurry on. Yet am I juſt now writing, (or rather planning) a book, to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleaſure, and put morality in good humour.—And juſt now too, I am going to ſee one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain ſeveral civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the Curteſy of England.—**Sic, ſic juvat ire ſub umbras.* While we do live, we muſt make the beſt of life,

†*O Vita! Stulto brevis, ſapienti longa!*
Cantantes *licet uſque* (*minus via lædat*) *eamus,*

as the ſhepherd ſays in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am yours.

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* *Shall we go?*
Thus, thus, with Pleaſure to the Shades below.
† *O Life! how ſhort thy Pleaſures to the Fools?*
How tedious are thy Pains unto the Wiſe?
Yet Singing let us go, the chearful Mind
Renders the Way leſs rugged and fatiguing.

LETTER XLVII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

YOU may aſſure yourſelf, that if you come over this ſpring, you will find me not only got back into the habits of ſtudy, but devoted to that hiſtorical task, which you have ſet me theſe many years. I am in hopes of ſome materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propoſe to myſelf. If they are not to be had, I muſt accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the mean time Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought of; and you will be ſurprized to find that I have been partly drawn by him and partly by myſelf, to write a pretty large volume upon a very grave and very important ſubject; that I have ventured to pay no regard whatever to any authority except ſacred authority, and that I have ventured to ſtart a thought, which muſt, if it be puſhed as ſucceſsfully as I think it is, render all your Metaphyſical Theology both ridiculous and abominable. There is an expreſſion in one of your letters to me, which makes me believe you will come into my way of thinking on this ſubject; and yet I am perſwaded that Divines and Free-thinkers would both be clamorous againſt it, if it were to be ſubmitted to their cenſure, as I do not intend that it ſhall—the paſſage I mean, is that

where you ſay that you told Dr. * the Grand points of Chriſtianity ought to be taken as infallible Revelations, &c.

It has happened that whilſt I was writing this to you, the Dr. came to make me a viſit from London, where I heard he was arrived ſome time ago: He was in haſte to return, and is I perceive in great haſte to print. He left with me eight Diſſertations, a ſmall part as I underſtand, of his work, and deſired me to peruſe, conſider, and obſerve upon them againſt monday next when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two firſt, I find my ſelf unable to ſerve him. The principles he reaſons upon are begged in a diſputation of this ſort, and the manner of reaſoning is by no means cloſe and concluſive. The ſole advice I could give him in conſcience would be that which he would take ill and not follow. I will get rid of this task as well as I can, for I eſteem the man and ſhould be ſorry to diſoblige him where I cannot ſerve him.

As to retirement, and exerciſe, your notions are true: The firſt ſhould not be indulged ſo much as to render us ſavage, nor the laſt neglected ſo as to impair health. But I know men, who for fear of being ſavage, live with all who will live with them; and who to preſerve their health, ſaunter away half their time. Adieu: Pope calls for the paper.

P.S. I hope what goes before will be a ſtrong motive to your coming. God knows if ever I ſhall

ſhall ſee Ireland; I ſhall never deſire it, if you can be got hither or kept here. Yet I think I ſhall be, too ſoon, a Free-man—Your recommendations I conſtantly give to thoſe you mention; tho' ſome of them I ſee but ſeldom, and am every day more retired. I am leſs fond of the world, and leſs curious about it; yet no way out of humour, diſappointed or angry: tho' in my way I receive as many injuries as my betters, but I don't feel them, therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return injuries. I paſs almoſt all my time at Dawley and at home; my Lord (of which I partly take the merit to my ſelf) is as much eſtranged from politicks as I am. Let Philoſophy be ever ſo vain, it is leſs vain now than Politicks, and not quite ſo vain at preſent as Divinity: I know nothing that moves ſtrongly but Satire, and thoſe who are aſhamed of nothing elſe, are ſo of being ridiculous.

I know you'll deſire ſome account of my health: It is as uſual, but my ſpirits rather worſe. I write little or nothing. You know I never had either a taſte or talent for politicks, and the world minds nothing elſe. I have perſonal obligations which I will ever preſerve, to men of different ſides, and I wiſh nothing ſo much as public quiet, except it be my own quiet. I think it a merit, if I can take off any man from grating or ſatyrical ſubjects, merely on the ſcore of party: And it is the

greateſt vanity of my life that I've contributed to turn my Lord Bolingbroke to ſubjects moral, uſeful, and more worthy his pen. Dr. ***** Book is what I can't commend ſo much as Dean Berkley's, tho' it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the writing part: But the whole book, tho' he meant it *ad Populum*, is I think purely *ad Clerum*.

Adieu.

LETTERS

OF

Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* GAY:

From the Year 1729 to 1732.

LETTER XLVIII.

Dublin, March, 19, 1729.

I Deny it. I do write to you according to the old ſtipulation, for when you kept your old company, when I writ to one I writ to all. But I am ready to enter into a new bargain ſince you are got into a new world, and will anſwer all your letters. You are firſt to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to the Dutcheſs of Queensbury, and let her know, that I never dine without thinking of her, although it be with ſome difficulty that I can obey her when I dine

with forks that have but two prongs, and when the ſauce is not very conſiſtent. You muſt likewiſe tell her Grace, that ſhe is a general Toaſt among all honeſt folks here, and particularly at the Deanery, even in the face of my Whig ſubjects.—I will leave my money in Lord Bathurſt's hands, and the management of it (for want of better) in yours: And pray keep the intereſt money in a bag wrapt up and ſealed by it ſelf, for fear of your own fingers under your careleſſneſs. Mr. Pope talks of you as a perfect ſtranger; but the different purſuits and manners and intereſts of life, as fortune hath pleaſed to diſpoſe them, will never ſuffer thoſe to live together, who by their Inclinations ought never to part. I hope when you are rich enough, you will have ſome little eoconomy of your own in town or country, and be able to give your friend a pint of Port, for the domeſtic ſeaſon of life will come on. I had never much hopes of your vampt Play, although Mr. Pope ſeemed to have, and although it were ever ſo good: But you ſhould have done like the Parſons, and changed your Text, I mean the Title, and the names of the perſons. After all, it was an effect of idleneſs, for you were in the prime of life, when invention and judgment go together. I wiſh you had 100 *l.* a year more for horſes—I ride and walk whenever good weather invites, and am reputed the beſt walker in this town and five miles round.

I writ

I writ lately to Mr. Pope, I wiſh you had a little Villakin in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any Lady in a coach and ſix horſes would carry you to Japan.

LETTER XLIX.

Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 10, 1730.

WHEN my Lord Peterborow in the Queen's time went abroad upon his Ambaſſies, the Miniſtry told me that he was ſuch a vagrant, they were forced to write *at* him by gueſs, becauſe they knew not where to write *to* him. This is my caſe with you, ſometimes in Scotland, ſometimes at Ham-walks, ſometimes God knows where. You are a man of buſineſs, and not at leiſure for inſignificant correſpondence. It was I got you the employment of being my Lord Duke's *premier Miniſtre*; for his Grace having heard how good a manager you were of my revenue, thought you fit to be entruſted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a ſtrong inclination to ſpend a ſummer near Salisbury-downs, having rode over them more than once, and with a young Parſon of Salisbury reckoned twice the ſtones at Stonehenge, which are either ninety two, or ninety-three. I deſire to preſent my moſt hum-

ble

ble acknowledgements to my Lady Dutcheſs in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that ſhe is * *matre pulchra filia pulchrior*. I never ſaw her ſince ſhe was a girl, and would be angry ſhe ſhould excel her mother who was long my principal Goddeſs. I deſire you will tell her Grace, that the ill management of forks is not to be helped when they are only bidential, which happens in all poor houſes, eſpecially thoſe of poets, upon which account a knife was abſolutely neceſſary at Mr. Pope's, where it was morally impoſſible with a bidential fork to convey a morſel of beef, with the incumbrance of muſtard and turnips into your mouth at once. And her Grace hath coſt me thirty pounds to provide Tridents for fear of offending her, which ſum I deſire ſhe will pleaſe to return me—— I am ſick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my diſorder. I have a ſtrong mind to ſpend my 200 *l.* next ſummer in France: I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that ſum left in this kingdom. You want no ſettlement (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a ſettlement) until you encreaſe your fortune to what will ſupport you with eaſe and plenty, a good houſe and a garden. The want of this I much dread in you: For I have often known

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* *A Daughter fairer than her Mother fair.*

known a ſhe-couzen of a good family and ſmall fortune, paſſing months among all her relations, living in plenty, and taking her circles, until ſhe grew an old maid, and every body weary of her. Mr. Pope complains of ſeldom ſeeing you; but the evil is unavoidable, for different circumſtances of life have always ſeparated thoſe whom friendſhip would joyn. God hath taken care of this, to prevent any progreſs towards real happineſs here, which would make life more deſirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which made your friends as uneaſy as it did your ſelf; I mean that ſollicitude about your own affairs, which perpetually filled your thoughts and diſturbed your converſation. For, if it be true what Mr. Pope ſeriouſly tells me, you will have opportunity of ſaving every groat of the intereſt you receive, and ſo by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to paſs the reſt of your wine-leſs life, in eaſe and plenty, with the additional triumphal comfort of never having received a penny from thoſe taſtleſs ungrateful people from whom you deſerved ſo much, and who deſerve no better genius's than thoſe by whom they are celebrated.—If you ſee Mr. Ceſar, preſent my humble ſervice to him, and let him know that the ſcrub libel printed againſt me here, and reprinted in London, for which he ſhewed a kind concern

to

to a friend of us both, was written by myſelf, and ſent to a Whig-printer. It was in the ſtyle and genius of ſuch ſcoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this ſtrain againſt a friend of mine whom you know—But my paper is ended.

LETTER L.

Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 19, 1730.

I Writ to you a long letter about a fortnight paſt concluding you were in London, from whence I underſtood one of your former was dated: Nor did I imagine you were gone back to Aimsbury ſo late in the year, at which ſeaſon I take the Country to be only a ſcene for thoſe who have been ill-uſed by a Court on account of their Virtues; which is a ſtate of happineſs the more valuable, becauſe it is not accompanied by envy, although nothing deſerves it more. I would gladly ſell a Dukedom to loſe favour in the manner their Graces have done. I believe my Lord Carteret, ſince he is no longer Lieutenant, may not wiſh me ill, and I have told him often that I hated him only as Lieutenant: I confeſs he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than moſt of his predeceſſors, and I confeſs at the ſame time,

time, that he had ſix times a regard to my recommendation by preferring ſo many of my friends in the church; and the two laſt acts of his favour was to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford, the laſt of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pultney's hands. I told you in my laſt that a continuance of giddineſs (although not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at preſent. For, in my caſe, a domeſtick life is neceſſary, where I can with the Centurion ſay to my ſervant go, and he goeth, and do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and conſequently a Dutcheſs is at this time the hatefulleſt Lady in the world to me, one only accepted, and I beg her Grace's pardon for that exception, for in the way I mean her Grace is ten thouſand times more hateful. I confeſs I begin to apprehend you will ſquander my money, becauſe I hope you never leſs wanted it, and if you go on with ſucceſs for two years longer, I fear I ſhall not have a farthing of it left. The Doctor hath ill-informed me, who ſays that Mr. Pope is at preſent the chief poetical favourite, yet Mr. Pope himſelf talks like a Philoſopher and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our few honeſt folks here is, that Duck is abſolutely to ſucceed Euſden in the laurel, the contention being between Concannen or Theobald, or ſome other Hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking,

ing, but the dubious ſtate of your affairs in thoſe days was too much the ſubject, and I wiſh the Dutcheſs had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing ſo much contributed to my eaſe as the turn of affairs after the Queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no Ambition left, unleſs I would have been a greater raſcal than happened to ſuit with my temper: I therefore ſat down quietly at my morſel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all ſucceeding Meaſures and Miniſtries, by way of ſauce to reliſh my meat: And I confeſs one point of conduct in my Lady Dutcheſs's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Iriſh practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you ſpend a dozen lines in telling me you muſt leave off, that you may give my lady Dutcheſs room to write, and ſo you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; although I would have remitted you my 200 *l.* to have left place for as many more.

To the Dutcheſs.

Madam,

My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of reſpect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the ſtairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it hath been a known and eſtabliſhed rule above twenty years in England, that the firſt advances have been conſtantly made me by all

all Ladies who aſpired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet I know not by what weakneſs, I have condeſcended graciouſly to diſpenſe with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameleſs * perſon ſent me eleven meſſages before I would yield to a viſit: I mean a perſon to whom he is infinitely obliged, for being the occaſion of the happineſs he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my Lord Duke and your Grace. At the ſame time I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You ſay; perhaps you ſhall not like me; I affirm you are miſtaken, which I can plainly demonſtrate; for I have certain intelligence, that another perſon diſlikes me of late, with whoſe likings, yours have not for ſome time paſt gone together. However, if I ſhall once have the honour to attend your Grace, I will out of fear and prudence appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction; but it was needleſs: For Diogenes himſelf would be vain, to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your Grace.

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* *The Princeſs of* Wales, *afterwards Queen* Caroline.

LETTER

LETTER LI.

Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* GAY.

Dublin, March 13, 1730-1.

YOUR ſituation is an odd one; the Dutcheſs is your Treaſurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you are the Duke's. And I had gone a good way in ſome verſes on that occaſion, preſcribing leſſons to direct your conduct, in a negative way, not to do ſo and ſo, &c. like other Treaſurers; how to deal with ſervants, tenants, or neighbouring ſquires, which I take to be Courtiers, Parliaments and Princes, in alliance, and ſo the parallel goes on, but grows too long to pleaſe me. I prove that Poets are the fitteſt perſons to be treaſurers and managers to great perſons, from their virtue, and contempt of money, &c.—Pray why did you not get a new heel to your ſhoe? unleſs you would make your court at St. James's by affecting to imitate the Prince of Lilliput.—But the reſt of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the Dutcheſs, I ſhall ſay no more to you, but apply myſelf to her Grace.

Madam, ſince Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and ſince I have the ſame perfection; I will ſettle that matter immediately to prevent thoſe ill conſequences he apprehends. Your Grace ſhall have your own way

way in all places except your own houſe and the domains about it. There, and there only, I expect to have mine, ſo that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houſes in town and country. I will likewiſe out of my ſpecial grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right againſt all human kind, except my ſelf, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ from me. You ſhall have a greater priviledge in the third article of ſpeaking your mind; which I ſhall graciouſly allow you now and then to do even to my ſelf, and only rebuke you when it doth not pleaſe me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your Grace's letter, which having not read this fortnight (having been out of town, and not daring to truſt my ſelf with the carriage of it) the preſumptuous manner in which you begin had ſlipt out of my memory: But I forgive you to the ſeventeenth line, where you begin to baniſh me for ever, by demanding me to anſwer all the kind characters ſome partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived ſixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermiſſion of two ſummers in England; and conſequently am fifty years older than I was at the Queen's death, and fifty thouſand times duller, and fifty-million times more peeviſh, perverſe, and moroſe; ſo that under theſe diſadvantages I can only pretend

pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about ſome twenty barrs length. Pray Madam, have you a clear voice, and will you let me ſit at your left hand, at leaſt within three of you, for of two bad ears my right is the beſt. My Groom tells me that he likes your park, but your houſe is too little. Can the Parſon of the pariſh play at back-gammon, and hold his tongue? Is any one of your women a good nurſe, if I ſhould fancy my ſelf ſick for four and twenty hours? How many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When theſe preliminaries are ſettled, I muſt be very poor, very ſick, or dead, or to the laſt degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Aimsbury. For I profeſs you are the firſt Lady that ever I deſired to ſee, ſince the firſt of Auguſt 1714, and I have forgot the date when that deſire grew ſtrong upon me, but I know I was not then in England, elſe I would have gone on foot for that happineſs as far as to your houſe in Scotland. But I can ſoon recollect the time, by asking ſome Ladies here the month, the day, and the hour when I began to endure their company? which however I think was a ſign of my ill judgment, for I do not perceive they mend in any thing but envying or admiring your Grace. I diſlike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad ſpelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with; wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and

and you affront your ſelf. Falſe ſpelling is only excuſeable in a Chamber-maid, for I would not pardon it in any of your waiting-women. —Pray God preſerve your Grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be ſo juſt to remember me among thoſe who have the greateſt regard for virtue, goodneſs, prudence, courage and generoſity; after which you muſt conclude that I am with the greateſt reſpect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant, &c.

To Mr. Gay.

I have juſt got yours of February 24, with a poſtſcript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him: I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the firſt part, and with great difficulty ſome days after added the reſt. I ſee his weakneſs by his hand writing. How much doth his philoſophy exceed mine? I could not bear to ſee him: I will write to him ſoon.

LETTER LII.

Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* GAY.

Dublin June 29, 1731.

EVER ſince I received your letter, I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Briſtol, to paſs a month at Aimsbury, as the Dutcheſs hath given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered; firſt I thought I had done with my law-ſuit, and ſo did all my lawyers, but my Adverſary after being in appearance a Proteſtant theſe twenty years, hath declared he was always a Papiſt, and conſequently by the law here, cannot buy nor (I think) ſell; ſo that I am at ſea again, for almoſt all I am worth. But I have ſtill a worſe evil; for the giddineſs I was ſubject to, inſtead of coming ſeldom and violently, now conſtantly attends me more or leſs, although in a more peaceable manner, yet ſuch as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy; and the Dutcheſs in all her youth, ſpirit and grandeur will make a very ill nurſe, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians muſt live where they can command, and ſcold; I muſt have horſes to ride, I muſt go to bed and riſe when I pleaſe, and live where all mortals are ſubſervient to me, I muſt talk

talk nonſenſe when I pleaſe, and all who are preſent muſt commend it. I muſt ride thrice a week, and walk three or four miles beſides every day.

I always told you Mr.——was good for nothing but to be a rank Courtier, I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the Dutcheſs, and I hate to ſee you ſo charitable, and ſuch a Cully; and yet I love you for it, becauſe I am one myſelf.

You are the ſillieſt lover in Chriſtendom: If you like Mrs.——why do you not command her to take you? if ſhe doth not, ſhe is not worth purſuing; you do her too much honour; ſhe hath neither ſenſe nor taſte if ſhe dares to refuſe you, although ſhe had ten thouſand pounds. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I underſtand your meaning, and I am ſure I had never the leaſt thoughts of my ſelf. If I am your friend it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of ſelf-love, and I do ſometimes reproach you for not honouring me by letting the world know we are friends.

I ſee very well how matters go with the Dutcheſs in regard to me. I heard her ſay, Mr. Gay fill your letter to the Dean, that there may be no room for me; the frolick is gone far enough, I have writ thrice; I will do no more: if the man hath a mind to come let him come;

what a clutter is here? positively I will not write a syllable more. She is an ungrateful Dutchess, considering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thousands she had before.——I cannot allow you rich enough until you are worth 7000 *l.* which will bring you 300 *l. per Annum*, and this will maintain you, with the perquisite of spunging while you are young, and when you are old will afford you a pint of Port at night, two servants and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink—provided you live in the country—Have you no scheme either in verse or prose? The Dutchess should keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and so I have done with you.

Madam,

Since I began to grow old, I have found all ladies become inconstant, without any reproach from their conscience. If I wait on you, I declare that one of your women (which ever it is that had designs upon a Chaplain) must be my nurse, if I happen to be sick or peevish at your house; and in that case you must suspend your domineering claim until I recover. Your omitting the usual appendix to Mr. Gay's letters hath done me infinite mischief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered since. I dare not confess that

that I have deſcended ſo low as to write to your Grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but ſuſpected it, I ſhould loſe them all. One of them who had an inclin of the matter (your Grace will hardly believe it) refuſed to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice-milk.——Pray conſider this and do your duty, or dread the conſequence. I promiſe you ſhall have your will ſix minutes every hour at Aimsbury, and ſeven in London, while I am in health: but if I happen to be ſick, I muſt govern to a ſecond. Yet properly ſpeaking there is no man alive with ſo much truth and reſpect your Grace's moſt obedient and devoted ſervant.

LETTER LIII.

Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* GAY.

Auguſt 28, 1731.

YOU and the Dutcheſs uſe me very ill, for I profeſs I cannot diſtinguiſh the ſtyle or the hand-writing of either. I think her Grace writes more like you than herſelf; and that you write more like her Grace than yourſelf. I would ſwear the beginning of your letter writ by the Dutcheſs, although it is to paſs for yours; becauſe there is a curſed lie in it, that ſhe is neither young nor healthy, and beſides it perfectly reſembles the part ſhe owns. I will likewiſe ſwear, that what I muſt ſuppoſe is written by the Dutcheſs, is your hand; and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you, but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis, to a country Parſon's, to whom I lately gave a City-living ſuch as an Engliſh Chaplain would leap at. I retired hither for the publick good, having two great works in hand; one to reduce the whole politeneſs, wit, humour, and ſtyle of England into a ſhort ſyſtem, for the uſe of all perſons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour. The other is of almoſt equal importance; I may call it the Whole duty of ſervants, in about twenty ſeveral ſtations, from the ſteward and waiting-woman down

down to the ſcullion and pantry-boy.——I believe no mortal had ever ſuch fair invitations as to be happy in the beſt company of England. I wiſh I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a perſon in Ireland called ****, who from a very low birth grew to be ſeveral times one of the chief governors, very illiterate, and with no great ſhare of ſenſe: A Lord Lieutenant told the firſt K. George that he was the greateſt ſubject he had in both Kingdoms: And truly this character was gotten and preſerved by his never appearing in England, which was the only wiſe thing he ever did, except purchaſing ſixteen thouſand pounds a year——Why, you need not ſtare: It is eaſily applyed: I muſt be abſent in order to preſerve my credit with her Grace—Lo, here comes in the Dutcheſs again (I know her by her d d's; but am a fool for diſcovering my art) to defend herſelf againſt my conjecture of what ſhe ſaid——Madam, I will imitate your Grace and write to you upon the ſame line. I own it is a baſe un-romantick ſpirit in me to ſuſpend the honour of waiting at your Grace's feet, until I can finiſh a paultry law-ſuit. It concerns indeed almoſt my whole fortune; it is equal to half Mr. Pope's, and two thirds of Mr. Gay's, and about ſix weeks rent of your Grace's. This curſed accident hath drilled away the whole ſummer. But Madam, underſtand one thing, that I take

all your ironical civilities in a literal ſenſe, and whenever I have the honour to attend you, ſhall expect them to be literally performed; although perhaps I ſhall find it hard to prove your hand-writing in a court of Juſtice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miſerably hath your Grace been miſtaken in thinking to avoid Envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at Court. * *Non te civitas, non Regia domus in exilium miſerunt, ſed tu utraſque.* So ſays Cicero (as your Grace knows) or ſo he might have ſaid.

I am told that the Craftſman in one of his papers is offended with the publiſhers of (I ſuppoſe) the laſt edition of the Dunciad; and I was asked whether you and Mr. Pope were as good friends to the new diſgraced perſon as formerly? This I knew nothing of, but ſuppoſe it was the conſequence of ſome Iriſh miſtake. As to writing, I look on you juſt in the prime of life for it, the very ſeaſon when judgment and invention draw together. But ſchemes are perfectly accidental; ſome will appear barren of hints and matter, but prove to be fruitful; and others the contrary: And what you ſay is paſt doubt,

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* *You have not been ſent into Exile by the City or by the Royal Family; but both City and Royal Family have been baniſhed by you.*

doubt, that every one can beſt find hints for himſelf; although it is poſſible that ſometimes a friend may give you a lucky one juſt ſuited to your own imagination. But all this is almoſt paſt with me: My invention and judgment are perpetually at fiſty-cuffs, until they have quite diſabled each other; and the meereſt trifles I ever wrote are ſerious philoſophical lucubrations in compariſon to what I now buſy myſelf about; as (to ſpeak in the author's phraſe) the world may one day ſee.

LETTER LIV.

Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* GAY.

Sept. 10, 1731.

IF your ramble were on horſeback, I am glad of it on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between ſtage-coaches and friends coaches; for you are as arrant a cockney as any hoſier in Cheapſide. One clean ſhirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs make up your equipage; and as for a night-gown, it is clear from Homer, that Agamemnon roſe without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have ſome great work in ſcheme, which may take up ſeven years to finiſh,

finiſh, beſides two or three under-ones that may add another thouſand pounds to your ſtock; and then I ſhall be in leſs pain about you. I know you can find dinners, but you love twelve-penny coaches too well, without conſidering that the intereſt of a whole thouſand pounds brings you but half a crown a day. I find a greater longing than ever to come among you; and reaſon good, when I am teazed with Dukes and Dutcheſſes for a viſit, all my demands complyed with, and all excuſes cut off. You remember, "O happy Don Quixot, Queens held his horſe, and Dutcheſſes pull'd off his armour," or ſomething to that purpoſe. He was a mean ſpirited fellow, I can ſay ten times more; O happy, &c. ſuch a Dutcheſs was deſigned to attend him, and ſuch a Duke invited him to command his Palace. * *Nam iſtos reges ceteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula*: go read your Plautus, and obſerve Strobilus vapouring after he had found the pot of gold.—I will have nothing to do with that Lady. I have long hated her on your account, and the more becauſe you are ſo forgiving as not to hate her; however ſhe hath good qualities enough to make her eſteemed; but not one grain of feeling. I only wiſh ſhe were a fool.—I have been

* *I paſs by thoſe other Princes, poor Mendicants of Mankind.*

been ſeveral months writing near five hundred lines on a pleaſant ſubject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will ſay of me after I am dead. I ſhall finiſh it ſoon, for I add two lines every week, and blot out four and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors—It is a great comfort to ſee how Corruption and ill conduct are inſtrumental in uniting virtuous perſons and lovers of their country of all denominations: Whig and Tory, High and Low-church, as ſoon as they are left to think freely, all joyning in opinion. If this be diſaffection, pray God ſend me always among the diſſaffected! and I heartily wiſh you joy of your ſcurvy treatment at Court, which hath given you leiſure to cultivate both publick and private Virtue, neither of them likely to be ſoon met with within the walls of St. James's or Weſtminſter.—But I muſt here diſmiſs you, that I may pay my acknowledgments to the Duke for the great honour he hath done me.

My Lord,

I could have ſworn that my Pride would be always able to preſerve me from vanity; of which I have been in great danger to be guilty for ſome months paſt, firſt by the conduct of my Lady Dutcheſs, and now by that of your Grace, which had like to finiſh the work: And I ſhould have certainly gone about ſhewing

ing my letters under the charge of ſecrecy to every blab of my acquaintance, if I could have the leaſt hope of prevailing on any of them to believe that a man in ſo obſcure a corner, quite thrown out of the preſent world and within a few ſteps of the next, ſhould receive ſuch condeſcending invitations, from two ſuch perſons to whom he is an utter ſtranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial repreſentations of a friend. But in the mean time I muſt deſire your Grace not to flatter your ſelf, that I waited for your conſent to accept the invitation: I muſt be ignorant indeed not to know, that the Dutcheſs, ever ſince you met, hath been moſt politickly employed in encreaſing thoſe forces, and ſharpning thoſe arms with which ſhe ſubdued you at firſt, and to which, the braver and wiſer you grow, you will more and more ſubmit. Thus I knew my ſelf on the ſecure ſide, and it was a mere piece of good manners to inſert that clauſe, of which you have taken the advantage. But, as I cannot forbear informing your Grace that the Dutcheſs's great ſecret in her art of government, hath been to reduce both your wills into one; ſo I am content in due obſervance to the forms of the world to return my moſt humble thanks to your Grace for ſo great a favour as you are pleaſed to offer me, and which nothing but impoſſibilities ſhall prevent me from receiving, ſince I am with

with the greateſt reaſon, truth, and reſpect, my Lord, your Grace's moſt obedient, &c.

Madam,

I have conſulted all the learned in occult ſciences of my acquaintance, and have ſate up eleven nights to diſcover the meaning of thoſe two hieroglyphical lines in your Grace's hand at the bottom of the laſt Aimsbury letter, but all in vain. Only it is agreed, that the language is Coptick, and a very profound Behmiſt aſſures me, the ſtyle is poetick, containing an invitation from a very great perſon of the female ſex to a ſtrange kind of man, whom ſhe never ſaw: And this is all I can find, which after ſo many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that reſpect wherewith I am, Madam, your Grace's moſt obedient, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LV.

Mr. GAY *to Dr.* SWIFT.

December 1, 1731.

YOU us'd to complain that Mr. Pope and I would not let you ſpeak: you may now be even with me, and take it out in writing. If you don't ſend to me now and then, the poſt-office will think me of no conſequence, for I have no correſpondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you pleaſe, you cannot be forgotten by thoſe who ever knew you, and therefore pleaſe me by ſometimes ſhewing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendſhip to you; I ſeek no new acquaintance, and court no favour; I ſpend no ſhillings in coaches or chairs to levees or great viſits, and as I don't want the aſſiſtance of ſome that I formerly convers'd with, I will not ſo much as ſeem to ſeek to be a dependant. As to my ſtudies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot ſay that I have yet perfected any thing. What I have done is ſomething in the way of thoſe Fables, I have already publiſhed. All the money I get is by ſaving, ſo that by habit there may be ſome hopes (if I grow richer) of my becoming a miſer. All miſers have their excuſes; the motive

to

to my parſimony is Independance. If I were to be repreſented by the Dutcheſs (ſhe is ſuch a downright niggard for me) this character might not be allowed me; but I really think I am covetous enough for any who lives at the court-end of the town, and who is as poor as myſelf: For I don't pretend that I am equally ſaving with S—lk—k. Mr. Lewis deſir'd you might be told that he hath five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot, for he will hardly allow that a Verſeman can have a juſt knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your law-ſuit, I was in hopes you had got your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr. Pope tells me you are not entirely out of your perplexity, though you have the ſecurity now in your own poſſeſſion; but ſtill your caſe is not ſo bad as Captain Gulliver's, who was ruin'd by having a decree for him with coſts. I have had an injunction for me againſt pyrating-bookſellers, which I am ſure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end drain me of ſome money. When I begun this proſecution I fancy'd there would be ſome end of it, but the law ſtill goes on, and it is probable I ſhall ſome time or other ſee an Attorney's bill as long as the Book. Poor Duke Diſney is dead, and hath left what he had among his friends, among whom are Lord Bolingbroke 500 *l.* Sir William

liam Wyndham's youngeſt ſon 500 *l.* Gen. Hill, 500 *l.* Lord Maſſam's ſon 500 *l.*

You have the good wiſhes of thoſe I converſe with, they know they gratify me when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own ſake. I am ſatisfied with the love and friendſhip of good men, and envy not the demerits of thoſe who are more conſpicuouſly diſtinguiſh'd. Therefore as I ſet a juſt value upon your friendſhip, you cannot pleaſe me more than letting me now and then know that you remember me (the only ſatisfaction of diſtant friends!)

P. S. Mr. Gay's is a good letter, mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the worſt of it is what ſhould be its excuſe, that I write in a head-ach that has laſted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together: Though in one point I am apt to differ from you, for you ſhun your friends when you are in thoſe circumſtances, and I deſire them; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady—took your letter very kindly, for I had prepared her to expect no anſwer under a twelvemonth; but kindneſs perhaps is a word not applicable to courtiers: however ſhe is an extraordinary woman there, who will do you common juſtice. For God's ſake why all this ſcruple about Lord B—'s

B——'s keeping your horſes, who has a park, or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine; John Gay ſhall help me to entertain you, tho' you come like King Lear with fifty Knights—Tho' ſuch proſpects as I wiſh cannot now be formed for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you part again: The old Lord may die, the benefice may drop, or at worſt you may carry me into Ireland. You will ſee a work of Lord B———'s and one of mine; which with a juſt neglect of the preſent age, conſult only poſterity; and with a noble ſcorn of Politicks, aſpire to Philoſophy. I am glad you reſolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and intereſt of Parties, even of Countries, (for Countries are but larger parties) * *Quid verum atque decens, curare, & rogare, noſtrum ſit.* I am much pleaſed with your deſign upon Rochefoucault's maxim, pray finiſh it: I am happy whenever you joyn our names together; ſo would Dr. Arbuthnot be, but at this time he can be pleas'd with nothing; for his darling ſon is dying in all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

The paper you ask me about is of little value. It might have been a ſeaſonable ſatire upon the

* *We ſpend our Time in the Search and Enquiry after Truth and Decency.*

ſcandalous language and paſſion with which men of condition have ſtooped to treat one another: ſurely they ſacrifice too much to the people when they ſacrifice their own characters, families, &c. to the diverſion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of moſt popularity, fame, &c. even as a writer I am cool in it, and whenever you ſee what I am now writing, you'll be convinced I would pleaſe but a few, and (if I could) make mankind leſs Admirers and greater Reaſoners. I ſtudy much more to render my own portion of Being eaſy, and to keep this peviſh frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have not quite unman'd me, and it will delight you to hear they are not increaſed, tho' not diminiſhed. I thank God I do not very much want people to attend me, tho' my Mother now cannot. When I am ſick I lie down, when I am better I riſe up: I am uſed to the head-ach, &c. If greater pains arrive (ſuch as my late rheumatiſm) the ſervants bathe and plaiſter me, or the ſurgeon ſcarifies me, and I bear it, becauſe I muſt. This is the evil of Nature, not of Fortune. I am juſt now as well as when you was here: I pray God you were no worſe. I ſincerely wiſh my life were paſt near you, and ſuch as it is I would not repine at it.—All you mention remember you, and wiſh you here.

LETTER LVI.

Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* GAY.

Dublin, May 4, 1732.

I Am now as lame as when you writ your letter, and almoſt as lame as your letter itſelf, for want of that limb from my Lady Dutcheſs, which you promiſed, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true ſtep even on Aimsbury Downs, and I declare that a corporeal falſe ſtep is worſe than a political one; nay worſe than a thouſand political ones, for which I appeal to Courts and Miniſters, who hobble on and proſper without the ſenſe of feeling. To talk of riding and walking is inſulting me, for I can as ſoon fly as do either. It is your pride or lazineſs, more than chair-hire, that makes the town expenſive: no honour is loſt by walking in the dark; and in the day, you my beckon a black-guard-boy under a gate near your viſiting place, (* *experto crede*) ſave eleven pence, and get half a crowns worth of health. The worſt of my preſent misfortune is, that I eat and drink and

* *Believe me who have experienced it.*

can digeſt neither for want of exerciſe; and to encreaſe my miſery, the knaves are ſure to find me at home, and make huge void ſpaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you, for loſing your Great acquaintance; in ſuch a caſe, Philoſophy teaches that we muſt ſubmit andb e content with Good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refuſing his penſion, but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which I conceive is wholly changed and entirely devoted to new principles; ſo it appeared to me the two laſt times I was there.

I find by the whole caſt of your letter that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever, juſt the reverſe of Mr. Pope, who hath always loved a domeſtick life from his youth. I was going to wiſh you had ſome little place that you could call your own; but I profeſs I do not know you well enough to contrive any one ſyſtem of life that would pleaſe you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the Dutcheſs, yet from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent deſire of perpetually ſhifting places and company, with a rooted lazineſs, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and ſix horſes is the utmoſt exerciſe you can bear, and this only when you can fill it with ſuch company as is beſt ſuited to your taſte; and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting? while I who am ſo much later in life can, or at leaſt could,

could, ride 500 miles on a trotting horſe. You mortally hate writing, only becauſe it is the thing you chiefly ought to do; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you eaſy in your fortune. You are merciful to every thing but money, your beſt friend, which you treat with inhumanity. Be aſſured, I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your Abſence of mind? can you attend to trifles? can you at Aimsbury write domeſtick libels to divert the family and neighbouring ſquires for five miles round? or venture ſo far on horſeback without apprehending a ſtumble at every ſtep? can you ſet the footmen laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the Dutcheſs's women admire your wit? in what eſteem are you with the Vicar of the pariſh? can you play with him at back-gammon? have the farmers found out that you cannot diſtinguiſh rye from barley, or an oak from a crab-tree? You are ſenſible that I know the full extent of your country ſkill is in fiſhing for Roaches, or Gudgeons at the higheſt.

I love to do you good offices, with your friends, and therefore deſire you will ſhew this letter to the Dutcheſs, to improve her Grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how uſeful you are like to be in the family. Her Grace ſhall have the honour of my correſpondence again when ſhe goes to Aimsbury.

Hear a piece of Iriſh news, I buried the famous General Meredyth's father laſt night in my Cathedral, he was ninety ſix-years old: ſo that Mrs. Pope may live ſeven years longer. You ſaw Mr. Pope in health, pray is he generally more healthy than when I was amongſt you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day? My ſtint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night; but I often dine alone like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you, for I would have ſociety if I could get what I like; people of middle underſtanding and middle rank.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER LVII.

Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* GAY.

Dublin, July 10, 1732.

I Had your letter by Mr. Ryves a long time after the date, for I ſuppoſe he ſtayed long in the way. I am glad you determine upon ſomething; there is no writing I eſteem more than Fables, nor any thing ſo difficult to ſucceed in, which however you have done excellently well, and I have often admired your happineſs in ſuch a kind of performance, which I have frequently endeavoured at in vain. I remember I acted as you ſeem to hint; I found a Moral firſt and then ſtudied for a Fable, but could do nothing that pleaſed me, and ſo left off that ſcheme for ever. I remember one, which was to repreſent what ſcoundrels riſe in Armies by a long War, wherein I ſuppoſed the Lion was engaged, and having loſt all his animals of worth, at laſt Sergeant Hog came to be a Brigadier, and Corporal Aſs a Colonel. &c. I agree with you likewiſe about getting ſomething by the ſtage, which when it ſucceeds is the beſt crop for poetry in England: But pray take ſome new ſcheme, quite different from any thing you have already touched. The preſent humour of the players, who hardly (as

I was told in London) regard any new play, and your preſent ſituation at the Court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but thoſe circumſtances may have altered (at leaſt the former) ſince I left you. My ſcheme was to paſs a month at Aimsbury, and then go to Twittenham, and live a winter between that and Dawley, and ſometimes at Riskins, without going to London, where I now can have no occaſional lodgings: But I am not yet in any condition for ſuch removals. I would fain have you get enough againſt you grow old, to have two or three ſervants about you and a convenient houſe. It is hard to want thoſe * *ſubſidia ſenectuti*, when a man grows hard to pleaſe, and few people care whether he be pleaſed or no: I have a large houſe, yet I ſhould hardly prevail to find one viſiter, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine: ſo that when I am not abroad on horſeback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful if a friend would paſs the evening with me. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me, and ſo here's your health—— and the ſecond and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my Lady Dutcheſs——and I tell you that I fear my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope (a couple of Philoſophers) would ſtarve me, for even of port wine I ſhould require half a pint

* *Supports to old Age.*

a pint a day and as much at night: and you were growing as bad, unleſs your Duke and Dutcheſs have mended you. Your cholick is owing to intemperance of the philoſophical kind: you eat without care, and if you drink leſs than I, you drink too little. But your Inattention I cannot pardon, becauſe I imagined the cauſe was removed; for I thought it lay in your forty millions of ſchemes by Court-hopes and Court-fears. Yet Mr. Pope has the ſame defect, and it is of all others the moſt mortal to converſation, neither is my Lord Bolingbroke untinged with it: all for want of my rule, *Vive la bagatelle!* but the Doctor is the King of Inattention. What a vexatious life ſhould I lead amongſt you? if the Dutcheſs be a *reveuſe*, I will never come to Aimsbury; or if I do, I will run away from you both to one of her women and the ſteward and chaplain.

Madam,

I mentioned ſomething to Mr. Gay of a Tunbridge-acquaintance, whom we forget of courſe when we return to town, and yet I am aſſured, that if they meet again next ſummer, they have a better title to reſume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of correſponding with your Grace to be better eſtabliſhed upon your return to Aimsbury; and I ſhall at this time deſcend to forget, or at leaſt ſuſpend my reſentments of your neglect all the time you were in London.

London. I ſtill keep in my heart, that Mr. Gay had no ſooner turned his back, than you left the place in his letter void which he had commanded you to fill; though your guilt confounded you ſo far that you wanted preſence of mind to blot out the laſt line where that command ſtared you in the face. But, it is my misfortune to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worſt; and fortune is ever againſt me, but never ſo much as by purſuing me out of mere partiality to your Grace, for which you are to anſwer. By your connivance, ſhe hath pleaſed by one ſtumble one the ſtairs to give me a lameneſs that ſix months have not been able perfectly to cure: and thus I am prevented from revenging myſelf by continuing a month at Aimsbury, and breeding confuſion in your Grace's family. No diſappointment through my whole life hath been ſo vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I ſhall ever live to ſee the inviſible Lady to whom I was obliged for ſo many favours, and whom I never beheld ſince ſhe was a brat in hanging-ſleeves. I am, and ſhall be ever with the greateſt reſpect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's moſt obedient, and moſt humble, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LVIII.

Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* GAY.

Dublin, Aug. 12, 1732.

I Know not what to ſay to the account of your ſtewardſhip, and it is monſtrous to me that the South-ſea ſhould pay half their debts at one clap. But I will ſend for the money when you put me into the way, for I ſhall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miſeries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled and worſe than ever; ſo that I ſhall ſoon petition the Dutcheſs, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thouſand pounds to keep up my dignity. My own hundred pound will buy me ſix hogſheads of wine, which will ſupport me a year; * *proviſæ frugis in annum copiæ*; Horace deſired no more, for I will conſtrue *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get ſome lucky hint, which muſt come by chance, and it ſhall be a thing of importance, † *quod & hunc in annum vivet et plures*, and you ſhall not finiſh it in haſte, and it ſhall be diverting, and uſefully

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* *A Stock of Wine laid up for many Years.*
† *Which may live this Year and many others.*

fully ſatyrical, and the Dutcheſs ſhall be your critick; and betwixt you and me, I do not find ſhe will grow weary of you until this time ſeven years. I had lately an offer to change for an Engliſh living, which is juſt too ſhort by 300 *l.* a year: and that muſt be made up out of the Dutcheſs's pin-money before I can conſent. I want to be Miniſter of Aimsbury, Dawley, Twittenham, Riskins, and Prebendary of Weſtminſter, elſe I will not ſtir a ſtep, but content my ſelf with making the Dutcheſs miſerable three months next ſummer. But I keep ill company; I mean the Dutcheſs and you who are both out of favour, and ſo I find am I, by a few verſes wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr. D—y hath got a wife with 1600 *l.* a year; I who am his governor cannot take one under two-thouſand; I wiſh you would inquire of ſuch a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profeſs I envy you above all men in England; you want nothing but three thouſand pounds more, to keep you in plenty when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which laſt evil at Aimsbury, you muſt learn to domineer and be peeviſh, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the ſervants, with ſome other leſſons which I ſhall teach you, and always practiſed myſelf with ſucceſs. I believe I formerly deſired to know whether the

Vicar

Vicar of Aimsbury can play at back-gammon: pray ask him the queſtion, and give him my ſervice.

To the Dutcheſs.

Madam,

I was the moſt unwary creature in the world, when againſt my old maxims, I writ firſt to you upon your return to Tunbridge, I beg that this condeſcenſion of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of Inattention, although the pretended cauſes were removed. When I was with Mr. Gay laſt in London, talking with him on ſome poetical ſubjects, he would anſwer; "Well, "I am determined not to accept the employ-"ment of Gentleman-uſher," and of the ſame diſpoſition were all my poetical friends, and if you cannot cure him I utterly deſpair.——As to your ſelf I will ſay to you (although compariſons be odious) what I ſaid to the—that your quality ſhould be never any motive of eſteem to me. My compliment was then loſt, but it will not be ſo to you. For I know you more by any one of your letters than I could by ſix months converſing; your pen is always more natural, and ſincere, and unaffected than your tongue: In writing you are too lazy to give your ſelf the trouble of acting a part, and have

have indeed acted ſo indiſcreetly that I have you at mercy; and although you ſhould arrive to ſuch a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet whenever I produce it, the world will unite in ſwearing this muſt come from you only.

I will anſwer your queſtion. Mr. Gay is not diſcreet enough to live alone, but he is too diſcreet to live alone, and yet (unleſs you mend him) he will live alone even in your Grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the ſubject of bread and butter, is the moſt uſual thing in the world; Parliaments, Courts, Cities, and Kingdoms quarrel for no other cauſe; from hence, and from hence only ariſe all the quarrels between Whig and Tory; between thoſe who are in the Miniſtry, and thoſe who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the Church, the Law, and the Army; even the common proverb teacheth you this, when we ſay, it is none of my bread and butter; meaning it is no buſineſs of mine. Therefore I deſpair of any reconcilement between you until the affair of bread and butter be adjuſted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet ſhould come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent lady be who lives a few miles from this town? As I was telling of Mr. Gay's way of living at Aimsbury, ſhe offered fifty guineas to have you both at her houſe for one hour over a bottle of burgundy, which

which we were then drinking. To your queſtion I anſwer, that your Grace ſhould pull me by the ſleeve until you tore it off, and when you ſaid you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my cloaths to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you ſay of my Lord Duke, unleſs I ſee three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr. Gay muſt give me a particular account of every branch, for I am not aſhamed of you although you be Duke and Dutcheſs, although I have been of others who are, &c. and I do not doubt but even your own ſervants love you, even down to your poſtilions; and when I come to Aimsbury, before I ſee your Grace I will have an hour's converſation with the Vicar, who will tell me how familiary you talk to goody Dobſon and all the neighbours, as if you were their equals, and that you were godmother to to her ſon Jacky.

I am and ſhall be ever with the greateſt reſpect your Grace's moſt obedient, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LIX.

Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* GAY.

Dublin, Oct. 3, 1732.

I Uſually write to friends after a pauſe of a few weeks, that I many not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diverſions. I believe I have told you of a great man who ſaid to me, that he never once in his life received a good letter from Ireland: for which there are reaſons enough without affronting our underſtandings. For there is not one perſon out of this country who regards any events that paſs here unleſs he hath an eſtate or employment.——I cannot tell that you or I ever gave the leaſt provocation to the preſent Miniſtry, and much leſs to the Court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part I do not ſee the politicks of opening common letters, directed to perſons generally known: For a man's underſtanding would be very weak to convey ſecrets by the poſt, if he knew any, which I declare I do not; and beſides, I think the world is already ſo well informed by plain events, that I queſtion whether the miniſters have any ſecrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehenſion if a letter ſhould be ſent me full of treaſon;

treaſon; becauſe I cannot hinder people from writing what they pleaſe, nor ſending it to me; and although it ſhould be diſcovered to have been opened before it came to my hand, I would only burn it and think no further. I approve of the ſcheme you have to grow ſomewhat richer, although I agree you will meet with diſcouragements; and it is reaſonable you ſhould, conſidering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you muſt allow that the bad painter was in the right, who having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens and even the chickens, for fear thoſe who paſſed by his ſhop might make a compariſon with his work. And I will ſay one thing in ſpight of the Poſt-officers, that ſince Wit and Learning began to be made uſe of in our kingdoms, they were never profeſſedly thrown aſide, contemned and puniſhed, until within your own memory; nor Dulneſs, and Ignorance ever ſo openly encouraged and promoted. In anſwer to what you ſay of my living among you, if I could do it to my eaſe. Perhaps you have heard of a ſcheme for an exchange in Berkſhire propoſed by two of our friends; but beſides the difficulty of adjuſting certain circumſtances, it would not anſwer; I am at a time of life that ſeeks eaſe and independance, you will hear my reaſons when you ſee thoſe friends, and I concluded them with ſaying; That I would rather be a freeman among

ſlaves, than a ſlave among freemen. The dignity of my preſent ſtation damps the pertneſs of inferior puppies and ſquires, which without plenty and eaſe on your ſide the channel, would break my heart in a month.

Madam,

See what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that ſame Strado del Poe; and yet if that Author be againſt lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good Courtier; which I am ſure your Grace is not, no not ſo much as to be a Maid of honour. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither a free-thinker, nor can ſell bargains; that you can neither ſpell, nor talk, nor write, nor think like a Courtier; that you pretend to be reſpected for qualities which have been out of faſhion ever ſince you were almoſt in your cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of diſaffection; which is further confirmed by your ill taſte for Wit, in preferring two old-faſhioned poets before Duck or Cibber. Beſides you ſpell in ſuch a manner as no court lady can read, and write in ſuch an old-faſhioned ſtyle, as none of them can underſtand.—You need not be in pain about Mr. Gay's ſtock of health, I promiſe you he will ſpend it all upon lazineſs, and run deep in debt by a winter's repoſe in town; therefore I intreat your Grace will order him to move his chops leſs and his legs

legs more for the ſix cold months, elſe he will ſpend all his money in phyſick and coach-hire. I am in much perplexity about your Grace's declaration, of the manner in which you diſpoſe what you call your love and reſpect, which you ſay are not paid to Merit but to your own Humour. Now Madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of Merit, and there goes an ugly obſervation, that the humour of ladies is apt to change. Now Madam, if I ſhould go to Aimsbury with a great load of merit, and your Grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchaſe my merchandize at the price of your reſpect, the goods may be damaged, and no body elſe will take them off my hands. Beſides you have declared Mr. Gay to hold the firſt part, and I but the ſecond, which is hard treatment, ſince I ſhall be the neweſt acquaintance by ſome years, and I will appeal to all the reſt of your ſex, whether ſuch an innovation ought to be allowed? I ſhould be ready to ſay in the common forms, that I was much obliged to the Lady who wiſhed ſhe could give me the beſt living, &c. if I did not vehemently ſuſpect it was the very ſame Lady who ſpoke many things to me in the ſame ſtyle, and alſo with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whoſe Dupe he was, as well as of her waiting-woman: but they were both arrant knaves, as I told him and a third friend, although they will

not believe it to this day. I desire to present my most humble respects to my Lord Duke, and with my heartiest prayer for the prosperity of the whole family, remain your Grace's, &c.

LETTER LX.

* *Mr.* POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Dec. 5, 1732.

IT is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears) It is not now indeed a time to think of one's self, when one of the nearest and longest tyes I have ever had, is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine a clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He

* *On my dear Friend Mr.* Gay's *Death: Received* December 15, *but not read till the* 20th, *by an Impulse foreboding some Misfortune.* [This Note is indors'd on the original Letter in Dr. *Swift*'s Hand.]

He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breaſt. His effects are in the Duke of Queensbury's cuſtody. His ſiſters, we ſuppoſe, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will—Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this ſtage? in every friend we loſe a part of ourſelves, and the beſt part. God keep thoſe we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's ſelf the leaſt of all. I ſhall never ſee you now I believe; one of your principal Calls to England is at an end! indeed he was the moſt amiable by far, his qualities were the gentleſt, but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have loſt had not been ſo amiable, nor ſo good! but that's a wiſh for our own ſakes, not for his. Sure if Innocence and Integrity can deſerve Happineſs, it muſt be his. Adieu. I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminiſh nothing from it. Yet write to me, and ſoon. Believe no man now living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than A. Pope.

Dr. Arbuthnot, whoſe humanity you know, heartily commends himſelf to you. All poſſible diligence and affection have been ſhown, and continued attendance on this melancholy occaſion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly diſconſolate.——

P. S. By Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Dear Sir,

I am ſorry that the renewal of our correſpondence ſhould be upon ſuch a melancholy occaſion; poor Mr. Gay dy'd of an inflammation, and I believe at laſt a mortification of the bowels; it was the moſt precipitate caſe I ever knew, having cut him off in three days: he was attended by two phyſicians beſides my ſelf. I believe the diſtemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleaſure of a line from you theſe two years. I wrote one about your health, to which I had no anſwer. I wiſh you all health and happineſs, being with great affection and reſpect, Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER LXI.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Feb. 16, 1732-3.

IT is indeed impoſſible to ſpeak on ſuch a ſubject as the loſs of Mr. Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I ſend you what I intend for the inſcription on his tomb, which the Duke of Queensbury will ſet up at Weſtminſter. As to his writings he left no Will, nor ſpoke a word of them, or any thing elſe, during his ſhort and precipitate illneſs, in which I attended him to his laſt breath. The Duke has acted more than the part of a brother to him, and it will be ſtrange if the ſiſters do not leave his papers totally to his diſpoſal, who will do the ſame that I would with them. He has managed the Comedy (which our poor friend gave to the playhouſe the week before his death) to the utmoſt advantage for his relations; and propoſes to do the ſame with ſome Fables he left finiſhed.

There is nothing of late which I think of more than mortality, and what you mention, of collecting the beſt monuments we can of our friends, their own images in their writings: (for thoſe are the beſt, when their minds are ſuch as Mr. Gay's was, and as yours is.) I

am preparing alſo for my own; and have nothing ſo much at heart as to ſhew the ſilly world that men of Wit, or even Poets may be the moſt moral of mankind. A few looſe things ſometimes fall from them, by which cenſorious fools judge as ill of them as poſſibly they can for their own comfort: and indeed, when ſuch unguarded and trifling *Jeux d'Eſprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence or repentance can do, ſince they cannot be denyed, is to put 'em fairly upon that foot; and teach the publick (as we have done in the preface to the four volumes of miſcellanies) to diſtinguiſh betwixt our ſtudies and our idleneſſes, our works and our weakneſſes, that was the whole end of the laſt Vol. of Miſcellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface, "That "theſe volumes contained all that we had ever "offended in that way," would have been diſcredited. It went indeed to my heart, to omit what you called the libel on Dr. Delany and the beſt panegyrick on myſelf that either my own times or any other could have afforded, or will ever afford to me. The book as you obſerve was printed in great haſte; the cauſe whereof was that the bookſellers here were doing the ſame, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff; I don't mean that any thing of yours is chaff, but with other wit of Ireland which was ſo, and the whole in your name. I mean principally to oblige a ſeparation of what

what you writ ſeriouſly from what you writ careleſsly: and thought my own weeds might paſs for a ſort of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.

It was I that ſent you thoſe Books into Ireland, and ſo I did my Epiſtle to Lord Bathurſt even before it was publiſhed, and another thing of mine which is a * Parody from Horace, writ in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of any poem than of the former of theſe, nor leſs than of the latter: yet every friend has forc'd me to print it, tho' in truth my own ſingle motive was about a ſcore of lines towards the latter end, which you will find out.

I have declined opening to you by letters the whole ſcheme of my preſent Work, expecting ſtill to do it in a better manner in perſon: but you will ſee pretty ſoon, that the letter to Lord Bathurſt is a part of it, and you will find a plain connexion between them, if you read them in the order juſt contrary to that they were publiſh'd in. I imitate thoſe cunning tradeſmen, who ſhow their beſt ſilks laſt: or, (to give you a truer idea, tho' it ſounds too proudly) my works will in one reſpect be like the works of Nature, much more to be liked and underſtood when conſider'd in the relation they bear

* Sat. 1. Lib. 2.

bear with each other, than when ignorantly look'd upon one by one; and often, thoſe parts which attract moſt at firſt ſight, will appear to be not the moſt, but the leaſt conſiderable.

I am pleas'd and flatter'd by your expreſſion of *Orna me*. The chief pleaſure this work can give me is, that I can in it, with propriety, decency, and juſtice, inſert the name and character of every friend I have, and every man that deſerves to be lov'd or adorn'd. But I ſmile at your applying that phraſe to my viſiting you in Ireland; a place where I might have ſome apprehenſion (from their extraordinary paſſion for poetry, and hoſpitality in entertaining) of being *adorn'd* to death, and buried under the weight of garlands, like a Lady I have read of ſomewhere or other. My mother lives (which is an anſwer to that point) and (I thank God) tho' her memory be in a manner gone, is yet awake and ſenſible to me, tho' ſcarce to any thing elſe; which doubles the reaſon of my attendance, and at the ſame time ſweetens it.—I wiſh (beyond any other wiſh) you could paſs a ſummer here; I might (too probably) return with you, unleſs you preferr'd to ſee France firſt, to which country I think you would have a ſtrong invitation——Lord Peterborow has narrowly eſcaped death, and yet keeps his chamber: he is perpetually ſpeaking in the moſt affectionate manner of you: he has written you two letters which you never received,

ceived, and by that has been diſcourag'd from writing more. I can well believe the poſt-office may do this, when ſome letters of his to me have met the ſame fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this diſcourage you from writing to me, or to him inclos'd in the common way, as I do to you: Innocent men need fear no detection of their thoughts; and for my part, I wou'd give 'em free leave to ſend all I write to Curl, if moſt of what I write was not too ſilly.

I deſire my ſincere ſervices to Dr. Delany, who I agree with you is a man every way eſteemable: my Lord O—ry is a moſt virtuous and good-natur'd Nobleman, whom I ſhould be happy to know better. Lord B. receiv'd your letter thro' my hands; it is not to be told you how much he wiſhes for you: The whole liſt of perſons to whom you ſent your ſervices return you theirs, with proper ſenſe of the diſtinction——Your Lady friend is *Semper Eadem*, and I have written an Epiſtle to her, on that qualification in a female character; which is thought by my chief Critick in your abſence to be my *Chef d'Oeuvre*: but it cannot be printed perfectly in an age ſo ſore of ſatire, and ſo willing to miſapply characters.

As to my own health, it is as good as uſual. I have lain ill ſeven days of a ſlight fever (the complaint here) but recovered by gentle ſweats, and the care of Dr. Arbuthnot. The play Mr. Gay

Gay left ſucceeds very well; it is another original in its kind. Adieu. God preſerve your life, your health, your limbs, your ſpirits, and your friendſhips!

LETTER LXII.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

April 2, 1733.

YOU ſay truly that death is only terrible to us as it ſeparates us from thoſe we love, but I really think thoſe have the worſt of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more (I fancy) in the loſs of poor Mr. Gay, than I ſhall ſuffer in the thought of going away my ſelf into a ſtate that can feel none of this ſort of loſſes. I wiſh'd vehemently to have ſeen him in a condition of living independant, and to have lived in perfect indolence the reſt of our days together, the two moſt idle, moſt innocent, undeſigning Poets of our age. I now as vehemently wiſh you and I might walk into the grave together, by as ſlow ſteps as you pleaſe, but contentedly and chearfully: Whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more, than into what country we ſhall walk out of the grave. But it ſuffices me to know it will be exactly what region or

ſtate

ſtate our Maker appoints, and that whatever *Is* is *Right*. Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands, and for as much as is ſo, I will take care to ſuppreſs things unworthy of him. As to the Epitaph, I'm ſorry you gave a copy, for it will certainly by that means come into print, and I would correct it more unleſs you will do it for me (and that I ſhall like as well:) Upon the whole I earneſtly wiſh your coming over hither, for this reaſon among many others, that your influence may be join'd with mine to ſuppreſs whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plunged in my Neighbours and my papers, will be your inevitable fate as ſoon as you come. That I am an Author whoſe characters are thought of ſome weight, appears from the great noiſe and buſtle that the Court and Town make about any I give: and I will not render them leſs important or intereſting, by ſparing Vice and Folly, or by betraying the cauſe of Truth and Virtue. I will take care they ſhall be ſuch as no man can be angry at but the perſons I would have angry. You are ſenſible with what decency and juſtice I paid homage to the Royal Family, at the ſame time that I ſatirized falſe Courtiers, and Spies, &c. about 'em. I have not the courage however to be ſuch a Satyriſt as you, but I would be as much, or more, a Philoſopher. You call your ſatires, Libels; I would rather call my ſatires, Epiſtles: They will conſiſt more

more of morality than wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller. I ſhall leave it to my Antagoniſts to be witty (if they can) and content myſelf to be uſeful and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady M—y's or Lord H—y's performance? they are certainly the Top wits of the Court, and you may judge by that ſingle piece what can be done againſt me; for it was labour'd, corrected, præ-commended and poſt-diſapprov'd, ſo far as to be diſown'd by themſelves, after each had highly cry'd it up for the others. I have met with ſome complaints, and heard at a diſtance of ſome threats, occaſion'd by my ſatires: I ſent fair meſſages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houſes to ſatisfy them, and ſo it dropped. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a diſtance, and have nothing to ſay to you when they ſee you.—I am glad you perſiſt and abide by ſo good a thing as that Poem, in which I am immortal for my Morality: I never took any praiſe ſo kindly, and yet I think I deſerve that praiſe better than I do any other. When does your collection come out, and what will it conſiſt of? I have but laſt week finiſhed another of my Epiſtles, in the order of the ſyſtem; and this week *(exercitandi gratia)* I have tranſlated (or rather parody'd) another of Horace's, in which I introduce you adviſing me about my expences, houſekeeping, &c. But theſe things

things ſhall lye by, till you come to carp at 'em, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our Parliament will ſit till Midſummer, which I hope may be a motive to bring you rather in ſummer than ſo late as autumn: you uſe to love what I hate, a hurry of politicks, &c. Courts I ſee not, Courtiers I know not, Kings I adore not, Queens I compliment not; ſo I am never like to be in faſhion, nor in dependance. I heartily joyn with you in pitying our poor Lady for her unhappineſs, and ſhould only pity her more, if ſhe had more of what they at Court call Happineſs. Come then, and perhaps we may go all together into France at the end of the ſeaſon, and compare the Liberties of both kingdoms. Adieu. Believe me dear Sir (with a thouſand warm wiſhes, mix'd with ſhort ſighs) ever yours.

LETTER

LETTER LXIII.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

May 28, 1733.

I Have begun two or three letters to you by ſnatches, and been prevented from finiſhing them by a thouſand avocations and diſſipations. I muſt firſt acknowledge the honour done me by Lord Orrery, whoſe praiſes are that precious ointment Solomon ſpeaks of, which can be given only by men of Virtue: all other praiſe whether from Poets or Peers, is contemptible alike: and I am old enough and experienced enough to know, that the only praiſes worth having, are thoſe beſtowed *by* Virtue *for* Virtue. My Poetry I abandon to the criticks, my Morals I commit to the teſtimony of thoſe who know me: and therefore I was more pleaſed with your Libel, than with any Verſes I ever received. I wiſh ſuch a collection of your writings could be printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland; I was ſurprized to receive from the Printer that ſpurious piece call'd, The Life and Character of Dr. Swift, with a letter, telling me the perſon who 'publiſhed it had aſſured him the Dedication 'to me was what I would not take ill, or elſe 'he would not have printed it.' I can't tell who

who the man is, who took ſo far upon him as to anſwer for my way of thinking; tho' had the thing been genuine, I ſhould have been greatly diſpleaſed at the publiſher's part, in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earneſt as you can be, in doing my beſt to prevent the publiſhing of any thing unworthy of Mr. Gay; but I fear his friends partiality. I wiſh you would come over. All the myſteries of my philoſophical work ſhall then be cleared to you, and you will not think of me as you do of Dr. Young, that I am not merry enough nor angry enough: It will not want for Satire, but as for Anger I know it not; or at leaſt only that ſort of which the Apoſtle ſpeaks, " be ye angry and ſin not.

My Neighbour's * writings have been metaphyſical, and will next be hiſtorical. It is certainly from him only that a valuable Hiſtory of Europe in theſe latter times can be expected. Come, and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wiſeſt indifferent whether poſterity be any wiſer than we. To a man in years, Health and Quiet become ſuch rarities, and conſequently ſo valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of enjoying them when ever he can, for

* *Lord* Bolingbroke.

the remainder of life; and this I doubt not has caus'd ſo many great men to die without leaving a ſcrap to poſterity.

I am ſincerely troubled for the bad account you give of your own health. I wiſh every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I faithfully aſſure you.

LETTER LXIV.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Dublin, July 8, 1733.

I Muſt condole with you for the loſs of Mrs. Pope, of whoſe death the papers have been full. But I would rather rejoyce with you, becauſe if any circumſtances can make the death of a dear Parent and Friend a ſubject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extream old age, without pain, under the care of the moſt dutiful Son that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worſt effect of her death falls upon me, and ſo much the worſe, becauſe I expected * *aliquis damno uſus in illo*, that it would

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* *Some Advantage in that Loſs.*

would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your preſence. But I am told to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waved the invitation preſſed on you, alledging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find that you have given ſome credit to a notion, of our great plenty and hoſpitality. It is true, our meat and wine are cheaper here, as they are always in the pooreſt countries, becauſe there is no money to pay for them: I believe there are not in this whole city three Gentlemen out of Employment, who are able to give Entertainments once a month. Thoſe who are in employments of church or ſtate, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen: Thoſe indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any perſon of diſtinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occaſionally dine in a whole year: Dr. Delany is the only gentleman I know, who keeps one certain day in the Week to entertain ſeven or eight friends at dinner, and to paſs the evening, where there is nothing of exceſs, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern (who hath juſt left us) was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a biſhop, or a commiſſioner of the revenues, but moſt frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the Doctor, who

is eaſy in his fortune, and very hoſpitable. The conveniences of taking the air, winter, or ſummer, do far exceed thoſe in London. For the two large ſtrands juſt at two ends of the town are as firm and dry in winter as in ſummer. There are at leaſt ſix or eight Gentlemen of underſtanding, learning, good humour and taſte, able and deſirous to pleaſe you, and orderly females, ſome of the better ſort, to take care of you. Theſe were the motives that I have frequently made uſe of to entice you hither: And there would be no failure among the beſt people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to my ſelf, I declare my health is ſo uncertain that I dare not venture amongſt you at preſent. I hate the thoughts of London, where I am not rich enough to live otherwiſe than by ſhifting, which is now too late, neither can I have conveniences in the country for three horſes and two ſervants, and many others which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney coaches, carts and carriages round this town, who dare not inſult me like your raſcally waggoners or coach-men, but give me the way, nor is there one Lord or Squire for a hundred of yours, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and ſix. Thus, I make ſome advantage of the publick poverty, and give you the reaſons for what I once writ, why I chuſe to be a freeman among ſlaves, rather

ther than a ſlave among freemen. Then, I walk the ſtreets in peace, without being joſtled, nor ever without a thouſand bleſſings from my friends the vulgar. I am Lord-Mayor of 120 houſes, I am abſolute Lord of the greateſt Cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring princes, the Lord-Mayor of the city, and the Arch-Biſhop of Dublin, only the latter, like the K. of France, ſometimes attempts encroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorrain. In the midſt of this raillery, I can tell you with ſerioufneſs, that theſe advantages contribute to my eaſe, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to my Lord Bolingbroke and your ſelf, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, &c. that grow upon men in years. And if you diſcover thoſe inclinations in my Lord and your ſelf, what can you expect from me, whoſe health is ſo precarious? and yet at your or his time of life I could have leaped over the moon.

LETTER LXV.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Sept. 1, 1733.

I Have every day wiſh'd to write to you, to ſay a thouſand things; and yet I think I ſhould not have writ to you now, if I were not ſick of writing any thing, ſick of my ſelf, and (what is worſe) ſick of my friends too. The world is become too buſy for me, every body ſo concern'd for the publick, that all private enjoyments are loſt, or diſ-reliſhed. I write more to ſhow you I am tired of this life, than to tell you any thing relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did: but all theſe are to no purpoſe; the world will not live, think, or love, as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at, all my friends by turns. Here are ſome whom you love, and who love you; yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulph between! In earneſt, I would go a thouſand miles by land to ſee you, but the ſea I dread. My ailments are ſuch that I really believe, a ſea-ſickneſs, (conſidering the oppreſſion of cholical pains, and the great weakneſs of my breaſt) would kill me; and if I did not die of that, I

muſt

muſt of the exceſſive eating and drinking of your hoſpitable town, and the exceſſive flattery of your moſt poetical country. I hate to be cramm'd, either way. Let your hungry Poets, and your rhyming Peers digeſt it, I cannot. I like much better to be abuſed and half ſtarved, than to be ſo over-praiſed and over-fed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you, and for having kept you: I only reſerve a little charity for her, for knowing your value, and eſteeming you: You are the only Patriot I know, who is not hated for ſerving his country. The man who drew your Character and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he ſaid of you: yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for ſaying them in words quite different from thoſe you had your ſelf employed before on the ſame ſubject: for ſurely to alter your words is to prejudice them; and I have been told, that a man himſelf can hardly ſay the ſame thing twice over with equal happineſs: Nature is ſo much a better thing than artifice. I have written nothing this year: It is no affectation to tell you, my Mother's loſs has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a ſtronger thing than all the reaſon in the world. I know I ought to be eaſy, and to be free; but I am dejected, I am confined: my whole amuſement is in reviewing my paſt life, not in laying plans for my future. I wiſh you cared as little for popular applauſe

as I; as little for any nation in contradiſtinction to others, as I: and then I fancy, you that are not afraid of the ſea, you that are a ſtronger man at ſixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and ſee ſeveral people who are (at laſt) like the primitive chriſtians, of one ſoul and of one mind. The day is come, which I I have often wiſhed but never thought to ſee; when *every mortal that I eſteem is of the ſame ſentiment in Politicks and in Religion.*

Adieu. All you love, are yours, but all are buſy, except dear Sir, your ſincere friend.

LETTER

LETTER LXVI.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Jan. 6, 1734.

I Never think of you and can never write to you, now, without drawing many of thoſe ſhort ſighs of which we have formerly talked: The reflection both of the friends we have been deprived of by death, and of thoſe from whom we are ſeparated almoſt as eternally by abſence, checks me to that degree that it takes away in a manner the pleaſure (which yet I feel very ſenſibly too) of thinking I am now converſing with you. You have been ſilent to me as to your works; whether thoſe printed here are, or are not genuine? but one I am ſure is yours; and your method of concealing your ſelf puts me in mind of the bird I have read of in India, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers and tail ſtick out. You'll have immediately by ſeveral franks (even before 'tis here publiſhed) my Epiſtle to Lord Cobham, part of my * *Opus Magnum*, and the laſt Eſſay on Man, both which I conclude will be grateful to your bookſeller, on whom you pleaſe to beſtow

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* *Grand Work.*

beſtow them ſo early. There is a Woman's war declar'd againſt me by a certain Lord *, his weapons are the ſame which women and children uſe, a pin to ſcratch, and a ſquirt to beſpatter: I writ a ſort of anſwer but was aſhamed to enter the liſts with him, and after ſhewing it to ſome people, ſuppreſſed it; otherwiſe it was ſuch as was worthy of him and worthy of me.——I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborow, who rejoices in your doings, and always ſpeaks with the greateſt affection of you. I need not tell you who elſe do the ſame, you may be ſure almoſt all thoſe whom I ever ſee, or deſire to ſee. I wonder not that B——paid you no ſort of civility while he was in Ireland: he is too much a half-wit to love a whole-wit, and too much half-honeſt, to eſteem any entire merit. I hope and think he hates me too, and I will do my beſt to make him: he is ſo inſupportably inſolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place, that I muſt affront him to be rid of it. That ſtrict neutrality as to publick parties which I have conſtantly obſerved in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack ſuch fools, that ſlander and belye my character in private, to thoſe who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take, unleſs at the ſame time they are Peſts of private ſociety, or miſchievous members of the publick, that is to ſay, unleſs they are enemies

to

to all men as well as to me.—Pray write to me when you can: If ever I can come to you, I will: if not, may providence be our friend and our guard thro' this ſimple world, where nothing is valuable, but ſenſe and friendſhip. Adieu, dear Sir, may health attend your Years, and then may many years be added to you.

P. S. I am juſt now told a very curious Lady intends to write to you to pump you about ſome poems ſaid to be yours. Pray tell her, that you have not anſwered me on the ſame queſtions, and that I ſhall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have concealed from me.

LETTER

LETTER LXVII.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Sept. 15, 1734.

I Have ever thought you as ſenſible as any man I knew, of all the delicacies of friendſhip, and yet I fear (from what Lord Bolingbroke tells me you ſaid in your laſt letter) that you did not quite underſtand the reaſons of my late ſilence. I aſſure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindneſs I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it; and you are now the man in all the world I am moſt troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left whom I am moſt grieved about. Death has not done worſe to me in ſeparating poor Gay, or any other, than diſeaſe and abſence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do, ſince moſt accounts I have, give me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would ſee you, and yet if I found you in that very condition of deafneſs, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing often I ſhould find great relief, could we write freely; and yet when I have done ſo, you ſeem by not anſwering in a very long

long time, to feel either the ſame uneaſineſs as I do, or to abſtain from ſome prudential reaſon. Yet I am ſure, nothing that you and I would ſay to each other, (tho' our whole ſouls were to be laid open to the clerks of the poſt-office) could hurt either of us ſo much, in the opinion of any honeſt man or good ſubject, as the intervening, officious, impertinence of thoſe goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon your name, and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of juſtifying you againſt theſe friends, eſpecially thoſe who know all you think and write, and repeat your ſlighter verſes. It is generally on ſuch little ſcraps that Witlings feed; and 'tis hard the world ſhould judge of our houſekeeping from what we fling to our dogs, yet this is often the conſequence. But they treat you ſtill worſe, mix their own with yours, and print them to get money, and lay them at your door. This I am ſatisfied was the caſe in the Epiſtle to a Lady; it was juſt the ſame hand (if I have any judgment in ſtyle) which printed your Life and Character before, which you ſo ſtrongly diſ-avowed in your letters to Lord Carteret, my ſelf and others. I was very well informed of another fact which convinced me yet more, that the ſame perſon who gave this to be printed, offered to a bookſeller a piece in proſe as yours, and as commiſſioned by you, which

which has ſince appear'd and been own'd to be his own. I think (I ſay once more) that I know your hand, tho' you did not mine in the Eſſay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I ſhould, had you been in England: but no ſecret can croſs your Iriſh Sea, and every clerk in the poſt-office had known it. I fancy, tho' you loſt ſight of me in the firſt of thoſe Eſſays, you ſaw me in the ſecond. The deſign of concealing myſelf was good, and had its full effect; I was thought a divine, a philoſopher, and what not? and my doctrine had a ſanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the ſame grave march like Lucretius, or muſt deſcend to the gayeties of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either? but be the future as it will, I ſhall collect all the paſt in one fair quarto this winter, and ſend it you, where you will find frequent mention of your ſelf. I was glad you ſuffered your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the Volumes I daily expect from Ireland; I wiſh'd it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others: yours are beauties, that can never be too finely dreſt, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you; do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a philoſopher, till I pull it off, and make a jeſt of it myſelf. 'Tis juſt what my Lord Bolingbroke is doing with Metaphyſicks. I hope,

you

you will live to ſee, and ſtare at the learned figure he will make on the ſame ſhelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You ſee how I talk to you (for this is not writing) if you like I ſhould do ſo, why not tell me ſo? if it be the leaſt pleaſure to you, I will write once a week moſt gladly: But can you abſtract the letters from the perſon who writes them, ſo far, as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our ſeparation, and thoſe misfortunes which occaſion it, than ſatisfaction in the Nothings he can expreſs? If you can, really and from my heart, I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray however tell me, is it a ſatisfaction? that will make it one to me: and we will think alike, as friends ought, and you ſhall hear from me punctually juſt when you will.

P. S. By Lord Bolingbroke.

P. S. Our friend who is juſt returned from a progreſs of three months, and is ſetting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will ſtay till towards the middle of October, left this letter with me yeſterday, and I cannot ſeal and diſpatch it till I have ſcribled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompouſly of my Metaphyſicks, and places them in a very honourable ſtation. It is true I have writ ſix letters and an half to him on ſubjects of that

that kind, and I propoſe a letter and an half more, which would ſwell the whole up to a conſiderable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the Name of an Author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends have ſeen them, * *ſatis magnum Theatrum mihi eſtis*, I ſhall not have the itch of making them more publick. I know how little regard you pay to Writings of this kind. But I imagine that if you can like any ſuch, it muſt be thoſe that ſtrip Metaphyſicks of all their bombaſt, keep within the ſight of every well-conſtituted Eye, and never bewilder themſelves whilſt they pretend to guide the reaſon of others. I writ to you a long letter ſometime ago, and ſent it by the poſt. Did it come to your hands? or did the inſpectors of private correſpondence ſtop it, to revenge themſelves of the ill ſaid of them in it? † *vale et me ama.*

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* *You are a Theatre large enough for me.*
† *Farewell and love me.*

LETTER

LETTER LXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Nov. 1. 1734.

I Have yours with my Lord Bolingbroke's Poſtſcript of September 15, it was long on its way, and for ſome weeks after the date I was very ill with my two inveterate diſorders, giddineſs and deafneſs. The latter is pretty well off, but the other makes me totter towards evenings and much diſpirits me: But I continue to ride and walk, both of which although they be no cures, are at leaſt amuſements. I have loſt by thoſe diſeaſes much of my memory, which makes me commit many blunders in my common actions at home by miſtaking one thing for another; particularly in writing, where I make a hundred literal errors, as you cannot but know, as it is odds you will find in this paper. I did never imagine you to be either inconſtant, or to want right notions of friendſhip, but I apprehend your want of health; and it hath been a frequent wonder to me how you have been able to entertain the world ſo long, ſo frequently, and ſo happily, under ſo many bodily diſorders. My Lord Bolingbroke ſays you have been three months rambling, which is the beſt thing you can poſ-

ſibly do in a ſummer ſeaſon; and when the winter recalls you, we will for our own intereſts leave you to your ſpeculations. God be thanked I have done with every thing of every kind that requires writing, except now and then a letter, or, like a true old man, ſcribling trifles only fit for children or Schoolboys of the loweſt claſs at beſt, which three or four of us read and laugh at to day, and burn to morrow. Yet, what is ſingular, I never am without ſome great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the moſt vigorous healthy man: although I am convinced that I ſhall never be able to finiſh three Treatiſes, that have lain by me ſeveral Years, and want nothing but correction. My Lord Bolingbroke ſaid in his poſtſcript, that you would go to Bath in three days; we ſince heard that you were dangerouſly ill there, and that the news-mongers gave you over: But a gentleman of this Kingdom on his return from Bath, aſſured me he left you well, and ſo did ſome others whom I have forgot. I am ſorry at my heart that you were peſtered with people who come in my name, and I profeſs to you it is without my knowledge. I am confident I ſhall hardly ever have occaſion again to recommend, for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the free-hold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your Eſſay on man; and I would lay any odds, that I would

would never fail to diſcover you in ſix lines, unleſs you had a mind to write below or beſide your ſelf on purpoſe. I confeſs I did never imagine you were ſo deep in Morals, or that ſo many new and excellent rules could be produced ſo advantageouſly and agreeably in that ſcience, from any one head. I confeſs in ſome few places I was forced to read twice; I believe I told you before what the Duke of Dorſet ſaid to me on that occaſion, How a Judge here, who knows you, told him that on the firſt reading thoſe Eſſays, he was much pleaſed, but found ſome lines a little dark: On the ſecond moſt of them clear'd up, and his pleaſure increaſed: On the third he had no doubt remained, and then he admired the whole. My Lord Bolingbroke's attempt of reducing Metaphyſicks to intelligible ſenſe and uſefulneſs, will be a glorious undertaking, and as I never knew him fail in any thing he attempted, if he had the ſole management, ſo I am confident he will ſucceed in this. I deſire you will allow that I write to you both at preſent, and ſo I ſhall while I live: It ſaves your money, and my time; and he being your Genius, no matter to which it is addreſſed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwiſe from the weakneſs of my eyes, and the thickneſs of my hearing, I ſhould loſe the greateſt pleaſure that is left me. Pray command my Lord Bolingbroke to follow that

example, if I live to read his Metaphyſicks. Pray God bleſs you both, I had a melancholy account from the Doctor of his health. I will anſwer his letter as ſoon as I can. I am ever entirely yours.

LETTER LXIX.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Twitenham, Decemb. 19, 1734.

I Am truly ſorry for any complaint you have, and it is in regard to the weakneſs of your eyes that I write (as well as print) in folio. You'll think (I know you will, for you have all the candor of a good underſtanding) that the thing which men of our age feel the moſt, is the friendſhip of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects thoſe who are ſtept a few years before us, cannot but ſenſibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory, and if I am in any part of my conſtitution younger than you, it will be in my remembring every thing that has pleaſed me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two ſummers we paſt together dwell always on my mind, like a viſion which gave me a glimpſe of a better life and better company,

company, than this world otherwiſe afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will, if the wretched carcaſe I am annexed to did not hinder me. I rambled by very eaſy journies this year to Lord Bathurſt and Lord Peterborow, who upon every occaſion commemorate, love, and wiſh for you. I now paſs my days between Dawley, London, and this place, not ſtudious, nor idle, rather poliſhing old works than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that hath been abandon'd ſeveral years; and of this ſort you'll ſoon ſee one, which I inſcribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.

Thus far I had written, and thinking to finiſh my letter the ſame evening, was prevented by company, and the next morning found my ſelf in a fever highly diſorder'd, and ſo continued in bed for five days, and in my chamber till now; but ſo well recover'd as to hope to go abroad to morrow, even by the advice of Dr. Arbuthnot. He himſelf, poor man, is much broke, tho' not worſe than for theſe two laſt months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wiſh to God we could once meet again, before that ſeparation, which yet I would be glad to believe ſhall reunite us: But he who made us, not for ours but his purpoſes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worſe, that the affections of this life ſhould, or ſhould not continue into

the other: and doubtleſs it is as it ſhould be. Yet I am ſure that while I am here, and the thing that I am, ſhall be imperfect without the communication of ſuch friends as you; you are to me like a limb loſt and buried in another country, tho' we ſeem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me. I always conſidered you ſo much as a friend that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much, but 'tis as much as I would deſire you would do to me. However, if I could inſpire you to beſtow correction upon thoſe three Treatiſes which you ſay are ſo near compleated, I ſhould think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almoſt at the end of my Morals, as I've been, long ago, of my Wit; my ſyſtem is a ſhort one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits, and that is a ſphere in which you may move on to eternity; but where one is confined to Truth (or to ſpeak more like a human creature, to the appearances of Truth) we ſoon find the ſhortneſs of our Tether. Indeed by the help of a metaphyſical chain of Idæas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progreſs beyond the point to which Providence has pinned us: But this does not ſatisfy me, who would rather ſay a little to no purpoſe, than a great deal. Lord Bolingbroke is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to

deſtroy

deſtroy volumes. I ſhall not live, I fear, to ſee that work printed; he is ſo taken up ſtill, (in ſpite of the monitory Hint given in the firſt line of my Eſſay) with particular Men, that he neglects Mankind, and is ſtill a creature of this world, not of the Univerſe: This World, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the Court, to the Caſtle, and ſo diminiſhing, till it comes to our own affairs, and our own perſons. When you write (either to him or to me, for we accept it as all one) rebuke him for it, as a Divine if you like it, or as a Badineur, if you think that more effectual.

What I write will ſhow you that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath, but I did not know him, and every body that comes from Ireland pretends to be a friend of the Dean's. I am always glad to ſee any that are truly ſo, and therefore do not miſtake any thing I ſaid, ſo as to diſcourage your ſending any ſuch to me. Adieu.

LETTER LXX.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

May 12, 1735.

YOUR letter was ſent me yeſterday by Mr. Stopford who landed the ſame day, but I have not yet ſeen him. As to my ſilence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domeſtick affairs are in great confuſion by the villainy of agents and the miſeries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had: nor am I unconcerned to ſee all things tending towards abſolute power, in both nations (it is here in perfection already) although I ſhall not live to ſee it eſtabliſhed. This condition of things, both publick and perſonal to myſelf, hath given me ſuch a kind of deſpondency, that I am almoſt unqualified for any company, diverſion, or amuſement. The death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor*, have been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I ſhould never have ſeen them; like a ſum of money in a bank from which I ſhould receive at leaſt annual intereſt, as I do from you, and have done from

* Arbuthnot.

from my Lord Bolingbroke. To ſhew in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight ſince I heard of the death of my dear friend my Lady Maſham, my conſtant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I ſhould expect you to make a voyage that would in the leaſt affect your health: but in the mean time how unhappy am I, that my beſt friend ſhould have perhaps the only kind of diſorder for which a ſea voyage is not in ſome degree a remedy. The old Duke of Ormond ſaid he would not change is dead ſon (Oſſory) for the beſt living ſon in Europe. Neither would I change you my abſent friend for the beſt preſent friend round the Globe.

I have lately read a book imputed to Lord Bolingbroke called a Diſſertation upon Parties. I think it very maſterly written.

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers: I believe your prayers will do me more good than thoſe of all the Prelates in both kingdoms, or any Prelates in Europe except the Biſhop of * Marſeilles. And God preſerve you for contributing more to mend the world, than the whole pack of (modern) Parſons in a lump.

I am ever entirely yours.

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* *When the Plague was raging in a moſt violent Manner in that City, in* 1720, *the Biſhop went from Houſe to Houſe to viſit the Sick, and ſold all his Plate,* &c. *for the Relief of the Poor.*

LETTER

LETTER LXXI.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Sep. 3, 1735.

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an anſwer to yours of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curl. I heartily wiſh you were what they call diſaffected, as I am. I may ſay as David did, I have ſinned greatly, but what have theſe ſheep done? You have given no offence to the Miniſtry, nor to the Lords, nor Commons, nor Queen, nor the next in Power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore muſt abhor vice and all corruption, although your diſcretion holds the reins. You need not fear any conſequence in the commerce that hath ſo long paſſed between us; although I never deſtroyed one of your letters. But my Executors are men of honour and virtue, who have ſtrict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me. Neither did our letters contain any turns of Wit, or Fancy, or Politicks, or Satire, but mere innocent friendſhip; yet I am loth that any letters from you and a very few other friends, ſhould die before me; I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon

on our left hand to ſtudy what we ſhould write next; yet we have held a conſtant intercourſe from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it muſt be continued until my death, which my bad ſtate of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earneſt as well as in haſte, to have one Epiſtle inſcribed to me while I am alive, and you juſt in the time when wit and wiſdom are in the height. I muſt once more repeat Cicero's deſire to a friend *Orna me*. A month ago were ſent me over by a friend of mine, the works of one John Hughes, Eſq; they are in verſe and proſe. I never heard of the man in my life, yet I find your name as a ſubſcriber too. He is too grave a Poet for me, and I think among the *mediocres* in proſe as well as verſe. I have the honour to know Dr. * Rundle, he is indeed worth all the reſt you ever ſent us; but that is ſaying nothing, for he anſwers your character: I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain, which was a very wiſe and popular action. His only fault is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing elſe.

This kingdom is now abſolutely ſtarving, by the means of every Oppreſſion that can be inflicted on mankind—ſhall I not viſit for theſe things? ſaith

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* *Biſhop of* Derry.

ſaith the Lord. You adviſe me right, not to trouble my ſelf about the world: But, Oppreſſion tortures me, and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money; and money is not to be had except they will make me a Biſhop, or a Judge, or a Colonel, or a Commiſſioner of the Revenues.

Adieu.

LETTER LXXII.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

TO anſwer your queſtion as to Mr. Hughes, I did juſt know him. What he wanted as to genius he made up as an honeſt man: but he was of the claſs you think him.

I am glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the Biſhops, and a diſgrace to one Biſhop, two things you will like: But what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor even to your un-friended, un-benefited Nation, he will be a friend to human-race, wherever he goes. Pray tell him my beſt wiſhes for his health and long life: I wiſh you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never ſaw a man

man ſo ſeldom whom I liked ſo much as Dr. Rundle.

Lord Peterborow I went to take a laſt leave of at his ſetting ſail for Lisbon: No Body can be more waſted, no Soul can be more alive. Immediately after the ſevereſt operation of being cut into the bladder for a ſuppreſſion of urine, he took coach, and got from Briſtol to Southampton. This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

Poor Lord Peterborow! there is another ſtring loſt, that would have helped to draw you hither! He ordered on his death-bed his Watch to be given me (that which had accompanied him in all his travels) with this reaſon, "That "I might have ſomething to put me every day "in mind of him." It was a preſent to him from the King of Sicily, whoſe arms and *Inſignia* are graved on the inner caſe: on the outer, I have put this inſcription. * *Victor Amadeus, Rex Siciliæ, Dux Sabaudiæ, &c. &c. Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborow, D. D. Car. Mor. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit.* 1735.

Pray

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* Victor Amadeus, *King of* Sicily, *Duke of* Savoy, *&c. &c. to* Charles Mordaunt *Earl of* Peterborow, *made a Preſent of this Watch.* Ch. Mor. *Earl of* Pet. *on his Death-Bed bequeathed it as a Legacy to* Alexander Pope.

Pray write to me a little oftner: and if there be a thing left in the world that pleaſes you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleaſure, that your preſent care is to relieve the moſt helpleſs of this world, thoſe objects * which moſt want our compaſſion, tho' generally made the ſcorn of their fellow-creatures, ſuch as are leſs innocent than they. You always think generouſly; and of all charities, this is the moſt diſintereſted, and leaſt vain-glorious, done to ſuch as never will thank you, or can praiſe you for it.

God bleſs you with eaſe, if not with pleaſure; with a tolerable ſtate of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a reſign'd temper of mind, if not a very chearful one. It is upon theſe terms I live myſelf tho' younger than you, and I repine not at my lot, could but the preſence of a few that I love be added to theſe. Adieu.

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* Idiots and Lunaticks.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIII.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Feb. 9, 1735-6.

I Cannot properly call you my beſt friend, becauſe I have not left another who deſerves the name, ſuch a havock have Time, Death, Exile and Oblivion made. Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowneſs of ſpirits, if they were not ſome excuſe for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you ſay of the indifference in common friends, whether we are ſick or well, happy or miſerable. The very maid-ſervants in a family have the ſame notion: I have heard them often ſay, Oh, I'm very ſick, if any body car'd for it! I am vexed when my viſiters come with the compliment uſual here, Mr. Dean, I hope you are very well. My popularity that you mention is wholly confined to the common people, who are more conſtant than thoſe we miſcal their betters. I walk the ſtreets, and ſo do my lower friends, from whom and from whom alone, I have a thouſand hats and bleſſings upon old ſcores, which thoſe we call the gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility of any one man in power or ſtation; and

and I can boaſt, that I neither viſit or am acquainted with any Lord Temporal or Spiritual in the whole kingdom; nor am able to do the leaſt good office to the moſt deſerving man, except what I can diſpoſe of in my own Cathedral upon a vacancy. What hath ſunk my ſpirits more than even years and ſickneſs, is reflecting on the moſt execrable Corruptions that run through every branch of publick management.

I heartily thank you for thoſe lines tranſlated, * *Singula de nobis anni, &c.* You have put them in a ſtrong and admirable light; but however I am ſo partial, as to be more delighted with thoſe which are to do me the greateſt honour I ſhall ever receive from poſterity, and will out-weigh the malignity of ten thouſand enemies. I never ſaw them before, by which it is plain, that the letter you ſent me miſcarried.— I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance, and ſome of them may be deſerving: For youth is the ſeaſon of virtue: Corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldeſt rogue in England is the greateſt. You have years enough before you to watch whether theſe new acquaintance will keep their Virtue, when they leave you, and go into the world; how long will their ſpirit of independency laſt againſt

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* *The circling Years on human Pleaſures prey,*
They ſteal my Humour and my Mirth away.

againſt the temptations of future Miniſters, and future Kings.——As to the new * Lord Lieutenant, I never knew any of the family; ſo that I ſhall not be able to get any jobb done by him for any deſerving friend.

LETTER LXXIV.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Feb. 7, 1735-6.

IT is ſome time ſince I dined at the Biſhop of Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Cary told me with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing ſince, only I have continued in great pain of mind, yet for my own ſake and the world's more than for yours; becauſe I well know how little you value life both as a Philoſopher and a Chriſtian, particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us hereticks can equal you. If you are well recovered, you ought to be reproached for not putting me eſpecially out of pain, who could not bear the loſs of you; although

* *Duke of* Devonſhire.

we muſt be for ever diſtant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indiſpoſition are preparing me every ſeaſon. I have ſtaid too long from preſſing you to give me ſome eaſe by an account of your health; pray do not uſe me ſo ill any more. I look upon you as an eſtate from which I receive my beſt annual rents, although I am never to ſee it. Mr. Tickle was at the ſame meeting under the ſame real concern; and ſo were a hundred others of this town who had never ſeen you.

I read to the Biſhop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concerned him, and his Lordſhip expreſt his thankfulneſs in a manner that became him. He is eſteemed here as a perſon of learning, and converſation, and humanity, but he is beloved by all people: He is a moſt exceſſive Whig, but without any appearing rancor; and his Idol is K. William; beſides, 3000*l.* a year is an invincible ſweetner.

I have no body now left but you: Pray be ſo kind to out-live me, and then die as ſoon as you pleaſe, but without pain, and let us meet in a better place, if my Religion will permit, but rather my Virtue, although much unequal to yours. Pray let my Lord Bathurſt know how much I love him; I ſtill inſiſt on his remembring me, although he is too much in the world to honour an abſent friend with his

letters.

letters. My ſtate of health is not to boaſt of; my giddineſs is more or leſs too conſtant; I have not an ounce of fleſh between the ſkin and bone; yet I walk often four or five miles, and ride ten or a dozen. But I ſleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as eaſily write a poem in the Chineſe-language as my own. I am as fit for Matrimony as Invention; and yet I have daily ſchemes for innumerable Eſſays in proſe; and proceed ſometimes to no leſs than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waſte paper. What vexes me moſt is, that my female friends who could bear me very well a dozen years ago, have now forſaken me, although I am not ſo old in proportion to them, as I formerly was: which I can prove by Arithmetick, for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray put me out of fear as ſoon as you can, about that ugly report of your illneſs; and let me know who this Cheſelden is, that hath ſo lately ſprung up in your favour. Give me alſo ſome account of your * neighbour who writ to me from the Bath. I hear he reſolves to be ſtrenuous for taking off the Teſt; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced Reaſons I ever was able to form, and, againſt the Maxims of all wiſe chriſtian governments, which always

* *Lord* Bolingbroke.

had ſome eſtabliſhed Religion, leaving at beſt a toleration to others.

Farewell my deareſt friend! ever, and upon every account that can create friendſhip and eſteem.

LETTER LXXV.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

March 25, 1736.

IF ever I write more Epiſtles in Verſe, one of them ſhall be addreſſed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it, but I would make what bears your name as finiſhed as my laſt work ought to be, that is to ſay, more finiſhed than any of the reſt. The ſubject is large, and will divide into four Epiſtles, which naturally follow the Eſſay on Man. *viz.* 1. Of the Extent and Limits of Human *Reaſon*, and *Science*. 2. A view of the uſeful and therefore attainable, and of the un-uſeful and therefore un-attainable, *Arts*. 3. Of the nature, ends, application, and uſe of different *Capacities*: 4. Of the uſe of *Learning*, of the *Science* of the *World*, and of *Wit*. It will conclude with a Satire againſt the miſ-application of all theſe, exemplify'd by pictures, characters, and examples.

But

But alas! the task is great, and * *non ſum qualis eram!* My underſtanding indeed, ſuch as it is, is extended rather than diminiſhed: I ſee things more in the whole, more conſiſtent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to, each other. But what I gain on the ſide of philoſophy, I loſe on the ſide of poetry: the flowers are gone, when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our Heaven of a Court) is but cold and uncertain; the winds riſe, and the winter comes on. I find my ſelf but little diſpoſed to build a new houſe: I have nothing left but to gather up the reliques of a wreck, and look about me to ſee what friends I have! Pray whoſe eſteem or admiration ſhould I deſire now to procure by my writings? whoſe friendſhip or converſation to obtain by 'em? I am a man of deſperate fortunes, that is, a man whoſe friends are dead: for I never aim'd at any other fortune than in friends. As ſoon as I had ſent my laſt letter, I received a moſt kind one from you, expreſſing great pain for my late illneſs at Mr. Cheſelden's. I conclude you were eaſed of that friendly apprehenſion in a few days after you had diſpatched yours, for mine muſt have reached you then. I wondered a little at your quære, who Cheſelden was? it

* *I am not the ſame I was.*

ſhews that the trueſt merit does not travel ſo far any way as on the wings of poetry; he is the moſt noted and moſt deſerving man, in the whole profeſſion of Chirurgery; and has ſav'd the lives of thouſands by his manner of cutting for the ſtone. I am now well, or what I muſt call ſo.

I have lately ſeen ſome writings of Lord Bolingbroke's, ſince he went to France. Nothing can depreſs his Genius; whatever befals him, he will ſtill be the greateſt man in the world, either in his own time, or with poſterity.

Every man you know or care for here enquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. Here are a race ſprung up of young Patriots, who would animate you. I wiſh you had any motive to ſee this kingdom. I could keep you, for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford you room for your ſelf and two ſervants; I have indeed room enough, nothing but myſelf at home! the kind and hearty houſe-wife is dead! the agreeable and inſtructive neighbour is gone! yet my houſe is enlarg'd, and the gardens extend, and flouriſh as knowing nothing of the gueſts they have loſt. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of; nay I have good Melons and Pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better Gardiner as I am a worſe Poet, than when you ſaw me: But gardening is near

a-kin

a-kin to Philoſophy, for Tully ſays * *Agricultura proxima ſapientiæ.* For God's ſake, why ſhould not you, (that are a ſtep higher than a Philoſopher, a Divine, yet have too much grace and wit than to be a Biſhop) e'en give all you have to the Poor of Ireland (for whom you have already done every thing elſe) ſo quit the place, and live and die with me? And let † *Tales Animæ Concordes* be our Motto and our Epitaph.

LETTER LXXVI.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Dublin, April 22, 1736.

MY common illneſs is of that kind which utterly diſqualifies me for all converſation; I mean my Deafneſs; and indeed it is that only which quite diſcourageth me from all thoughts of coming to England; becauſe I am never ſure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honeſt Gout, I could catch an interval, to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an eaſy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends. As to what you ſay

* *Agriculture is the neareſt to Wiſdom.*
† *Souls linked together by ſuch Concord.*

of your Letters, ſince you have many years of life more than I, my reſolution is to direct my Executors to ſend you all your letters well ſealed and pacqueted, along with ſome legacies mentioned in my will, and leave them entirely to your diſpoſal: thoſe things are all tyed up, endorced and locked in a cabinet, and I have not one ſervant who can properly be ſaid to write or read. No mortal ſhall copy them, but you ſhall ſurely have them when I am no more. I have a little repined at my being hitherto ſlipped by you in ſome Epiſtle, not from any other ambition than that Title of a Friend, and in that ſenſe I expect you ſhall perform your promiſe, if your health and leiſure and inclination will permit. I deny your loſing on the ſide of Poetry, I could reaſon againſt you a little from experience; you are and will be ſome years to come, at the age where Invention ſtill keeps its ground, and Judgment is at full maturity; but your ſubjects are much more difficult when confined to Verſe. I am amazed to ſee you exhauſt the whole ſcience of Morality in ſo maſterly a manner. Sir W. Temple ſaid that the loſs of Friends was a Tax upon long life: It need not be very long, ſince you have had ſo great a ſhare, but I have not above one left: and in this Country I have only a few general companions of good nature and middling underſtandings. How ſhould I know Cheſelden? on your ſide men of fame ſtart up and dye before we here (at leaſt I) know any thing

of

of the matter. I am a little comforted with what you ſay of Lord Bolingbroke's genius ſtill keeping up, and preparing to appear by effects worthy of the Author, and uſeful to the world.--Common reports have made me very uneaſy about your neighbour Mr. Pulteney. It is affirmed that he hath been very near death: I love him for being a Patriot in moſt corrupted times, and highly eſteem his excellent Underſtanding. Nothing but the perverſe nature of my diſorders, as I have above deſcribed them, and which are abſolute diſqualifications for converſe, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twitenham, and nurſing you to Paris. In ſhort, my Ailments amount to a prohibition, although I am as you deſcribe your ſelf, what *I muſt call well*, yet I have not ſpirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) was my only diverſion. And I muſt expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal ſum which muſt leſſen every day; and indeed I am likewiſe literally almoſt in the ſame caſe, while every body owes me, and no body pays me. Inſtead of a young race of Patriots on your ſide, which gives me ſome glimpſe of joy, here we have the direct contrary, a race of young wicked Dunces and Atheiſts, or old Villains and Monſters, whereof four fifths are more wicked and ſtupid than Chartres. Your wants are ſo few, that you need not be rich to ſupply them; and my wants are ſo many, that a King's ſeven millions of guineas would not ſupport me.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVII.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Aug. 17, 1736.

I Find, tho' I have leſs experience than you, the truth of what you told me ſometime ago, that increaſe of years makes men more talkative but leſs writative: to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain buſineſs, or plain how-d'ye's, to thoſe few I am forced to correſpond with, either out of neceſſity, or love: And I grow Laconic even beyond Laconiciſm; for ſometimes I return only Yes or No, to queſtionary or petitionary Epiſtles of half a yard long. You and Lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio: You are indeed almoſt the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whoſe writings will reach the next: others are mere mortals. Whatever failings ſuch men may have, a reſpect is due to them, as Luminaries whoſe exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, (or rather cauſes it to ſeem ſo to others.) I am afraid to cenſure any thing I hear of Dean Swift, becauſe I hear it only from Mortals blind and dull: And you ſhou'd be cautious of cenſuring any action or motion of Lord Bolingbroke; becauſe you can hear it only from ſhallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you writ to me about him

him I find to my great ſcandal repeated in one of yours to—whatever you might hint to me; was this for the prophane? the thing, if true, ſhou'd be conceal'd; but it is, I aſſure you, abſolutely untrue, in every circumſtance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fountainbleau, and makes it his whole buſineſs * *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you ſo long? I may, for I hear from him ſeldomer than from you, that is twice a year at moſt. Can you poſſibly think he can neglect you, or diſregard you? if you catch your ſelf at thinking ſuch nonſenſe, your parts are decay'd. For believe me, great genius's muſt and do eſteem one another, and I queſtion if any others can eſteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only gueſs at that merit or ſee glimmerings of their minds: A genius has the intuitive faculty: Therefore imagine what you will, you cannot be ſo ſure of any man's eſteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you deſpiſe me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought ſo by poſterity, than if all the Houſe of Lords writ Commendatory Verſes upon me, the Commons ordered me to print my works, the Univerſities gave me publick thanks, and the King, Queen and Prince crown'd me with Laurel. You are a very ignorant

* *To be at Leiſure for Books.*

norant man: you don't know the figure his name and yours will make hereafter: I do, and will preſerve all the memorials I can, that I was of your intimacy * *longo, ſed proximus, intervallo.* I will not quarrel with the preſent Age; it has done enough for me, in making, and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it, and let not him be too angry at it; it has done, and can do neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not, nor cannot burn your works: while thoſe ſubſiſt, you'll both appear the greateſt men of the time, in ſpite of Princes, and Miniſters; and the wiſeſt, in ſpite of all the little Errors you may pleaſe to commit.

Adieu. May better health attend you, than I fear you poſſeſs; may but as good health attend you always as mine is at preſent; tolerable, when an eaſy mind is joyned with it.

LETTER LXXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Decemb. 2, 1736.

I Think you owe me a letter, but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and infirmities have quite broke me;

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* *At a great Diſtance, but the neareſt to you in Friendſhip.*

me; I mean that odious continual diſorder in my head. I neither read nor write, nor remember, nor converſe. All I have left is to walk and ride: The firſt I can do tolerably; but the latter for want of good weather at this ſeaſon is ſeldom in my power; and having not an ounce of fleſh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding, becauſe my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, becauſe you will not ſuppoſe me as ſick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I ſhould not be able to anſwer. I have too many vexations by my ſtation and the impertinence of people, to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few diſtant friends that are left; and, conſidering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but your ſelf. What Horace ſays, * *Singula de nobis anni prædantur*, I feel every month, at fartheſt; and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I ſhall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you began to diſtinguiſh ſo confounded early, that your acquaintance with diſtinguiſhed men of all kinds was almoſt as antient as mine, I mean Wycherley, Row, Prior, Congreve, Addiſon, Parnel, &c. and in ſpight of your heart, you have owned me a Cotemporary. Not to mention Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborow: In ſhort, I was t'other

* *The circling Year on all our Pleaſures prey.*

t'other day recollecting twenty-ſeven great Miniſters, or Men of Wit and Learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years paſt; neither have I the grace to be ſorry, that the preſent times are drawn to the dregs as well as my own life—May my friends be happy in this and a better life, but I value not what becomes of Poſterity when I conſider from what Monſters they are to ſpring.—My Lord Orrery writes to you to morrow, and you ſee I ſend this under his cover, or at leaſt franked by him. He has 3000 *l.* a year about Cork, and the neighbourhood, and has more than three years rent unpaid: This is our condition, in theſe bleſſed times. I writ to your Neighbour about a month ago, and ſubſcribed my name: I fear he hath not received my letter, and wiſh you would ask him; but perhaps he is ſtill a rambling; for we hear of him at New-market, and that Boerhave hath reſtored his health.—Can you put me out of pain concerning—I mean partly as to his health but chiefly as to his fortune, for he hath been ſo long a ſquanderer of both, that I lament him more than I do myſelf, who never enjoy a healthy hour. How my ſervices are leſſened of late with the number of my friends on your ſide! yet, my Lord Bathurſt and Lord Maſham and Mr. Lewis remain, and being your acquaintance, I deſire when you ſee them to deliver my compliments; but chiefly to Mrs. Patty Blunt, and let me know whether ſhe be as young and agreeable

greeable as when I ſaw her laſt? Have you got a ſupply of new friends to make up for thoſe who are gone? and are they equal to the firſt? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the * *laudator temporis acti ſe puero*, is equally applicable to both. I am leſs grieved for living here, becauſe it is a perfect retirement, and conſequently fitteſt for thoſe who are grown good for nothing; for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North-Wales—My head is ſo ill that I cannot write a paper full as I uſed to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you—I had reaſon to expect from ſome of your letters, that we were to hope for more Epiſtles of Morality; and I aſſure you my acquaintance reſent that they have not ſeen my name at the head of one. The ſubjects of ſuch Epiſtles are more uſeful to the publick, by your manner of handling them, than any of all your writings; and although in ſo profligate a world as ours they may poſſibly not much mend our manners, yet poſterity will enjoy the benefit, whenever a Court happens to have the leaſt reliſh for Virtue and Religion.

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* *Ill natur'd Cenſor of the preſent Age,*
And fond of all the Follies of the paſt.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIX.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

Decemb. 30, 1736.

YOUR very kind letter has made me more melancholy, than almoſt any thing in this world now can do. For I can bear every thing in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Tho' others tell me you are in pretty good health, and in good ſpirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me: And indeed it is but a prudent part, to ſeem not ſo concerned about others, nor ſo crazy our ſelves as we really are: for we ſhall neither be beloved or eſteemed the more, by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we muſt complain, of what ('tis a thouſand to one) he complains with us; for if we have known him long, he is old, and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper, you ſhall not have much of my Pity: But if you ever live to have leſs, you ſhall not have leſs of my Affection. A whole people will rejoyce at every year that ſhall be added to you, of which you have had a late inſtance in the publick rejoycings on your birth-day. I can aſſure you, ſomething better

and

and greater than high birth and quality, muſt go toward acquiring thoſe demonſtrations of publick eſteem and love. I have ſeen a royal birth-day uncelebrated, but by one vile Ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general eſteem, for your Senſe, Virtue, and Charity.

The moſt melancholy effect of years is that you mention, the catalogue of thoſe we loved and have loſt, perpetually increaſing. How much that Reflection ſtruck me, you'll ſee from the Motto I have prefixed to my Book of Letters, which ſo much againſt my inclination has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus,

* *Quo deſiderio veteres revocamus Amores,*
Atque olim amiſſas flemus Amicitias!

I detain this letter till I can find ſome ſafe conveyance; innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine muſt be, of any thing to offend my ſuperiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue. But I have much reaſon to fear, thoſe which you have too partially kept in your hands will get out in ſome very diſagreeable ſhape, in caſe of our mortality: and the more reaſon to fear it, ſince this laſt month Curl has obtain'd from Ireland two letters, (one of Lord Bolingbroke and one of mine, to you) which we wrote in the year 1723, and printed them to

* *How pants my Heart our Friendſhip to renew,*
How pierc'd with Grief our Love decay'd I view!

the beſt of my memory, rightly, except one paſſage concerning Dawley, which muſt have been ſince inſerted, ſince my Lord had not that place at that time. Your anſwer to that letter he has not got; it has never been out of my cuſtody; for whatever is lent is loſt, (Wit as well as Money) to theſe needy poetical Readers.

The world will certainly be the better for this change of life. He ſeems, in the whole turn of his letters, to be a ſettled and principled Philoſopher, thanking Fortune for the Tranquility he has been led into by her averſion, like a man driven by a violent wind, from the ſea into a calm harbour. You ask me if I have got any ſupply of new friends to make up for thoſe that are gone? I think that impoſſible, for not our friends only, but ſo much of our ſelves is gone by the mere flux and courſe of years, that were the ſame Friends to be reſtored to us, we could not be reſtored to ourſelves, to enjoy them. But as when the continual waſhing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and ſedges in their room; ſo the courſe of time brings us ſomething, as it deprives us of a great deal; and inſtead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flouriſh and adorn us, gives us only what is of ſome little uſe, by accident. Thus I have acquired, without my ſeeking, a few chance acquaintance, of young men, who look rather to the paſt age than the preſent, and therefore the future may have ſome hopes of them. If I love them, it is becauſe

becauſe they honour ſome of thoſe whom I, and the world, have loſt, or are loſing. Two or three of them have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in Parliament, and you will own in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you it is by their aſſerting of Independency, and contempt of Corruption. One or two are linked to me by their love of the ſame ſtudies and the ſame authors: but I will own to you, my moral capacity has got ſo much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter ſcore, and none without a caſting weight on the former. But I find my heart hardened and blunt to new impreſſions, it will ſcarce receive or retain affections of yeſterday; and thoſe friends who have been dead theſe twenty years, are more preſent to me now, than theſe I ſee daily. You, dear Sir, are one of the former ſort to me, in all reſpects, but that we can, yet correſpond together. I don't know whether 'tis not more vexatious, to know we are both in one world, without any further intercourſe. Adieu. I can ſay no more, I feel ſo much: Let me drop into common things---Lord Maſham has juſt married his ſon. Mr. Lewis has juſt buried his wife. Lord Oxford wept over your letter in pure kindneſs. Mrs. Blount ſighs more for you, than for the loſs of youth. She ſays ſhe will be agreeable many years hence, for ſhe has learn'd that ſecret from ſome receipts of your writing.——Adieu. If you have loſt a vol. of Rymer's *Fœdera*, Mr. Arbuthnot will reſtore it you.

LETTER LXXX.

Mr. POPE *to Dr.* SWIFT.

March 23, 1736-7.

THO' you were never to write to me, yet what you deſired in your laſt, that I would write often to you, would be a very eaſy task: For every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart; and I need only ſet down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find my ſelf verging to that period of life which is to be labour and ſorrow, the more I prop my ſelf upon thoſe few ſupports that are left me. People in this ſtate are like props indeed, they cannot ſtand alone, but two or more of them can ſtand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wiſh you and I might paſs this part of life together. My only neceſſary care is at an end. I am now my own maſter too much; my houſe is too large; my gardens furniſh too much wood and proviſion for my uſe. My ſervants are ſenſible and tender of me; they have inter-married, and are become rather low friends than ſervants: and to all thoſe that I ſee here with pleaſure, they take a pleaſure in being uſeful. I conclude this is your caſe too in your domeſtic life, and I ſometimes think of your old houſekeeper as my nurſe; tho' I tremble at the ſea, which only divides us. As your fears are not ſo great as mine, and I firmly hope your ſtrength

ſtill

ſtill much greater, is it utterly impoſſible, it might once more be ſome pleaſure to you to ſee England? My ſole motive in propoſing France to meet in, was the narrowneſs of the paſſage by ſea from hence, (the Phyſicians having told me) the weakneſs of my breaſt, &c. is ſuch, as a ſea-ſickneſs might endanger my life. Tho' one or two of our friends are gone, ſince you ſaw your * native country, there remain a few more who will laſt ſo till death, and who I cannot but hope have an attractive power to draw you back to a Country, which cannot quite be ſunk or enſlaved, while ſuch ſpirits remain. And let me tell you, there are a few more of the ſame ſpirit, who would awaken all your old Ideas, and revive your hopes of her future Recovery and Virtue. Theſe look up to you with reverence, and would be animated by the ſight of him at whoſe ſoul they have taken fire, in his writings, and derived from thence as much love of their ſpecies as is conſiſtent with a contempt for the knaves of it.

I could never be weary, except at the eyes, of writing to you; but my real reaſon (and a ſtrong one it is) for doing it ſo ſeldom, is Fear; Fear of a very great and experienced evil, that of my letters being kept by the partiality of friends, and paſſing into the hands, and malice of enemies; who publiſh them with all their Imper-

* *The* DEAN *was born in* Ireland: *This I mention becauſe the Sentence marked may be underſtood in a double Senſe.*

Imperfections on their head, ſo that I write not on the common terms of honeſt men.

Would to God you would come over with Lord Orrery, whoſe care of you in the voyage I could ſo certainly depend on; and bring with you your old houſekeeper and two or three ſervants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make our laſt days eaſy, and leave ſome ſort of Monument, what Friends two Wits could be in ſpite of all the fools in the world. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXI.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Dublin, May 31, 1737.

IT is true, I owe you ſome letters, but it hath pleaſed God, that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you ſhall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the ſame diſability to your preſent or future friends. But my age is not my diſability, for I can walk ſix or ſeven miles, and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together, this deafneſs unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names, if they do not ſpeak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that hath hindred me from venturing to the Bath, and to Twitenham: for deafneſs

deafneſs being not a frequent diſorder, hath no allowance given it; and the ſcurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company, is utterly inſupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me*, and now you come like an unfair merchant, to charge me with being in your debt; which by your way of reckoning I muſt always be, for yours are always guineas, and mine farthings; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, becauſe I am not at the head of any one of your Epiſtles. I am often wondring how you come to excel all Mortals on the ſubject of Morality, even in the poetical way; and ſhould have wondred more, if Nature and Education had not made you a profeſſor of it from your infancy. All the letters I can find of yours, I have faſtned in a folio cover, and the reſt in bundles endorſed; But, by reading their dates, I find a chaſm of ſix years, of which I can find no copies; and yet I kept them with all poſſible care: But, I have been forced, on three or four occaſions to ſend all my papers to ſome friends, yet thoſe papers were all ſent ſealed in bundles, to ſome faithful friends; however, what I have, are not much above ſixty. I found nothing in any one of them to be left out: None of them have any thing to do with Party, of which you are the cleareſt of all men, by your Religion, and the whole Tenour of your life; while I am raging every moment againſt

againſt the Corruptions in both kingdoms, eſpecially of this; ſuch is my weakneſs.

I have read your Epiſtle of Horace to Auguſtus; it was ſent me in the Engliſh Edition, as ſoon as it could come. They are printing it in a ſmall octavo. The curious are looking out, ſome for flattery, ſome for ironies in it; the ſour folks think they have found out ſome: But your admirers here, I mean every man of taſte, affect to be certain, that the Profeſſion of friendſhip to Me in the ſame poem, will not ſuffer you to be thought a Flatterer. My happineſs is that you are too far engaged, and in ſpight of you the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you were a friend who loved and eſteemed me, although I died the object of Court and Party-hatred.

Pray who is that Mr. Glover, who writ the Epic Poem called Leonidas, which is re-printing here, and hath great vogue? We have frequently good Poems of late from London. I have juſt read one upon Converſation, and two or three others. But the croud do not incumber you, who like the Orator or Preacher, ſtand aloft, and are ſeen above the reſt, more than the whole aſſembly below.

I am able to write no more; and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finiſh the paper: I am, my deareſt friend, yours entirely, as long as I can write, or ſpeak, or think.

20 JY63

J. SWIFT.

FINIS.

After we had printed the foregoing Letters in this Volume, we were favoured with the following one from London.

Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Dear Sir, *Dublin, April* 28, 1739.

THE Gentleman who will have the Honour to deliver you this, although he be one related to me, which is by no Means any Sort of Recommendation; for, I am utterly void of what the World calls natural Affection, and with good Reaſon, becauſe they are a numerous Race, degenerating from their Anceſtors, who were of good Eſteem for their Loyalty and Sufferings in the Rebellion againſt King *Charles* the Firſt. This Couſin of mine, who is ſo deſirous to wait on you, is named *Deane Swift*; becauſe his Great Grandfather, by the Grandmother's Side, was Admiral *Deane*, who having been one of the Regicides, had the good Fortune to ſave his Neck by dying a Year or two before the Reſtoration.

I have a great Eſteem for Mr. *Deane Swift*, who is much the moſt valuable of any in his Family: He was firſt a Student in this Univerſity, and finiſhed his Studies in *Oxford*, where Doctor *King* (Principal of St. *Mary* Hall) aſſured me that Mr. *Swift* behaved himſelf with

good Reputation and Credit: He hath a very good Taſte for Wit, writes agreeable and entertaining Verſes, and is a perfect Maſter equally ſkilled in the beſt *Greek* and *Roman* Authors. He hath a true Spirit for Liberty; and with all theſe Advantages, is extremely decent and modeſt. Mr. *Swift* is Heir to the little paternal Eſtate of our Family at *Goodrich* in *Herefordſhire*. My Grandfather was ſo perſecuted and plundered two and fifty Times by the Barbarity of *Cromwell*'s Helliſh Crew, (of which I found an Account in a Book called *Mercurius Ruſticus)* that the poor old Gentleman was forced to ſell the better half of his Eſtate to ſupport his Family. However, three of his Sons had better Fortune; for coming over to this Kingdom, and taking to the Law, they all purchaſed good Eſtates here, of which Mr. *Deane Swift* hath a good Share, but with ſome Incumbrance.

I had a Mind that this young Gentleman ſhould have the Honour of being known to you, which is all the Favour I aſk for him; and that if he ſtays any Time longer in *London* than he now intends, you will permit him to wait on you ſometimes. *I am*,

My Deareſt Friend,

Your Moſt Obedient and

Moſt Humble Servant,

20 JY6[illegible]

J. Swift.

SOME

Free THOUGHTS

UPON THE

Preſent STATE

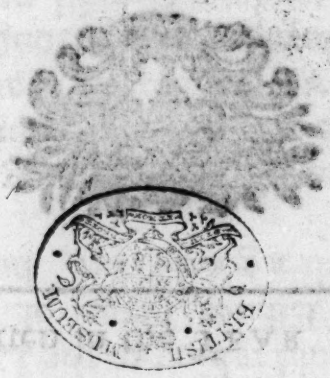
OF

AFFAIRS.

Written in the YEAR 1714.

DUBLIN:
Printed by and for GEORGE FAULKNER.
M,DCC,XLI.

U



Advertiſement *to the* Reader.

ABOUT a Month before the Demiſe of Queen ANNE, *the Author retired to a Friend's Houſe in* Berkſhire, *upon the Miniſtry quarrelling among themſelves, whom he endeavoured to reconcile to each other; but finding his Endeavours fruitleſs, he wrote the following Pamphlet in his Retirement, and ſent it to* London *to be printed: But before it was ready for Publication, that Princeſs died, which prevented its Appearance in the World, and in all Probability would have been loſt for ever, had not the Printer hereof been in* London *ſome Time ago, and got the original Manuſcript from Alderman* John Barber, *formerly City-Printer, who had moſt carefully preſerved it, in Order to oblige the Publick ſome Time or other; which we here do in the moſt correct Manner, not doubting but it will be agreeable to all our Readers.*

Dublin, May
1741.

20 JY 63

SOME

Free THOUGHTS

UPON THE

Preſent State of AFFAIRS.

WHATEVER may be thought or practiſed by profound Politicians, they will hardly be able to convince the reaſonable Part of Mankind, that the moſt plain, ſhort, eaſy, ſafe, and lawful Way to any good End, is not more eligible, than one directly contrary in ſome or all of theſe Qualities. I have been frequently aſſured by great Miniſters, that Politicks were nothing but common Senſe; which, as it was the only true Thing they ſpoke, ſo it was the only Thing they could have wiſhed I ſhould not believe. God hath given the Bulk of Mankind a Capacity to underſtand Reaſon when it is fairly offered; and by Reaſon they would eaſily be governed, if it were left to their Choice. Thoſe Princes in all Ages who were

moſt diſtinguiſhed for their myſterious Skill in Government, found by the Event, that they had ill conſulted their own Quiet, or the Eaſe and Happineſs of their People; nor hath Poſterity remembered them with Honour: Such as *Lyſander* and *Philip* among the *Greeks*, *Tiberius* in *Rome*, Pope *Alexander* the Sixth and his Son *Cæſar Borgia*, Queen *Catherine de Medicis*, *Philip* the Second of *Spain*, with many others. Nor are Examples leſs frequent of Miniſters famed for Men of deep Intrigue, whoſe Politicks have produced little more than Murmurings, Factions, and Diſcontents, which uſually terminated in the Diſgrace and Ruin of the Authors.

I can recollect but three Occaſions in a State, where the Talents of ſuch Men may be thought neceſſary; I mean in a State where the Prince is obeyed and loved by his Subjects: Firſt, in the Negociation of a Peace; ſecondly, in adjuſting the Intereſts of our own Country with thoſe of the Nations round us, watching the ſeveral Motions of our Neighbours and Allies, and preſerving a due Balance among them: Laſtly, in the Management of Parties and Factions at Home. In the firſt of theſe Caſes, I have often heard it obſerved, that plain good Senſe and a firm Adherence to the Point, have proved more effectual than all thoſe Arts, which I remember a great foreign Miniſter uſed in Contempt to call the *Spirit of Negociating*. In the ſecond Caſe, much Wiſdom, and a thorough

rough Knowledge in Affairs both foreign and domeſtick are certainly required: After which I know no Talents neceſſary beſides Method and Skill in the common Forms of Buſineſs. In the laſt Caſe, which is that of managing Parties, there ſeems indeed to be more Occaſion for employing this Gift of the lower Politicks, whenever the Tide runs high againſt the Court and Miniſtry, which ſeldom happens under any tolerable Adminiſtration, while the true Intereſt of the Nation is purſued. But, here in *England* (for I do not pretend to eſtabliſh Maxims of Government in general) while the Prince and Miniſtry, the Clergy, the Majority of Landed-men, and Bulk of the People appear to have the ſame Views, and the ſame Principles, it is not obvious to me, how thoſe at the Helm can have many Opportunities of ſhewing their Skill in Myſtery and Refinement, beſides what themſelves think fit to create.

I have been aſſured by Men long practiſed in Buſineſs, that the Secrets of Court are much fewer than we generally ſuppoſe; and I hold it for the greateſt Secret of Court that they are ſo: Becauſe the firſt Springs of great Events, like thoſe of great Rivers, are often ſo mean and ſo little, that in Decency they ought to be hid: And therefore Miniſters are ſo wiſe to leave their Proceedings to be accounted for by Reaſoners at a Diſtance, who often mould them into Syſtems, that do not only go down very well in the Coffee-Houſe, but are

Supplies

Supplies for Pamphlets in the preſent Age, and may probably furniſh Materials for Memoirs and Hiſtories in the next.

It is true indeed, that even thoſe who are very near the Court, and are ſuppoſed to have a large Share in the Management of publick Matters, are apt to deduct wrong Conſequences, by reaſoning upon the Cauſes and Motives of thoſe Actions wherein themſelves are employed. A great Miniſter puts you a Caſe, and aſks your Opinion, but conceals an eſſential Circumſtance, upon which the whole Weight of the Matter turns; then he deſpiſeth your Underſtanding for counſelling him no better, and concludes he ought to truſt entirely to his own Wiſdom. Thus he grows to abound in Secrets and Reſerves, even towards thoſe with whom he ought to act in the greateſt Confidence and Concert; and thus the World is brought to judge, that whatever be the Iſſue and Event, it was all foreſeen, contrived, and brought to paſs by ſome Maſter-ſtroke of his Politicks.

I could produce innumerable Inſtances from my own Memory and Obſervation, of Events imputed to the profound Skill and Addreſs of a Miniſter, which in reality were either the meer Effects of Negligence, Weakneſs, Humour, Paſſion, or Pride, or at beſt, but the natural Courſe of Things left to themſelves.

During this very Seſſion of Parliament, a moſt ingenious Gentleman, who hath much Credit

Credit with thoſe in Power, would needs have it, that in the late Diſſentions at Court, which grew too high to be any longer a Secret, the whole Matter was carried with the utmoſt Dexterity on one Side, and with manifeſt ill Conduct on the other. To prove this, he made uſe of the moſt plauſible Topicks, drawn from the Nature and Diſpoſition of the ſeveral Perſons concerned, as well as of Her Majeſty; all which he knows as much of as any Man: And gave me a Detail of the whole with ſuch an Appearance of Probability, as committed to Writing would paſs for an admirable Piece of Secret Hiſtory. Yet I am at the ſame Time convinced by the ſtrongeſt Reaſons, that the Iſſue of thoſe Diſſentions, as to the Part they had in the Court and Houſe of Lords was partly owing to very different Cauſes, and partly to the Situation of Affairs, from whence in that Conjuncture they could not eaſily terminate otherwiſe than they did, whatever unhappy Conſequences they may have for the future.

In like Manner I have heard a Phyſician pronounce with great Gravity, that he had cured ſo many Patients of malignant Fevers, and as many more, of the Small-pox; whereas in Truth nine Parts in ten of thoſe who recovered, owed their Lives to the Strength of Nature and a good Conſtitution, while ſuch a one happened to be their Doctor.

But, while it is ſo difficult to learn the Springs and Motives of ſome Facts, and ſo eaſy to for-

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get the Circumſtances of others, it is no wonder they ſhould be ſo groſly miſrepreſented to the Publick by curious inquiſitive Heads who proceed altogether upon Conjectures, and in reaſoning upon Affairs of State are ſure to be miſtaken by ſearching too deep. And as I have known this to be the frequent Error of many others, ſo I am ſure it hath been perpetually mine, whenever I have attempted to diſcover the Cauſes of political Events by Refinement and Conjecture; which I muſt acknowledge hath very much abated my Veneration for what they call *Arcana Imperij*; whereof I dare pronounce, that the fewer there are in any Adminiſtration, it is juſt ſo much the better.

What I have hitherto ſaid, hath by no means been intended to detract from the Qualities requiſite in thoſe who are truſted with the Adminiſtration of publick Affairs; on the contrary, I know no Station of Life where great Abilities and Virtues of all Kinds are ſo highly neceſſary, and where the want of any is ſo quickly or univerſally felt. A great Miniſter hath no Virtue for which the Publick may not be the better, nor any Defect by which the Publick is not certainly a Sufferer. I have known more than once or twice within four Years paſt, an Omiſſion, in Appearance very ſmall, prove almoſt fatal to a whole Scheme, and very hardly retrieved. It is not always ſufficient for the Perſon at the Helm, that he

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is intrepid in his Nature, free from any Tincture of Avarice or Corruption, and that he hath great natural and acquired Abilities.

I never thought the Reputation of much Secrecy was a Character of any Advantage to a Miniſter, becauſe it put all other Men upon their Guard to be as ſecret as he, and was conſequently the Occaſion that Perſons and Things were always miſrepreſented to him: Becauſe likewiſe too great an Affectation of Secrecy is uſually thought to be attended with thoſe little Intrigues and Refinements, which among the Vulgar denominate a Man a great Politician; but among others is apt, whether deſervedly or no, to acquire the Opinion of Cunning: A Talent which differs as much from the true Knowledge of Government, as that of an Attorney from an able Lawyer. Neither indeed am I altogether convinced, that this Habit of multiplying Secrets may not be carried on ſo far as to ſtop that Communication, which is neceſſary in ſome Degree among all who have any conſiderable Part in the Management of Publick Affairs: Becauſe I have obſerved the Inconveniencies ariſing from a want of Love between thoſe who were to give Directions, to *have* been of as ill Conſequence, as any that could happen from the Diſcovery of Secrets. I ſuppoſe, when a Building is to be erected, the Model may be the Contrivance only of one Head; and it is ſufficient that the Under-workmen be ordered to cut Stones into certain

certain Shapes, and place them in certain Poſitions: But the ſeveral Maſter-builders muſt have ſome general Knowledge of the Deſign, without which they can give no Orders at all. And, indeed, I do not know a greater Mark of an able Miniſter, than that of rightly adapting the ſeveral Faculties of Men; nor is any Thing more to be lamented than the Impracticableneſs of doing this in any great Degree under our preſent Circumſtances, while ſo many ſhut themſelves out by adhering to a Faction, and while the Court is enſlaved to the Impatience of others, who deſire to ſell their Vote or their Intereſt as dear as they can. But whether this hath not been ſubmitted to more than was neceſſary, whether it hath not been dangerous in the Example, and pernicious in the Practice, I will leave to the Enquiry of thoſe who can better determine.

It may be Matter of no little Admiration to conſider in ſome Lights the State of Affairs among us for four Years paſt. The Queen finding herſelf and the Majority of her Kingdom grown weary of the Avarice and Inſolence, the miſtaken Politicks, and deſtructive Principles of her former Miniſters; calls to the Service of the Publick another Set of Men, who by Confeſſion of their Enemies had equal Abilities at leaſt with their Predeceſſors: Whoſe Intereſt made it neceſſary for them (although their Inclinations had been otherwiſe) to act upon thoſe Maxims which were moſt agreeable

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to the Conſtitution in Church and State; whoſe Birth and Patrimonies gave them Weight in the Nation; and who (I ſpeak of thoſe who were to have the chief Part in Affairs) had long lived under the ſtricteſt Bonds of Friendſhip, with all theſe Advantages ſupported by a vaſt Majority of the landed Intereſt, and the inferior Clergy almoſt to a Man: We have ſeveral Times ſeen the preſent Adminiſtration in the greateſt Diſtreſs, and very near the Brink of Ruin, together with the Cauſe of the Church and Monarchy committed to their Charge; neither doth it appear to me at the Minute I am now writing, that their Power or Duration are upon any tolerable Foot of Security: Which I do not ſo much impute to the Addreſs and Induſtry of their Enemies, as to ſome Failures among themſelves, which I think have been full as viſible in their Cauſes as their Effects.

Nothing hath given me greater Indignation than to behold a Miniſtry, who came in with the Advantages I have repreſented, acting ever ſince upon the Defenſive in the Houſe of Lords with a Majority on their Side, and inſtead of calling others to account, as it was reaſonably expected, miſpending their Time and loſing many Opportunities of doing good, becauſe a ſtruggling Faction kept them continually in Play. This Courage among the Adverſaries of the Court, was inſpired into them by various Incidents, for every one of which I think

think the *Miniſters*, (or, if that was the Caſe) the *Miniſter* alone is to anſwer.

For, firſt, that Race of Politicians, who in the Cant Phraſe are called the *Whimſicals*, was never ſo numerous, or at leaſt ſo active, as it hath been ſince the great Change at Court; many of thoſe who pretended wholly to be in with the Principles upon which Her Majeſty and her new Servants proceeded, either abſenting themſelves with the utmoſt Indifference, in thoſe Conjunctures whereon the whole Cauſe depended, or ſiding directly with the Enemy.

I very well remember, when this Miniſtry was not above a Year old, there was little Murmuring among ſuch as are called the higher Tories or Churchmen, that quicker Progreſs was not made in removing thoſe of the diſcontented Party out of Employments; I remember likewiſe, the Reaſonings upon this Matter were various, even among many who were allowed to know a good deal of the Inſide of the Court; ſome ſuppoſed the —— was at firſt prevailed on to make that great Change with no other View than that of acting for the future upon a *moderating Scheme*, in order to reconcile both Parties; and I believe there might poſſibly have been ſome Grounds for this Suppoſition. Others, conceived the Employments were left undiſpoſed of, in order to keep alive the Hopes of many more impatient Candidates than ever could be gratified. This hath

hath ſince been looked on as a very high Strain of Politicks, and to have ſucceeded accordingly; becauſe it is the Opinion of many, that the numerous Pretenders to Places would never have been kept in order, if all Expectation had been cut off. Others were yet more refined; and thought it neither wiſe nor ſafe wholly to extinguiſh all Oppoſition from the other Side; becauſe in the Nature of Things it was abſolutely neceſſary that there ſhould be Parties in an *Engliſh* Parliament; and a Faction already odious to the People, might be ſuffered to continue with leſs Danger than any new one that could ariſe. To confirm this, it was ſaid that the Majority in the Houſe of Commons was too great on the Side of the High-Church, and began to form themſelves into a Body (by the Name of the *October-Club)* in order to put the Miniſtry under Subjection. Laſtly, the Danger of introducing too great a Number of unexperienced Men at once into Office, was urged as an irrefragable Reaſon for making Changes by ſlow Degrees. To diſcard an able Officer from an Employment, or Part of a Commiſſion, where the Revenue or Trade were concerned, for no other Reaſon but differing in ſome Principles of Government, might be of terrible Conſequence.

However, it is certain, that none of theſe Excuſes were able to paſs among Men who argued only from the Principles of general Reaſon. For firſt, they looked upon all Schemes of

of Comprehenſion to be as viſionary and impoſſible in the State, as in the Church. Secondly, while the Spirit raiſed by the Tryal of Dr. *Sacheverell* continued in Motion, Men were not ſo keen upon coming *in* themſelves, as to ſee their Enemies *out*, and deprived of all Aſſiſtance to do Miſchief: And it is urged further, that this general Ambition of hunting after Places, grew chiefly from ſeeing them ſo long undiſpoſed of, and from too general an Encouragement by Promiſes, to all who were thought capable of doing either Good or Hurt. Thirdly, the Fear of creating another Party in caſe the preſent Faction were wholly ſubdued, was in the Opinion of plain Men, and in regard to the Situation of our Affairs, too great a Sacrifice of the Nation's Safety to the *Genius* of Politicks; conſidering how much was to be done, and how little Time might probably be allowed. Beſides, the Diviſion of a H. of Commons into *Court* and *Country* Parties, which was the Evil they ſeemed to apprehend, could never be dangerous to a good Miniſtry, who had the true Intereſt and Conſtitution of their Country at Heart: As for the Apprehenſion of too great a Majority in the Houſe of Commons, it appeared to be ſo vain, that upon ſome Points of Importance the Court was hardly able to procure one. And the *October-Club*, which appeared ſo formidable at firſt to ſome Politicians, proved in the Sequel to be the chief Support of thoſe who ſuſpected them.

them. It was likewiſe very well known that the greateſt Part of thoſe Men whom the former Miniſtry left in Poſſeſſion of Employments, were loudly charged with Inſufficiency or Corruption, over and above their obnoxious Tenets in Religion and Government; ſo that it would have been a Matter of ſome Difficulty to make a worſe Choice: Beſides, that Plea for keeping Men of factious Principles in Employment, upon the Score of their Abilities, was thought to be extended a little too far, and conſtrued to take in all Employments whatſoever, altho' many of them required no more Abilities than would ſerve to qualify a Gentleman-Uſher, at Court: So that this laſt Excuſe for the very ſlow Steps made in diſarming the Adverſaries of the Crown, was allowed indeed to have more Plauſibility, but leſs Truth, than any of the former.

I do not here pretend to condemn the Counſels or Actions of the preſent Miniſtry: Their Safety and Intereſt are viſibly united with thoſe of the Publick, they are Perſons of unqueſtionable Abilities, altogether unſuſpected of Avarice or Corruption, and have the Advantage to be further recommended by the Dread and Hatred of the oppoſite Faction. However, it is manifeſt that the Zeal of their Friends hath been cooling towards them for above two Years paſt: They have been frequently deſerted or diſtreſſed upon the moſt preſſing Occaſions, and very near giving up in Deſpair: Their

Characters have been often treated with the utmoſt Barbarity and Injuſtice in both Houſes, by ſcurrilous and enraged Orators; while their neareſt Friends, and even thoſe who muſt have a Share in their Diſgrace, never offered a Word in their Vindication.

When I examine with my ſelf what Occaſions the Miniſtry may have given for this Coldneſs, Inconſtancy and Diſcontent among their Friends, I at the ſame Time recollect the various Conjectures, Reaſonings and Suſpicions, which have run ſo freely for three Years paſt, concerning the Deſigns of the Court: I do not only mean ſuch Conjectures, as are born in a Coffee-Houſe, or invented by the Malice of a Party; but alſo the Concluſions (however miſtaken) of wiſe and good Men, whoſe Quality and Station fitted them to underſtand the Reaſon of publick Proceedings, and in whoſe Power it lay to recommend or diſgrace an Adminiſtration to the People. I muſt therefore take the Boldneſs to aſſert, that all theſe Diſcontents, how ruinous ſoever they may prove in the Conſequences, have moſt unneceſſarily ariſen from the want of a due *Communication* and *Concert*. Every Man muſt have a Light ſufficient for the Length of the Way he is appointed to go: There is a Degree of Confidence due to all Stations; and a petty Conſtable will neither act chearfully or wiſely without that Share of it which properly belongs to him: Although the main Spring in a Watch be out of Sight,

Sight, there is an intermediate Communication between it and the ſmalleſt Wheel, or elſe no uſeful Motion could be performed. This reſerved myſterious way of acting, upon Points where there appeared not the leaſt Occaſion for it, and towards Perſons, who, at leaſt, in right of their Poſts, expected a more open Treatment, was imputed to ſome hidden Deſign, which every Man conjectured to be the very Thing he was moſt afraid of. Thoſe who profeſſed the Height of what is called the Church Principle, ſuſpected, that a *Comprehenſion* was intended, wherein the *moderate* Men on both Sides might be equally employed. Others went farther, and dreaded ſuch a Correſpondence, as directly tended to bring the old exploded Principles and Perſons once more into Play. Again, ſome affected to be uneaſy about the Succeſſion, and ſeemed to think there was a View of introducing that Perſon, whatever he is, who pretends to claim the Crown by Inheritance. Others, eſpecially of late, ſurmiſed on the contrary, that the Demands of the Houſe of *Hanover* were induſtriouſly fomented by ſome in Power, without the Privity of the —— or ——. Now, although theſe Accuſations were too inconſiſtent to be all of them true, yet they were maliciouſly ſuffered to paſs, and thereby took off much of that Popularity, which thoſe at the Helm ſtood in need of, to ſupport them under the Difficulties of a long

perplexing Negociation, a daily Addition of publick Debts, and an exhauſted Treaſury.

But the Effects of this myſtical Manner of Proceeding did not end here: For, the late Diſſentions between the Great Men at Court (which have been, for ſome Time paſt, the publick Entertainment of every Coffee-Houſe) are ſaid to have ariſen from the ſame Fountain; while on one Side very great Reſerve, and certainly very great Reſentment on the other, if we may believe general Report (for I pretend to know no farther) have enflamed Animoſities to ſuch a Height, as to make all Reconcilement impracticable. Suppoſing this to be true, it may ſerve for a great Leſſon of Humiliation to Mankind, to behold the Habits and Paſſions of Men otherwiſe highly accompliſhed, triumphing over Intereſt, Friendſhip, Honour, and their own perſonal Safety, as well as that of their Country, and probably of a moſt gracious Princeſs, who hath entruſted it to them. A Ship's Crew quarrelling in a Storm, or while their Enemies are within Gun-ſhot, is but a feint Idea of this fatal Infatuation: Of which, although it be hard to ſay enough, ſome People may think perhaps I have already ſaid too much.

Since this unhappy Incident, the Deſertion of Friends, and Loſs of Reputation have been ſo great, that I do not ſee how the Miniſters could have continued many Weeks in their Stations, if their Oppoſers of all kinds had agreed

greed about the Methods by which they ſhould be ruined: And, their Preſervation hitherto ſeems to reſemble his, who had two Poiſons given him together of contrary Operations.

It may ſeem very impertinent in one of my Level to point out to thoſe, who ſit at the Helm, what Courſe they ought to ſteer. I know enough of Courts to be ſenſible how mean an Opinion great Miniſters have of moſt Men's Underſtanding; to a Degree, that in any other Science would be called the groſſeſt Pedantry. However, unleſs I offer my Sentiments in this Point, all I have hitherto ſaid, will be to no Purpoſe.

The general Wiſhes and Deſires of a People are perhaps more obvious to other Men, than to Miniſters of State. There are two Points of the higheſt Importance, wherein a very great Majority of the Kingdom appear perfectly hearty and unanimous. Firſt, that the Church of *England* ſhould be preſerved entire in all her Rights, Powers and Privileges; all Doctrines relating to Government diſcouraged, which ſhe condemns; all Schiſms, Sects and Hereſies diſcountenanced and kept under due Subjection, as far as conſiſts with the Lenity of our Conſtitution. Her open Enemies (among whom I include at leaſt Diſſenters of all Denominations) not truſted with the ſmalleſt Degree of Civil or Military Power; and her Secret Adverſaries under the Names of Whigs, Low-Church, Republicans, Moderation-

tion-Men and the like, receive no Marks of Favour from the Crown, but what they ſhould deſerve by a ſincere Reformation.

Had this Point been ſteadily purſued in all its Parts, for three Years paſt, and aſſerted as the avowed Reſolution of the Court, there muſt probably have been an End of that Faction, which hath been able ever ſince with ſo much Vigour to diſturb and inſult the Adminiſtration. I know very well, that ſome Refiners pretend to argue for the Uſefulneſs of Parties in ſuch a Government as ours: I have ſaid ſomething of this already, and have heard a great many idle wiſe Topicks upon the Subject. But I ſhall not argue that Matter at preſent: I ſuppoſe, if a Man thinks it neceſſary to *play* with a *Serpent*, he will chuſe one of a Kind that is leaſt miſchievous; otherwiſe, although it appears to be cruſhed, it may have Life enough to ſting him to Death. So, I think it is not ſafe tampering with the preſent Faction, at leaſt in this Juncture; Firſt, becauſe their Principles and Practices have been already very dangerous to the Conſtitution in Church and State: Secondly, becauſe they are highly irritated with the Loſs of their Power, full of Venom and Vengeance, and prepared to execute every Thing that Rage or Malice can ſuggeſt. But principally, becauſe they have prevailed by Miſrepreſentations and other Artifices, to make the Succeſſor look upon Them as the only Perſons he can truſt: Upon which Account

count they cannot be too ſoon or too much diſabled; neither will *England* ever be ſafe from the Attempts of this wicked Confederacy, until their Strength and Intereſt ſhall be ſo far reduced, that for the future it ſhall not be in the Power of the Crown, although in Conjunction with any rich and factious Body of Men, to chuſe an ill Majority in the Houſe of Commons.

One Step very neceſſary to this great Work will be to regulate the Army, and chiefly thoſe Troops which in their Turns have the Care of her Majeſty's Perſon; who are moſt of them fitter to guard a Prince under an *High Court of Juſtice*, than ſeated on the Throne. The peculiar Hand of Providence hath hitherto preſerved her Majeſty, encompaſſed, whether ſleeping or travelling, by her Enemies: But ſince Religion teacheth us, that Providence ought not to be tempted, it is ill venturing to truſt that precious Life any longer to thoſe, who by their publick Behaviour and Diſcourſe diſcover their Impatience to ſee it at an End; that they may have Liberty to be the Inſtruments of glutting at once the Revenge of their Patrons and their own. It ſhould be well remembered, what a Satisfaction theſe Gentlemen (after the Example of their Betters) were ſo ſanguine to expreſs upon the Queen's laſt Illneſs at *Windſor*, and what Threatnings they uſed of refuſing to obey their General in Caſe that Illneſs had proved fatal. Nor do I think it a Want

of Charity to ſuſpect, that in ſuch an evil Day, an enraged Faction would be highly pleaſed with the Power of the Sword, and with great Connivance leave it ſo long unſheathed, until they were got rid of their moſt formidable Adverſaries. In the mean time, it muſt be a very melancholy Proſpect, that whenever it ſhall pleaſe God to viſit us with this Calamity, thoſe who are paid to be Defenders of the Civil Power, will ſtand ready for any Acts of Violence, that a *Junta* compoſed of the greateſt Enemies to the Conſtitution ſhall think fit to enjoin them.

The other Point of great Importance, is the Security of the Proteſtant Succeſſion in the Houſe of *Hanover:* Not from any Partiality to that Illuſtrious Houſe, further than as it hath had the Honour to mingle with the Blood Royal of *England*, and is the neareſt Branch of our Regal Line reformed from Popery. This Point hath one Advantage over the former, that both Parties profeſs to deſire the ſame Bleſſing for Poſterity, but differ about the Means of ſecuring it. From whence it hath come to paſs, that the Proteſtant Succeſſion, in Appearance the Deſire of the whole Nation, hath proved the greateſt Topick of Slander, Jealouſy, Suſpicion and Diſcontent.

I have been ſo curious to aſk ſeveral Acquaintance among the oppoſite Party, whether They, or their Leaders, did really ſuſpect there had been ever any Deſign in the Miniſtry to weaken

weaken the Succeſſion in Favour of the *Pretender*, or of any other Perſon whatſoever. Some of them freely anſwered in the Negative: Others were of the ſame Opinion, but added, they did not know what might be done in Time, and upon farther Provocations: Others again ſeemed to believe the Affirmative, but could never produce any plauſible Grounds for their Belief. I have likewiſe been aſſured by a Perſon of ſome Conſequence, that during a very near and conſtant Familiarity with the great Men at Court for four Years paſt, he never could obſerve, even in thoſe Hours of Converſation where there is uſually leaſt Reſtraint, that one Word ever paſſed among them to ſhew a Diſlike to the preſent Settlement; although they would ſometimes lament that the falſe Repreſentations of their's and the Kingdom's Enemies had made ſome Impreſſions in the Mind of the Succeſſor. As to my own Circle of Acquaintance, I can ſafely affirm, that excepting thoſe who are *Non-jurors* by Profeſſion, I have not met with above two Perſons who appeared to have any Scruples concerning the preſent Limitation of the Crown. I therefore think it may very impartially be pronounced, that the Number of thoſe who wiſh to ſee the Son of the abdicated Prince upon the Throne, is altogether inconſiderable. And further, I believe it will be found, that there are none who ſo much dread any Attempt he ſhall make for the Recovery of his imagined

Rights,

Rights, as the *Roman-Catholicks* of *England*; who love their Freedom and Properties too well to deſire his Entrance by a *French* Army, and a Field of Blood; who muſt continue upon the ſame Foot if he changeth his Religion, and muſt expect to be the firſt and greateſt Sufferers if he ſhould happen to fail.

As to the Perſon of this nominal Prince, he lies under all manner of Diſadvantages: The Vulgar imagine him to have been a Child impoſed upon the Nation by the fraudulent Zeal of his Parents and their bigotted Counſellors; who took ſpecial Care againſt all the Rules of common Policy, to educate him in their hateful Superſtition, ſuckt in with his Milk and confirmed in his Manhood, too ſtrong to be now ſhaken by Mr. *Leſley*; and a counterfeit Converſion will be too groſs to paſs upon the Kingdom, after what we have ſeen and ſuffered from the like Practice in his Father. He is likewiſe ſaid to be of weak Intellectuals, and an unſound Conſtitution: He was treated contemptibly enough by the young Princes of *France*, even during the War; is now wholly neglected by that Crown, and driven to live in Exile upon a ſmall Exhibition: He is utterly unknown in *England*, which he left in the Cradle: His Father's Friends are moſt of them dead, the reſt antiquated or poor. Six and twenty Years have almoſt paſt ſince the *Revolution*, and the Bulk of thoſe who are now moſt in Action either at Court, in Parliament, or Publick Offi-

ces,

ces, were then Boys at School or the Univerſities, and look upon that great Change to have happened during a Period of Time for which they are not accountable. The Logick of the higheſt Tories is now, that this was the Eſtabliſhment they found, as ſoon as they arrived to a Capacity of judging; that they had no Hand in turning out the late King, and therefore have no Crime to anſwer for, if it were any: That the Inheritance to the Crown is in purſuance of Laws made ever ſince their Remembrance, by which all Papiſts are excluded, and they have no other Rule to go by: That they will no more diſpute King *William* the *Third*'s Title, than King *William* the *Firſt*'s; ſince they muſt have Recourſe to Hiſtory for both: That they have been inſtructed in the Doctrines of Paſſive-Obedience, Non-Reſiſtance, and Hereditary Right, and find them all neceſſary for preſerving the preſent Eſtabliſhment in Church and State, and for continuing the Succeſſion in the Houſe of *Hanover*, and muſt in their own Opinion renounce all thoſe Doctrines, by ſetting up any other Title to the Crown. This I ſay, ſeems to be the Political Creed of all the high-principled Men I have for ſome time met with of forty Years old and under; which although I do not pretend to juſtify in every Part, yet I am ſure it ſets the Proteſtant Succeſſion upon a much firmer Foundation, than all the indigeſted Schemes of thoſe who profeſs to act upon what they call *Revolution-Principles*.

Neither

Neither ſhould it perhaps be ſoon forgot, that during the greateſt Licenciouſneſs of the Preſs, while the Sacred Character of the Queen was every Day inſulted in factious Papers and Ballads, not the leaſt reflecting Inſinuation ever appeared againſt the *Hanover* Family, whatever Occaſion was offered to intemperate Pens, by the Raſhneſs or Indiſcretion of one or two Miniſters from thence.

From all theſe Conſiderations, I muſt therefore lay it down as an unconteſtible Truth, that the Succeſſion to theſe Kingdoms in the Illuſtrious Houſe of *Hanover* is as firmly ſecured as the Nature of the Thing can poſſibly admit; by the Oaths of all who are entruſted with any Office, by the very Principles of thoſe who are termed the *High-Church*, by the general Inclinations of the People, by the Inſignificancy of that Perſon who claims it from Inheritance, and the little Aſſiſtance he can expect either from Princes abroad or Adherents at home.

However, ſince the virulent Oppoſers of the Queen and her Adminiſtration have ſo far prevailed by their Emiſſaries at the Court of *Hanover*, and by their Practices upon one or two ignorant, unmannerly *Meſſengers* from thence, as to make the *Elector* deſire ſome farther Security, and ſend over a *Memorial* here to that End: The great Queſtion is how to give reaſonable Satisfaction to His Highneſs, and (what is infinitely of greater Conſequence) at

at the ſame time conſult the Honour and Safety of the Queen, whoſe quiet *Poſſeſſion* is of much more Conſequence to Us of the preſent Age, than his *Reverſion*. The Subſtance of his *Memorial*, if I retain it right, is to deſire that ſome one of his Family might live in *England* with ſuch a Maintenance as is uſual to thoſe of the Royal Blood, and that certain *Titles* ſhould be conferred upon the reſt, according to antient Cuſtom. The *Memorial* doth not ſpecify which of the Family ſhould be invited to reſide here; and if it had, I believe, however, Her Majeſty would have looked upon it as a Circumſtance left to her own Choice.

But, as all this is moſt manifeſtly unneceſſary in it ſelf, and only in Compliance with the miſtaken Doubts of a Preſumptive Heir; ſo the Nation would (to ſpeak in the Language of Mr. *Steele)* EXPECT that Her Majeſty ſhould be made perfectly eaſy from that Side for the future; no more to be alarmed with Apprehenſions of *Viſits* or *Demands of Writs*, where She hath not thought fit to give any *Invitation*. The Nation would likewiſe *expect*, that there ſhould be an End of all private Commerce between that Court and the Leaders of a Party here; and, that his Electoral *Highneſs* ſhould *declare* himſelf entirely ſatisfied with all her Majeſty's Proceedings, her Treaties of Peace and Commerce, her Alliances abroad, her Choice of Miniſters at home, and particularly in her moſt gracious Condeſcenſions to his Requeſt:

Requeſt: That he would upon all proper Occaſions, and in the moſt publick manner, diſcover his utter Diſlike of factious Perſons and Principles, but eſpecially of that Party, which under the Pretence or Shelter of his Protection, hath ſo long diſquieted the Kingdom: And laſtly, that he would acknowledge the Goodneſs of the Queen, and Juſtice of the Nation, in ſo fully ſecuring the Succeſſion to his Family.

It is, indeed, a Problem which I could never comprehend, why the Court of *Hanover*, who have all along thought themſelves ſo perfectly ſecure in the Affections, the Principles and the Profeſſions of the *Low-Church* Party, ſhould not have endeavoured, according to the uſual Politicks of Princes, to gain over thoſe who were repreſented as their Enemies; ſince theſe ſuppoſed Enemies had made ſo many Advances, were in Poſſeſſion of all the Power, had framed the very Settlement to which that Illuſtrious Family owes its Claim; had all of them abjured the Pretender; were now employed in the great Offices of State, and compoſed a Majority in both Houſes of Parliament. Not to mention that the Queen her ſelf, with the Bulk of the Landed Gentry and Commonality throughout the Kingdom, were of the Number. This one would think might be a Strength ſufficient not only to *obſtruct* but to *beſtow* a Succeſſion: And ſince the preſumed Heir could not but be perfectly ſecure of the other Party, whoſe greateſt avowed Grievance

was

was the pretended Danger of his future Rights: It might, therefore, ſurely have been worth his while to have made at leaſt one Step towards cultivating a fair Correſpondence with the Power in Poſſeſſion. Neither could thoſe who are called his Friends have blamed him, or with the leaſt Decency enter into any Engagements for defeating his Title.

But why may not the Reaſons of this Proceeding in the *Elector* be directly contrary to what is commonly imagined? Methinks I could endeavour to believe, that his Highneſs is thoroughly acquainted with both Parties; is convinced, that no true Member of the Church of *England* can eaſily be ſhaken in his Principles of Loyalty, or forget the Obligation of an Oath, by any Provocation. That *Theſe* are therefore the People he intends to relie upon, and keeps only fair with the *Others*, from a *true* Notion he hath of their Doctrines, which prompt them to forget their Duty upon every Motive of Intereſt or Ambition. If this Conjecture be right, his Highneſs cannot ſure but entertain a very high Eſteem of ſuch Miniſters, who continue to act under the Dread and Appearance of a Succeſſor's utmoſt Diſpleaſure, and the Threats of an enraged Faction, whom he is ſuppoſed alone to favour, and to be guided entirely in his Judgment of *Britiſh* Affairs and Perſons by their Opinions.

But to return from this Digreſſion: The Preſence of that Infant Prince among us could not

not, I think, in any Sort be inconſiſtent with the Safety of the Queen; he would be in no Danger of being corrupted in his Principles, or expoſed in his Perſon by vicious Companions; he could be at the Head of no factious Clubs and Cabals, nor be attended by a hired Rabble, which his Flatterers might repreſent as Popularity. He would have none of that Impatience which the Frailty of human Nature gives to expecting Heirs. There would be no Pretence for Men to make their Court by affecting *German* Modes and *Refinements* in Dreſs or Behaviour: Nor would there be an Occaſion of inſinuating to him, how much more his Levee was frequented, than the Anti-Chambers of St. *James*'s. Add to all this, the Advantages of being educated in our Religion, Laws, Language, Manners, Nature of the Government, each ſo very different from thoſe he would leave behind. By which likewiſe he might be highly uſeful to his Father, if that Prince ſhould happen to ſurvive Her Majeſty.

The late King *William*, who after his Marriage with the Lady *Mary* of *England*, could have no probable Expectation of the Crown, and very little even of being a Queen's Husband (the Duke of *York* having a young Wife) was no Stranger to our Language or Manners, and went often to the Chapel of his Princeſs; which I obſerve the rather, becauſe I could heartily wiſh the like Diſpoſition were in an other Court, and becauſe it may be diſagreeable

to

to a Prince to take up new Doctrines on a ſudden, or ſpeak to his Subjects by an Interpreter.

An ill-natured or inquiſitive Man may ſtill, perhaps, deſire to preſs the Queſtion further, by aſking what is to be done, in caſe it ſhould ſo happen that this malevolent working Party at home, hath Credit enough with the Court of *Hanover*, to continue the Suſpicion, Jealouſy, and Uneaſineſs there againſt the Queen and her Miniſtry; to make ſuch Demands be ſtill inſiſted on, as are by no Means thought proper to be complied with; and in the mean time to ſtand at Arms length with her Majeſty, and in cloſe Conjunction with thoſe who oppoſe her.

I take the Anſwer to be eaſy: In all Conteſts the ſafeſt way is to put thoſe we diſpute with as much *in the Wrong* as we can. When Her Majeſty ſhall have offered ſuch or the like Conceſſions as I have above mentioned, in order to remove thoſe Scruples artificially raiſed in the Mind of the expectant Heir, and to divide him from that Faction by which he is ſuppoſed to have been miſled; She hath done as much as any Prince can do, and more than any other would probably do in her Caſe; and will be juſtified before God and Man, whatever be the Event. The equitable Part of thoſe who now ſide againſt the Court, will probably be more temperate; and, if a due Diſpatch be made in placing the Civil and Mi-

litary Power in the Hands of ſuch as wiſh well to the Conſtitution, it cannot be any way for the Quiet or Intereſt of a Succeſſor to gratify ſo ſmall a Faction as will probably then remain, at the Expence of a much more numerous and conſiderable Part of his Subjects. Neither do I ſee how the Principles of ſuch a Party either in Religion or Government, will prove very agreeable, becauſe I think *Luther* and *Calvin* ſeem to have differed as much as any two among the Reformers: And, becauſe a *German* Prince will probably be ſuſpicious of thoſe who think they can never depreſs the Prerogative enough.

But ſuppoſing, once for all, as far as poſſible, that the *Elector* ſhould utterly refuſe to be upon any Terms of Confidence with the preſent Miniſtry, and all others of their Principles, as Enemies to him and the Succeſſion; nor eaſy with the Queen her ſelf, but upon ſuch Conditions as will not be thought *conſiſtent with her Safety or Honour*; and continue to place all his Hopes and Truſt in the diſcontented Party. I think it were humbly to be wiſhed, that whenever the Succeſſion ſhall take place, the Alterations intended by the new Prince ſhould be made by *himſelf*, and not by his *Deputies*: Becauſe I am of Opinion, that the Clauſe empowering the Succeſſor to appoint a *latent*, *unlimited* Number, additional to the ſeven *Regents* named in the *Act*, went upon

upon a Suppoſition, that the *Secret Committee* would be of ſuch, whoſe Enmity and contrary Principles diſpoſed them to *confound* the reſt. King *William*, whoſe Title was much more controverted than that of Her Majeſty's Succeſſor can ever probably be, did for ſeveral Years leave the Adminiſtration of the Kingdom in the Hands of Lords Juſtices, during the Height of a War, and while the abdicated Prince himſelf was frequently attempting an Invaſion: From whence one might imagine, that the Regents appointed by Parliament upon the Demiſe of the Crown would be able to keep the Peace during an Abſence of a *few* Weeks, without any *Colleagues*. However, I am pretty confident that the only Reaſon why a Power was given of chuſing *dormant* Viceroys, was to take away all Pretence of a Neceſſity to invite over *any* of the Family here, during her Majeſty's Life. So that I do not well apprehend what Arguments the *Elector* can uſe to inſiſt upon *both*.

To conclude; the only Way of ſecuring the Conſtitution in Church and State, and conſequently this very Proteſtant Succeſſion it ſelf, will be by leſſening the Power of our Domeſtick Adverſaries as much as can poſſibly conſiſt with the Lenity of our Government; and, if this be not ſpeedily done, it will be eaſy to point where the Nation is to fix the Blame: For, we are very well aſſured, that ſince the

Account

Account her Majeſty received of the Cabals, the Triumphs, the inſolent Behaviour of the whole Faction during her late Illneſs at *Windſor*, She hath been as willing to ſee them deprived of all Power to do Miſchief, as any of her moſt zealous and loyal Subjects can deſire.

F I N I S.



20 JY 63

SUPPLEMENT.

After we had re-printed the foregoing Sheets, we found the following Letters in the Folio Edition publiſhed by Mr. POPE *in* London; *which we here inſert to make our Collection as compleat as poſſible.*

LETTER LXXXII.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Dublin, June 12, 1732.

I Doubt, habit hath little power to reconcile us with ſickneſs attended by pain. With me, the lowneſs of ſpirits hath a moſt unhappy effect; I am grown leſs patient with ſolitude, and harder to be pleaſed with company; which I could formerly better digeſt, when I could be eaſier without it than at preſent. As to ſending you any thing that I have written ſince I left you (either verſe or proſe) I can only ſay, that I have ordered by my Will, that all my Papers of any kind ſhall be delivered you to diſpoſe of as you pleaſe. I have ſeveral things that I have had ſchemes to finiſh, or to attempt, but I very fooliſhly put off the trouble, as ſinners do their repentance: for, I grow eve-

ry day more averſe from writing, which is very natural, and when I take a pen, ſay to my ſelf a thouſand times, * *non eſt tanti*. As to thoſe papers of four or five years paſt, that you are pleaſed to require ſoon; they conſiſt of little accidental things writ in the country; family amuſements, never intended further than to divert our ſelves and ſome neighbours; or ſome effects of anger, or publick Grievances here, which would be inſignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy three years ago to write a Weekly paper, and call it an Intelligencer: But, it continued not long; for the whole volume (it was re-printed in London, and I find you have ſeen it) was the work only of two, my ſelf and Dr. Sheridan. If we could have got ſome ingenious young man to have been the manager, who ſhould have publiſhed all that might be ſent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the † Printer here could not afford ſuch a young man one farthing for his trouble, the Sale being ſo ſmall, and the price one half-penny; and ſo it dropt. In the Volume you ſaw, (to anſwer your queſtions) the 1, 3, 5, 7, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the Verſes (very uncorrect) the 9th mine, the 10th only the Verſes, and of thoſe not the four laſt ſlovenly lines; the 15th is a Pamphlet of mine

* *It is not worth while.*

† *John Harding.*

mine printed before with Dr. Sh—n's Preface, merely for lazineſs not to diſappoint the town; and ſo was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miſeries of Ireland, and wholly uſeleſs and unentertaining. As to other things of mine ſince I left you; there are in proſe a View of the State of Ireland; a Project for eating Children; and a Defence of Lord Carteret; in verſe a Libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret; a Letter to Dr. Delany on the Libels writ againſt him; the Barack (a ſtolen Copy) the Lady's Journal; the Lady's Dreſſing-room (a ſtolen Copy) the Place of the Damn'd (a ſtolen Copy); all theſe have been printed in London, (I forgot to tell you that the Tale of Sir Ralph was ſent from England:) Beſides theſe there are five or ſix (perhaps more) Papers of Verſes writ in the North, but perfect family things, two or three of which may be tolerable, the reſt but indifferent, and the humour only local, and ſome that would give offence to the times. Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameneſs, and live long enough to ſee you either here or there. I forget again to tell you that the Scheme of paying Debts by a Tax on Vices, is not one ſyllable mine.

My poetical fountain is drained, and I profeſs I grow gradually ſo dry, that a Rhime with me is almoſt as hard to find as a Guinea, and even proſe ſpeculations tire me almoſt as

much. Yet I have a * thing in proſe, begun about twenty-eight years ago, and almoſt finiſhed. It will make a four-ſhilling volume, and is ſuch a perfection of folly, that you ſhall never hear of it until it is printed, and then you ſhall be left to gueſs. Nay, I have † another of the ſame age, which will require a long time to perfect, and is worſe than the former, in which I will ſerve you the ſame way. I heard lately from Mr.——who promiſeth to be leſs lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are ſeldom provident enough to conſider that both Wit and Beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is paſt.

I am in great concern to hear of my Lady Bolingbroke's ill health returned upon her, and I doubt my Lord will find Dawley too ſolitary without her. In that, neither he nor you are companions young enough for me, and I believe the beſt part of the reaſon why men are ſaid to grow children when they are old, is, becauſe they cannot entertain themſelves with thinking; which is the very caſe of little boys and girls, who love to be noiſy among their play-fellows. I am told Mrs. Pope is without pain, and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneaſineſs to her ſelf or friends; yet I cannot

* *Polite Converſation.*

† *Advice to Servants.*

not but pity you, who are ten times the greater ſufferer, by having the perſon you moſt love ſo long before you, and dying daily; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or your health.

LETTER LXXXIII.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Dublin, 1732-3.

I Received yours with a few lines from the Doctor, and the account of our loſing Mr. Gay, upon which event I ſhall ſay nothing. I am only concerned that long living hath not hardened me; for, even in this kingdom, and in a few days paſt, two perſons of great merit whom I loved very well, have dyed in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort my ſelf upon the loſs of friends, as I do upon the loſs of money; by turning to my account-book, and ſeeing whether I have enough left for my ſupport? but in the former Caſe I find I have not, any more than in the other; and I know not any man who is in a greater likelyhood than my ſelf, to die poor and friendleſs. You are a much greater loſer than me by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life for

a piece of a ſummer. I hope he hath left you the care of any writings he may have left, and I wiſh, that with thoſe already extant, they could be all publiſhed in a fair edition under your inſpection. Your poem on the Uſe of Riches hath been juſt re-printed here, and we have no objection but the obſcurity of ſeveral paſſages by our ignorance in facts and perſons, which make us loſe abundance of the Satyr. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honeſtly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes, which however would have been but few, for my long abſence hath made me ignorant of what paſſeth out of the ſcene where I am. I never had the leaſt hint from you about this work, any more than of your former, upon Taſte. We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces of the ſame bulk to be inſcribed to other friends, one (for inſtance) to my Lord Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and ſo on——Doctor Delany preſents you his moſt humble ſervice, he behaves himſelf very commendably, converſeth only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them conſtantly at an elegant plentiful table, walks the Streets as uſual, by daylight, doth many acts of charity and generoſity, cultivates a country houſe two miles diſtant, and is one of thoſe very few within my knowledge, on whom a great acceſs of fortune hath made no manner of change. And, particularly

ticularly, he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his eſtate by the knavery of an Agent; he is a moſt worthy Gentleman, whom I hope you will be acquainted with. If you are acquainted with the Ducheſs of Queenſbury, I deſire you will preſent her my moſt humble ſervice: I think ſhe is a greater loſer by the death of a friend than either of us. She ſeems a Lady of excellent ſenſe and ſpirit. I had often Poſtſcripts from her in our friend's letters to me, and her part was ſometimes longer than his, and they made up a great part of the little happineſs I could have here. This was the more generous, becauſe I never ſaw her ſince ſhe was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for any thing ſo much as being a domeſtick friend to ſuch a Lady. I deſire you will never fail to ſend me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly enquire about Mrs. Pope, who I am told is but juſt among the living, and conſequently a continual grief to you: ſhe is ſenſible of your tenderneſs, which robs her of the only happineſs ſhe is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her, you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg ſhe may not ſhorten yours.

LETTER LXXXIV.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Dublin, May 1, 1733.

I Anſwer your Letter the ſooner becauſe I have a particular reaſon for doing ſo. Some weeks ago came over a Poem call'd, * *The Life and Character of Dr.* S. *written by himſelf*, it was re-printed here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a maxim in Rochefoucault, and the dedication after a formal ſtory ſays, that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago near five hundred lines upon the ſame maxim in Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that Impoſtor ſays in his Dedication, with many circumſtances, all pure invention. I deſire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this ſpurious piece there is not a ſingle line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way reſembling the genuine Copy, any more than it doth Virgil's Æneis; for I never gave a Copy of mine, nor lent it out of my ſight: And, although I ſhewed it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and ſome of them, (eſpecially one or two females) had got many lines by heart, here and there, and

* *The genuine Verſes, under this Title, were firſt printed by* G. Faulkner *in* Dublin, 1739.

and repeated them often; yet it happens, that not one ſingle line or thought is contained in this Impoſture, although it appears that they who counterfeited me, had heard of the true one. But, even this trick ſhall not provoke me to print the true one, which indeed is not proper to be ſeen till I can be ſeen no more: I therefore deſire you will undeceive my friends, and I will order an advertiſement to be printed here, and tranſmit it to England, that every body may know the deluſion, and acquit me, as I am ſure you muſt have done your ſelf, if you have read any part of it, which is mean, and trivial, and full of that Cant that I moſt deſpiſe: I would ſink to be a Vicar in Norfolk rather than be charged with ſuch a performance. Now I come to your Letter.

When I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute; and a continual giddy diſorder more or leſs is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends, I pity you, and would at leaſt equally pity my ſelf, if I lived amongſt you; becauſe I ſhould have ſeen him oftner than you did, who are a kind of Hermit, how great a noiſe ſoever you make by your ill-nature in not letting the honeſt Villains of the times enjoy themſelves in this world, which is their only happineſs, and terrifying them with another. I ſhould have added in my libel, that of all men living, you are the moſt happy in your

Enemies

Enemies and your Friends: And, I will ſwear you have fifty times more Charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the Lady or the Lord, I did not imagine that they were at leaſt ſo bad verſifyers. Therefore, * *facit indignatio verſus*, is only to be applied when the indignation is againſt general Villainy, and never operates when ſome ſort of people write to defend themſelves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulneſs, only I would be ſatisfied ſince you are ſo dull, why are they ſo angry? give me a ſhilling, and I will enſure you, that poſterity ſhall never know you had one ſingle enemy, excepting thoſe whoſe memory you have preſerved.

I am ſorry for the ſituation of Mr. Gay's papers. You do not exert your ſelf as much as I could wiſh in this affair. I had rather the two ſiſters were hanged than ſee his works ſwelled by any loſs of credit to his memory. I would be glad to ſee the moſt valuable printed by themſelves, thoſe which ought not to be ſeen burned immediately, and the others that have gone abroad, printed ſeperately like opuſcula, or rather be ſtifled and forgotten. I thought your Epitaph was immediately to be engraved, and therefore I made leſs ſcruple to give a copy to Lord Orrery, who earneſtly deſired it, but to no body elſe; and he tells me, he

* *Indignation produceth Verſes.*

he gave only two, which he will recal. I have a ſhort Epigram of his upon it, wherein I would correct a line, or two at moſt, and then I will ſend it you (with his permiſſion.) I have nothing againſt yours, but the laſt line, *Striking their aching*, the two participles, as they are ſo near, ſeem to ſound too like. I ſhall write to the Ducheſs, who hath lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are enlarged: but I will break through the latter, if the other mends. I can uſe a courſe of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief deſign next to ſeeing you is to be a ſevere Critick on you and your neighbour; but firſt kill his father, that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horſes. It coſt me near 600*l.* for a wall to keep mine, and I never ride without two ſervants for fear of accidents; * *hic vivimus ambitioſa paupertate.* You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I will find graſs, and wine, and ſervants, but with him not.——The Collection you ſpeak of is this. A Printer came to me to deſire he might print my works (as he called them) in four volumes by ſubſcription. I ſaid I would give no leave, and ſhould be ſorry to ſee them printed here. He ſaid they could not

* *Here we live in ambitious Poverty.*

not be printed in London, I anſwered, they could, if the Partners agreed. He ſaid he "would be glad of my permiſſion, but as he "could print them without it, and was adviſed "that it could do me no harm, and having been "aſſured of numerous ſubſcriptions, he hoped "I would not be angry at his purſuing his "own intereſt," &c. Much of this diſcourſe paſt, and he goes on with the matter, wherein I determine not to intermeddle, although it be much to my diſcontent; and I wiſh it could be done in England, rather than here, although I am grown pretty indifferent in every thing of that kind. This is the truth of the ſtory.

My Vanity turns at preſent on being perſonated in your *Quæ Virtus*, &c. You will obſerve in this letter many marks of an ill head and a low ſpirit; but a Heart wholly turned to love you with the greateſt earneſtneſs and truth.

LETTER LXXXV.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

October 21, 1735.

I Anſwered your letter relating to Curl, &c. I believe my letters have eſcaped being publiſhed, becauſe I writ nothing but Nature and Friendſhip, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have obſerved that not only Voiture, but likewiſe Tully and Pliny writ their letters for the publick view,

view, more than for the ſake of their correſpondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the Entertainment they have given me. Balſac did the ſame thing, but with more ſtiffneſs, and conſequently leſs diverting: Now I muſt tell you that you are to look upon me as one going very faſt out of the world; but my fleſh and bones are to be carried to Holy-head, for I will not lie in a Country of ſlaves. It pleaſeth me to find that you begin to diſlike things in ſpight of your philoſophy; your Muſe cannot forbear her hints to that purpoſe. I cannot travel to ſee you; otherwiſe I ſolemnly proteſt I would do it. I have an intention to paſs this winter in the country with a friend forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a day, yet is my health ſo uncertain that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come home to my own bed at night: My beſt way would be to marry, for in that caſe any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man, and I left you a middle aged one; you knew me a middle aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my Lord———? methinks I am enquiring after a Tulip of laſt year.———"You need not "apprehend any Curll's meddling with your "letters to me; I will not deſtroy them, but "have ordered my Executors to do that Office." I have a thouſand things more to ſay, * *longævitas*

* *Old Age is talkative.*

vitas eſt garrula, but I muſt remember I have other letters to write if I have time, which I ſpend to tell you ſo; I am ever deareſt Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER LXXXVI.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

Dublin, July 23, 1737.

I Sent a letter to you ſome weeks ago, which my Lord Orrery incloſed in one of his, to which I received as yet no anſwer, but it will be time enough when his Lordſhip goes over, which will be as he hopes in about ten days, and then he will take with him "all the letters I preſerved of yours, which are not above twenty-five. I find there is a great chaſm of ſome years, but the dates are more early than my two laſt journeys to England, which makes me imagine, that in one of thoſe journeys I carried over another Cargo." But I cannot truſt my memory half an hour; and my diſorders of deafneſs and giddineſs increaſe daily. So that I am declining as faſt as it is eaſily poſſible for me, if I were a dozen years older.

We have had your volume of Letters, which I am told are to be printed here: Some of thoſe who highly eſteem you, and a few who

who know you perſonally, are grieved to find you make no diſtinction between the Engliſh Gentry of this Kingdom, and the ſavage old Iriſh, (who are only the vulgar, and ſome Gentlemen who live in the Iriſh parts of the Kingdom) but the Engliſh Colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many Counties in England, and ſpeak better Engliſh, and are much better bred. And, they think it very hard, that an American who is of the fifth generation from England, ſhould be allowed to preſerve that title, only becauſe we have been told by ſome of them that their names are entered in ſome pariſh in London. I have three or four Couſins here who were born in Portugal, whoſe Parents took the ſame care, and they are all of them Londoners. Dr. Delany, who as I take it, is of an Iriſh family, came to viſit me three days ago, on purpoſe to complain of thoſe paſſages in your Letters; he will not allow ſuch a difference between the two climates, but will aſſert, that North-Wales, Northumberland, Yorkſhire, and the other Northern Shires have a more cloudy ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In ſhort, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a Palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of Letters, my opinion is, that there might be collected from them the beſt Syſtem that ever was wrote for the conduct of human life, at leaſt to ſhame all reaſonable men out of their Follies

Follies and Vices. It is ſome recommendation of this Kingdom, and of the taſte of the people, that you are at leaſt as highly celebrated here as you are at home. If you will blame us for Slavery, Corruption, Atheiſm, and ſuch trifles, do it freely, but include England, only with an addition of every other Vice.—I wiſh you would give orders againſt the corruption of Engliſh by thoſe Scribblers who ſend us over their traſh in Proſe and Verſe, with abominable curtailings and quaint moderniſms.—I now am daily expecting an end of life: I have loſt all ſpirit, and every ſcrap of health; I ſometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be ſilent, and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray let my Lord Orrery ſee you often; next to your ſelf I love no man ſo well; and tell him what I ſay, if he viſits you. I have now done, for it is evening, and my head grows worſe. May God always protect you, and preſerve you long, for a pattern of Piety and Virtue.

Farewel my deareſt and almoſt only conſtant friend. I am ever, at leaſt in my eſteem, honour, and affection to you, what I hope you expect me to be.

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXVII.

From Dr. SWIFT *to Mr.* POPE.

My dear Friend, *Dublin, Aug.* 8, 1738.

I Have yours of July 25, and firſt I deſire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and ſunk by publick as well as perſonal vexations. I have entirely loſt my memory, uncapable of converſation by a cruel deafneſs, which hath laſted almoſt a year, and I deſpair of any cure. I ſay not this to encreaſe your compaſſion (of which you have already too great a part) but as an excuſe for my not being regular in my letters to you, and ſome few other friends. I have an ill name in the poſt-office of both kingdoms, which makes the letters addreſſed to me not ſeldom miſcarry, or be opened and read, and then ſealed in a bungling manner before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs. B. is very often in my thoughts, and high in my eſteem; I deſire you will be the meſſenger of my humble thanks and ſervice to her. That ſuperior univerſal Genius you deſcribe, whoſe hand-writing I know towards the end of your letter, hath made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes I fear he will be too ſoon gone to his Foreſt abroad. He began in the Queen's time to be my Patron, and then deſcended to be my Friend.

It is a great favour of Heaven, that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have abſolutely done with Poetry for ſeveral years paſt, and even at my beſt times I could produce nothing but trifles: I therefore reject

your compliments on that ſcore, and it is no compliment in me; for I take your ſecond Dialogue that you lately ſent me, to equal almoſt any thing you ever writ; although I live ſo much out of the world, that I am ignorant of the facts and perſons, which I preſume are very well known from Temple-bar to St. James's; (I mean the Court excluſive.)

" I can faithfully aſſure you, that every letter you have favoured me with, theſe twenty " years and more, are ſealed up in bundles, " and delivered to Mrs. W———, a very " worthy, rational, and judicious Couſin of " mine, and the only relation whoſe viſits I " can ſuffer: All theſe letters ſhe is directed " to ſend ſafely to you upon my deceaſe."

My Lord Orrery is gone with his Lady to a part of her eſtate in the North: She is a perſon of very good underſtanding as any I know of her ſex. Give me leave to write here a ſhort anſwer to my Lord B's letter in the laſt page of yours.

My dear Lord,

I am infinitely obliged to your Lordſhip for the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance of me. I do here confeſs, that I have more obligations to your Lordſhip than to all the world beſides. You never deceived me, even when you were a great Miniſter of State: and yet I love you ſtill more, for your condeſcending to write to me, when you had the honour to be an Exil. I can hardly hope to live till you publiſh your Hiſtory, and am vain enough

enough to wiſh that my name could be ſqueezed in among the few Subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui:* If not, I will be revenged, and contrive ſome way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your Lordſhip for my beſt Patron: and I will live and die, with the higheſt veneration and gratitude, your moſt obedient, &c.

P. S. I will here in a Poſtſcript correct (if it be poſſible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I ſhewed my Couſin the above letter, and ſhe aſſures me, "that a great Collection "of * your/my letters to me,/you, are put up and ſealed, "and in ſome very ſafe hand."

I am, my moſt dear and honoured Friend, entirely yours,

It is now *Aug.* 24, 1738. J. SWIFT.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

The Earl of ORRERY *to Mr.* POPE.

SIR, Marſton, Oct. 4, 1738.

I Am more and more convinced that your letters are neither loſt nor burnt: but who the Dean means by a *ſafe hand* in Ireland, is beyond my power of gueſſing, tho' I am particularly acquainted with moſt, if not all, of his friends. As I know you had the recovery of thoſe Letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains to find out where they were, but my enquiries were to no purpoſe; and I fear whoever has them

* *It is written juſt thus in the Original. The Book that is now printed ſeems to be part of the Collection here ſpoken of, as it contains not only the Letters of Mr.* Pope, *but of Dr.* Swift, *both to him and Mr.* Gay, *which were returned him after Mr.* Gay's *Death: Tho' any Mention made by Mr.* P. *of the* Return *or* Exchange *of Letters has been induſtriouſly ſuppreſt in the Publication, and only appears by ſome of the Anſwers.*

them is too tenacious of them to diſcover where they lie. "Mrs. W—— did aſſure me ſhe had "not one of them, and ſeemed to be under "great uneaſineſs that you ſhou'd imagine they "were left with her. She likewiſe told me "ſhe had ſtopt the Dean's letter which gave "you that information; but believed he would "write ſuch another; and therefore deſired me "to aſſure you, from her, that ſhe was totally "ignorant where they were."

You may make what uſe you pleaſe, either to the Dean or any other perſon, of what I have told you. I am ready to teſtify it; and I think it ought to be known, "That the Dean ſays they "are deliver'd into a ſafe hand, and * Mrs. "W—— declares ſhe has them not. The Con-"ſequence of their being hereafter publiſh'd "may give uneaſineſs to ſome of your friends, "and of courſe to you: ſo I would do all in "my power to make you entirely eaſy in that "point."

This is the firſt time I have put pen to paper ſince my late misfortune, and I ſhould ſay (as an excuſe for this letter) that it has coſt me ſome pain, did it not allow me an opportunity to aſſure you, that I am, dear Sir, with the trueſt eſteem,

Your very faithful and
obedient Servant,
ORRERY.

20 JY63

* *This* Lady *ſince gave Mr.* Pope *the ſtrongeſt Aſſurances that ſhe had uſed her utmoſt Endeavours to prevent the Publication; nay, went ſo far as to* ſecrete *the Book, till it was commanded from her, and delivered to the* Dublin *Printer: Whereupon her Son in law,* D. S. *Eſq; inſiſted upon writing a Preface, to juſtify Mr.* P. *from having any Knowledge of it, and to lay it upon the corrupt Practiſes of the Printers in* London; *but this he would not agree to, as not knowing the Truth of the Fact*

FINIS.